THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 192, No. 32. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illu d Weekly
Founded A° y Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 7, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Norman Rockwell

More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly

DEL MONTE *Asparagus is packed in different sizes and styles of packages to meet varying needs—long spears in large cans for all occasions—short spears and tips in small cans, for use in salads, soups and other special menu needs.*

Fresh cut—fresh packed—with all its natural goodness

The fragile delicacy and delicious fresh flavor of asparagus can only be preserved by the promptest packing after it is cut.

DEL MONTE Asparagus retains these important qualities in the highest degree because our kitchens are located right in the heart of California's richest asparagus fields where we grow our own product, selecting only the choicest spears and packing them immediately after cutting.

That is why DEL MONTE Asparagus is always so delicious and tender when it goes on your table. The same prompt handling of all DEL MONTE Products guarantees you supreme excellence in a wide line of canned fruits, vegetables, dried fruits, raisins, catsup, tomato sauce, baked beans, jellies, jams, preserves, orange marmalade and many other varieties. Over 500 economical ways to serve them, in our new book, "DEL MONTE *Recipes of Flavor.*" Send for a free copy.

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT E
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Bad Roads Waste Money

Put your town on the good roads map this year

Tarvia Roads Save Money

COME to think of it, is there anything so expensive to a community as *bad roads?*

Bad roads slow up business, lower land values, make markets inaccessible, isolate neighbors, cost a lot of money and waste much more.

People tolerate bad roads year after year because they *think* good roads cost too much.

But good roads *are not* expensive, if they are built in accordance with a well-thought-out program, somewhat along these lines:

Consider—

1. The traffic the road will have—
2. Its initial cost—
3. Cost of maintenance—
4. Durability—
5. Ease and rapidity of construction—
6. What "Barrett Service" can do for you.

Thousands of towns and cities all over this country, have had their road problems economically, satisfactorily and quickly solved by the use of this popular road material.

No matter what your road problems may be—a road binder for new construction, a dust preventive, a preservative, or a patching material—there is a grade of Tarvia for each need.

IF YOU want to know how to get GOOD ROADS *in your community at* VERY LOW COST, *write today to our Special Service Department for booklet and data on this vital subject.*

Tarvia

Preserves Roads~Prevents Dust

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit
Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City
Duluth Dallas Milwaukee
Lebanon Youngstown Toledo

The Barrett Company

Boston St. Louis Cleveland
New Orleans Birmingham Kansas City
Seattle Peoria Atlanta
Bangor Washington Johnstown
Elizabeth Buffalo Baltimore

Columbus Richmond Latrobe Bethlehem

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

Purity
IT is not luck nor chance that makes every cake of Ivory Soap so pure.
It is *science*, centered in the laboratories where every ingredient that enters into Ivory Soap is analyzed; and where the soap itself is tested, at every stage of its manufacture.
You always can depend on Ivory Soap being pure, mild and grateful to the most sensitive skin. For the Procter & Gamble laboratories always will keep Ivory Soap as high grade, in every particular, as the first cake that made Ivory Soap famous 41 years ago.
IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE
Have you tried the new Ivory Soap Flakes?
Now you can buy genuine Ivory Soap, ready shaved into snow-like flakes that warm water melts into "Safe Suds in a Second". Quicker and easier for fine laundry work and the shampoo. To get a free sample package, send your name and address to Dept. 25-B, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.
IVORY
DESIGN PAT'D. AUG. 26. 79.
PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS
EST. 1837

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1920, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

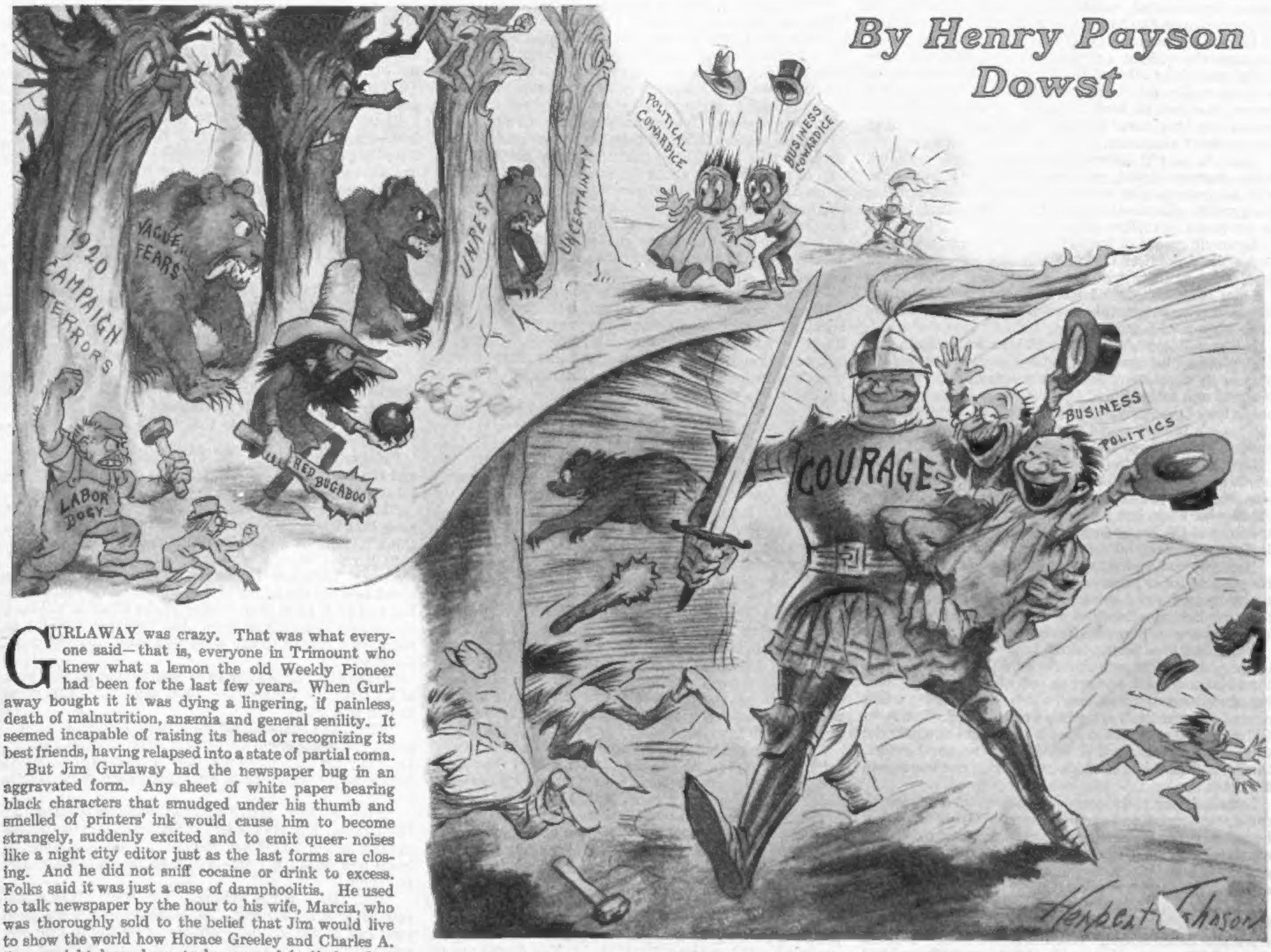
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 7, 1920 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 32

The Pioneer and Pattenbury

By Henry Payson Dowst



SAVED!

GURLAWAY was crazy. That was what everyone said—that is, everyone in Trimount who knew what a lemon the old Weekly Pioneer had been for the last few years. When Gurlaway bought it it was dying a lingering, if painless, death of malnutrition, anæmia and general senility. It seemed incapable of raising its head or recognizing its best friends, having relapsed into a state of partial coma.

But Jim Gurlaway had the newspaper bug in an aggravated form. Any sheet of white paper bearing black characters that smudged under his thumb and smelled of printers' ink would cause him to become strangely, suddenly excited and to emit queer noises like a night city editor just as the last forms are closing. And he did not sniff cocaine or drink to excess. Folks said it was just a case of damphoolitis. He used to talk newspaper by the hour to his wife, Marcia, who was thoroughly sold to the belief that Jim would live to show the world how Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana might have been truly successful—if they had possessed Jim's talents. She was profoundly shocked when her husband came home after a week in the city and reported his failure to procure a lucrative position on a great metropolitan daily.

"You can't blame 'em, Matty," he explained. "I'm a small-town chap and they knew it. But why worry? Here in Trimount you and I can make twenty-five a week go farther than twice as much would carry us in Chicago or New York. My opportunity is more likely to bob up here where I know everyone than in a big burg where I'd be an utter stranger. You watch—and cheer up."

Gurlaway worked for the Trimount Republicrat. He acted as reporter, advertising solicitor and assistant editor. He wrote the Pithy Personal Paragraphs, Both Pertinent and Impertinent and the Breezy Local Briefs. He edited Green Room Gossip and What's Moving in the Movies, and he was responsible for a special department entitled Grundy's Grinds, appearing anonymously on the editorial page, in which various current topics, such as Syndicalism and Its Answer and Is Ruth a Greater All-Round Player than Cobb? were learnedly discussed.

Jim's stuff had a certain briskness, a freshness of attack, that made it agreeably readable. The Republicrat's following looked forward to Grundy's Grinds and very frequently T. Jefferson Fidge, publisher and editor, received letters of agreement or protest, which he usually printed for the edification of his readers.

Grundy's Grinds became a valuable feature, which Fidge recognized as a distinct asset to the paper.

Gurlaway did not get any specific payment for signing the name Solomon Grundy to the Grinds, but he had had a couple of raises in salary in the two years of his employment on the Republicrat, and Marcia made a trifle of pin money on space doing the column headed Trimount's Social Whirl.

The Republicrat wasn't any great shakes of a paper, though it ran eight pages a week all home print made up of local and county news, a digest of the world's events from the daily press and a great deal of political dope. Trimount County was a hotbed of the sort of tall-grass politics which one always finds bubbling and seething in our up-state sections.

T. Jefferson Fidge was solid with the party and the Republicrat had its political functions, not always obvious to the man in the street but of sufficient importance to make it a financially worth-while enterprise.

The opposition never got much notice from Fidge's paper. If they pulled off a rally the Republicrat invariably stated that it was ill-attended and unenthusiastic. Here is a fair sample of a Fidgified account of such an event:

The long-heralded rally of the opposition was held last night in Skinner's Hall. A third of the seats were unoccupied. J. P. Chadbourne, chairman of the opposition county committee, presided and made a speech, during which the scanty audience grew exceedingly restive. He finally introduced the speaker of the evening, Hon. Jabez Puddlesby, of Ohio, who read a carefully prepared address on Why the Taxpayers Pay the Taxes. Mr. Puddlesby's argument was listened to with respectful attention by all who cared enough about it to remain in the hall until it was over. Selections were rendered by the Trimount Cornet Band, which plays for anyone that is willing to pay for its services.

But when the Republicrats gathered to cheer their candidates and indulge in oratory Fidge's paper appeared with lavish decorations of American flags, and big Gothic caps boomed across the front page. All the speeches were reported in full and T. Jefferson was in his glory. He always sat on the platform with the committee—short, plump, frock-coated, wearing neatly trimmed black side whiskers shaped like hammocks and draped from the tops of his ears to the corners of his mouth, where they joined his mustache without a noticeable break. With his arms folded peacefully athwart his stomach, his knees crossed and one well-polished square-toed shoe vibrating in the breeze, he cocked his head on one side, protruded a judicial underlip and registered by repeated nods his approval of the speaker's eloquence.

You will meet T. Jefferson's counterpart in every small town—narrow-minded, pompous, affable; not unpopular with his townspeople; not quite trusted and yet enjoying good credit; glib, cunning, vain, talkative—what is known as our prominent fellow townsman.

He would go out of his way to do you a personal favor and a dirty political trick both in the same week and greet you cordially with an outstretched hand and a "Hello, Bill" two days later. And you would perhaps forget your resentment, because it was exactly what you knew his sort of man would do.

In the obituary of himself, which he had written and filed with his photograph in the Republicrat's morgue, the phrases "generous and considerate employer," "devoted husband and father," and "public-spirited citizen" were only a few of the many expressions of eulogy which one day the paper's readers would scan with approving nods and more or less mild reservations.

Jim Gurlaway despised him. It is written in the books which tell young men how to get ahead in the world that you must love your boss and your work or get out. Jim did like his work, but he considered T. Jefferson Fidge a specimen of the lowest form of insect life. As I have said, Jim was a printers'-ink nut.

Now you can understand why he bought the Pioneer. He yearned for self-expression. He ached for the opportunity to see his real opinions of men and things in type, to let his light so shine that everyone in Trimount would know he was something better than a scrub for Jeff Fidge.

Fidge had been instrumental in landing Peter Gillows in the county treasurership. So he could go over to the First National Bank and get an order for a nice big standing advertisement of the bank, which as advertising would never do that institution a cent's worth of good. But Peter Gillows would see that the First National got a substantial deposit of county money. It will be readily seen, therefore, that T. Jefferson had the knack of making one hand wash the other.

But Gurlaway had the archaic notion that a newspaper could stay honest and succeed—even in Trimount. And he had never in his twenty-four years seen anything that convinced him of the necessity for politicians. In the general scheme of creation he listed them in the same category with witch grass and cockroaches.

The Trimount Pioneer was—take it from the title line—founded in 1806. Some wit in the Trimount House bar on a jovial occasion added, "And foundered 1906." But the day had been when the people of Trimount County had looked to the Pioneer for honest guidance. Back in the fifties and sixties it had been not alone a palladium but a reliable source of news—local, national and foreign. To have it mention your name as that of "our esteemed fellow citizen and popular apothecary" was a real distinction. And fire-eating, fearless old John Godfrey's editorials told you what was what in no mincing terms.

In those days a few people in Trimount subscribed to the New York Weekly Tribune, which they regarded with respect. But the Pioneer was their home paper and Mr. Greeley never seemed to have quite the same grasp of his subject that Editor Godfrey displayed. The Pioneer was something to be sure of—something on which they could confidently lean.

When John Godfrey, Jr., inherited the old paper he ran it for some years, but finally succumbed to the lure of the city. From him it had been purchased by Elliott Greer, who grew poor trying to make it support him. The older readers died off and the Republicrat, with the support of the party, with its new type and up-to-date presswork, came along and got the cream of the county patronage. The stalwarts saw to it that T. Jefferson Fidge got a fat share of the state printing, which paid an excellent profit. The Pioneer had neither the influence nor the mechanical equipment to compete for such business.

Jim Gurlaway and Marcia met Greer one evening in Megann's Drug Store, Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, Ice Cold Drinks, Cameras and Supplies, Rubber Goods and Sundries, where Jim was blowing Mrs. Gurlaway to a nut sundae. Jim asked Greer how he was hittin' 'em and the old editor replied that he wasn't thirsty but he'd take a cigar, thanks, and the newspaper business wasn't fit for a self-respecting dog, let alone a man of brains and ideas.

"Why, Jim, if it wasn't for a few of the merchants of this town, who are loyal to what the Pioneer once stood for and to me as an old friend, I'd have suspended long ago. They keep on advertising with me for sentimental reasons, but it's like accepting charity."

"Isn't there room for two papers in this county?" asked Jim. "No one has any real respect for the Republicrat."

"Sounds funny, coming from you," protested Greer. "What would your boss say? No, Jim, there isn't room for even one paper here—if it's conducted on the level. Of course if you're willing to be a cat's-paw for a lot of cheap politicians you can graft a pretty fat living. But the day when people would buy a paper for its sound and honest editorial opinions is long past. They want to read about murders and divorces and baseball. Of course the big dailies come in here and they have more readers than the local weeklies. All we can serve up to people in the way of news is items about Jig McNoodle's painting his house and Mrs. Lawyer Bisworth's enjoying a spell of bad health. Newspapers used to help people think; now they help 'em forget to think."

Greer bit viciously at the end of his cigar. He was grizzled and thin and discouraged to the point of extreme pessimism.

"I'm glad I don't agree with you, Elly," said Jim.

"Pooh! What do you know about it? Haven't I been bucking the game for the last thirty years? Of course, if I'd been one who would stoop to tricks like Jeff Fidge—say, would you believe it, I once heard that skate refer to himself as a journalist. God save the mark! If he's a journalist I'm the angel Michael.

"Of course he makes a good living on account of standing in with the gang. He used to ride on a pass, because he wasn't ashamed to support some crook for the legislature who'd do the railroad company's dirty work. He gets a lot of advertising that represents just so much bribe money. It's easy for any big, rich corporation to buy space in the Republicrat at an exorbitant price and trust Jeff to see that his friends get their share for political services rendered."

Greer stared truculently across the tops of his spectacles at this young man with the temerity to oppose his arguments.

"Don't tell me," he grumbled, puffing fiercely at his five-cent selection from among the druggist's cigar boxes. "I know 'em."

"But just because Jim works for the Republicrat," put in Mrs. Gurlaway, poising a spoonful of sundae precariously in air, "you mustn't assume that he's in sympathy with that sort of thing. Jim has very different ideas about what a newspaper should be."

She hastily removed the spoonful to a place of safety.

"I had once," said Elly Greer. "Oh, gosh, I should say I had! I was simon-pure and lily-white, and I'll say right now I never did a thing in my life that I need to apologize for, either. When I bought the Pioneer twenty-odd years ago the politicians came to me and wanted to know where I stood. They said the Republicratic Party was just getting a good swing and now was my chance to put my shoulder to the wheel and get aboard the band wagon. I suppose they thought I was some kind of contortionist. They intimated I could be prosperous and influential, just provided I'd be good and play the game. Where do you suppose I told 'em to go, Jim? Huh? You don't have to say it in Mrs. Gurlaway's presence, but you know all right. It cost me money, boy—good money. It cost me my ambition and my chance in life, but I'll say I haven't ever been sorry—I mean sorry because I didn't turn crook. Of course I'm sorry I'm a broken-down old fossil with a brain all gone to seed.

"They got Jeff Fidge to start the Republicrat. He didn't have any such scruples. Look at him to-day—smug and self-righteous! I bet you he don't know he's crooked, Jim; he thinks he's as honest as you or I. He's morally cockeyed—that's what's the matter with him.

"But you know it was the beginning of the end for the old Pioneer. It's taken time—like a man with old-fashioned slow consumption. He outlives many a huskier contemporary—but do you call it living? I don't. I'm about through, Jim."

"Elly, I think the Pioneer could be brought back to life."

Editor Greer became at this moment the first of the citizens of Trimount to assert the lunacy of James T. Gurlaway.

"How much is your mechanical equipment worth?"

"Just what I can get from the junkman—or maybe the Smithsonian Institution. You know, they're great on old relics. Say, my press is as out of date as your grandmother's flax wheel, and the jobber's the one that printed the tickets Noah issued for the original Cook tour."

"Where do you get your power?"

"Kid power—well, say, Jim Gurlaway, do you mean to tell me you never saw the Pioneer go to press? Why, it's the most humorous thing in this town—if anything so much like an obsequy could be humorous. That machine is run by a big flywheel of cast iron, with a two-fisted wooden handle set on it at right angles; and Tilford's Ally—you know, the one that has fits—turns the crank while I feed. It's the only useful thing Ally has brains enough to do, and if he happens to have a fit on press day I'm late with the paper. But I guess folks don't miss it a great deal."

"How about compositors?"

"I buy patent insides and some boiler plate and the set matter I mostly stick up myself—lot of standing ads and three or four columns of locals. Sometimes I pick up a tramp printer, but they're unreliable, and since labor got so scarce and wages high there's hardly any of 'em left. I do my writing nights."

"Your expenses must be next to nothing—and yet you can't make the old sheet pay?"

"Last pair of shoes I got"—Elly protruded a shabby foot—"I swapped advertising for. If Fred Trimble wasn't a pretty good fellow I'd have gone barefoot. I just manage, that's all. Hardly ever see any real money. I have to pay cash for paper and ink and Ally gets fifty cents for turning the press."

Jim Gurlaway rattled his spoon in his glass to call the druggist, paid his shot and departed with Marcia.

"Poor old Elly Greer," said Marcia. "Isn't he down on his luck?"

"Pitiful. I'm sorry for him."

"Yes; but, Jim, do you think if it had been you the Pioneer would have failed? Don't you suppose Elly lacks something essential for a real newspaper man?"

"One thing's sure—he doesn't lack experience."

The Gurlaways went home, both thoughtful. It was a nice balmy evening in early fall. They sat out for a while on their tiny porch, while Jim smoked his cigar.

"I have to go in and do this week's Grinds," he said. "Got any ideas?"

"Not unless you poke a little fun at old Hannibal Pigeon and the condition of our streets. He's certainly a wonderful street commissioner."

"But Matty, he's a stanch Republicrat. As one of the gang that Uncle Elly panned so hard to-night, you don't think T. Jefferson would allow him to be offended, do you?"

"Oh, rats! What a splendid example of the freedom of the press! Well, then, I guess you'll have to write something about how sad the falling of the autumn leaves makes you feel and let it go at that—unless you're afraid it will hurt the county forester's feelings. My goodness, I wish you did have a chance to say what you really thought occasionally!"

"Some day," sighed Jim as he snapped the glowing butt of his cigar into the street—"some day. All things come to him who waits."

"That's one of the silliest remarks ever made, Jim Gurlaway. No one ever got anything or anywhere just waiting. Let's buy the old Pioneer and show Mr. Greer and the rest of this sleepy place what a real independent newspaper is like."

"Now, see here, Mrs. Gurlaway, one nut is enough in this family. I've always sort of depended on you to keep my feet on the ground and you mustn't fail me. And you know how sensitive I am—you must never, never startle or kid me."

"But, Jim, I'm not kidding. You could make a real newspaper of the Pioneer. You want me to help you keep your feet on the ground—you also want me to help you get out of your rut, I hope. I should think, from the way Elly Greer spoke, he would sell ——"

"Marcia, the danger in your utterly absurd, wild-eyed and irresponsible suggestion is that it echoes the very thought I had in my own mind. We ought not to encourage each other in lunacy. Besides I've got to write my Grinds. But say, honey, do you think you could—well, sort of help out on the writing end—how to make eggless cakes and remodel last year's hat and maybe run a column called Woman's Sphere ——"

"Oh, Jim, couldn't I! And I'll tell you something else I could do—learn to set type."

"And get your hands all grimy with lead and ink? I'd never stand for that."

"Don't be silly. Soap is still within reach of even the poor. Go on now and write your old Grinds. We mustn't get talking a lot of nonsense. Of course you're perfectly right about our being a pair of lunatics and trying to keep

(Continued on Page 65)

The Black Ram of Sunlight

By HAL G. EVARTS

IT WAS broad daylight when Tukuar closed his eyes, the slanting rays illuminating the points of the Sunlight Peaks, but when he opened them it was night, the only visible lights appearing as brilliant sparks in the distance. It was the third time he had witnessed this strange thing, for Tukuar was three days old. Some of the points of light gleamed from the sky above the lofty slope on which he lay, while others, larger and with a reddish tinge, seemed scattered through the dark bulk of the hills themselves. Far below him was the largest of all. Tukuar was too young and inexperienced to classify the night lights. He knew not the stars above from the Washaki night fires below; could not distinguish between the big village fires in the valleys and the signal flares in the peaks.

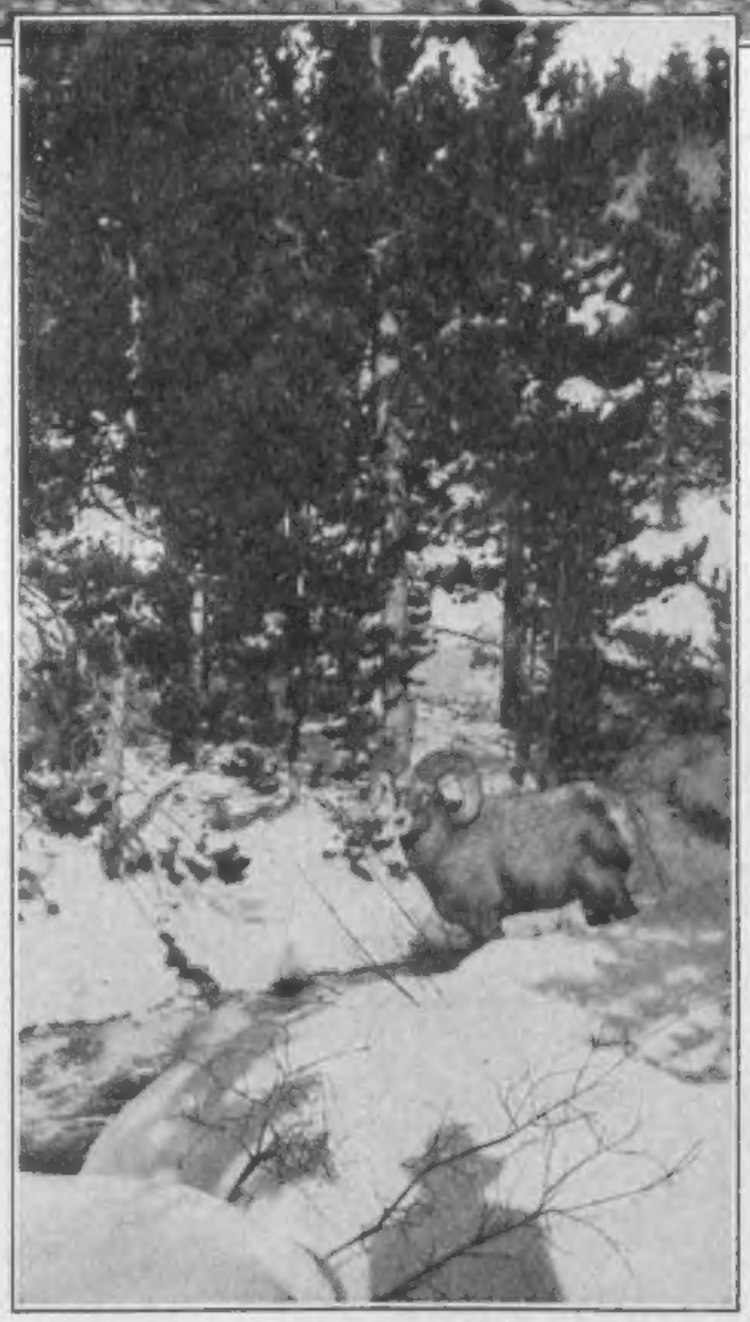
But even at that great distance he could detect shadowy movement round the big glow in the bottoms, for Tukuar sprang from that tribe which the animal gods had endowed with the all-seeing eyes; and the eyes were what stamped his face with a hint of the Orient, even though his forebears for a thousand generations had ranged these same Sunlight Peaks. The ball of each eye was yellow; the pupil, a curious flattened oval, was dark—almost black. It was this capsule-shaped pupil set in its yellow field that enhanced the impression that Tukuar should have first viewed the world from some point in the far Himalayas instead of having entered it among the Sunlight Hills.

The shadowy movement round the big light far below him gained his attention. It flared brilliantly and a horde of antlike figures circled about the edge of it, while the monotonous throb of the tom-toms reached his ears. And as Tukuar watched the fire the wise men of the Washakis settled his fate without his knowledge or consent.

For the Washakis had come upon adversity. In the beginning the beliefs and customs of all the tribes of Shoshonean stock had been identical, but as creeds have differed at all times among all peoples, so now the various tribal branches, even though holding tenaciously to the religion of the parent stock in the main, had come to put a different interpretation on many minor points—and upon one of these points the life of Tukuar hinged.

The bighorn sheep was the tribal animal of all Shoshonean peoples, his meat the most highly prized delicacy of all. The Tukuarikas—Sheep-eaters—in the Wind River Hills, the Shoshones in the valley of the Stinking Water, the Washakis on Clark's Fork, all had hunted the bighorn. It was known to them all that when the first pair of bighorn sheep had multiplied until their descendants numbered a full thousand that ranged the Western peaks, the animal gods had sent a black ram to celebrate the event. On that same date the descendants of Manitou, the first Shoshone, had been able to count a thousand souls in their lodges, and a mighty chieftain, Tukuar, the Black Ram, had that day been born among them. Thereafter one black ram was born for every thousand sheep. It was said that the tribal gods had but to sweep an eye across the peaks and count the black rams in order to know how many thousand sheep were numbered among the bighorn bands, and so determine how their Shoshone children fared for meat.

The Tukuarikas had split off from the main band to uphold their belief that others besides chiefs were privileged to slay black rams. The Washakis had seceded and established a village of those who believed that the killing of a



black ram under any circumstances was a direct affront to the spirit of the chieftain, Tukuar, who sat beside Manitou. All tribes had prospered and there was meat in plenty. But at last the lean days had come. The Shoshone lodges were gone from the banks of the Stinking Water, the tepees of the Tukuarikas in the Wind River Hills were few and the last village of Washakis held nightly council and made medicine to the tribal gods. The guns of the white men had harried the bison from the plains; the elk were gone from the foothills and the bighorns were growing fewer in the peaks.

But the medicine men of the Washakis had reached a solution at last. They had killed no black rams for more than a century and as a consequence there was now one black for every hundred sheep. Tukuar, the one to whom Manitou had given it to preside over the destinies of the bighorn kind, could now see many black rams in the Sunlight Peaks—and he believed that his Washaki people were well supplied, that a thousand others lived for every black. The black rams must all be killed and the god, Tukuar, would observe this shortage and hasten to repopulate the hills with sheep. As night follows day and day follows night, it would even as naturally come to pass that the Washaki lodges would once more number countless thousands, for in the beginning it was ordained that their numbers should accord with the numbers of the big-horn sheep. As simple as that! The council pledged the death of all black rams, and in the joy of their deliverance, the end of their troubles now in sight, the Washaki bucks broke into the swing of the sheep dance, the chiefs adorned with the curling horns of bighorn rams. The roll of the tom-toms rose triumphantly and far up in the peaks. Tukuar, the little black ram, drowsed contentedly with the rhythmic boom of them throbbing in his ears.

With the coming of day he heard a more portentous booming, scattered and irregular, the thunderous reports of black-powder muskets roaring through the hills. The hunt was on.

Tukuar's mother was a very old ewe, well versed in the ways of the Washakis. A musket ball was embedded in one hip and there were two arrowheads, one of flint and one of obsidian, buried beneath her skin. These sounds did not greatly alarm her, but she was constantly alert. Her feeding place was a bowlder-studded meadow that pitched abruptly down to the rim of mighty cliffs that defied approach from below. The meadow rose above them for two hundred yards to the crest of a knife-blade ridge that dropped away in long open slopes on the opposite side. Tukuar and his mother fed with a band of a dozen ewes and four other lambs. Above them an old ewe had stationed herself on the ridge crest, sweeping all approaches from that side with eyes that detected even the movement of a fox a mile away. This sentinel was frequently relieved, not through any definite system of standing guard in turn, but through the fact that as soon as the one on the ridge left it to feed on the slope one of the other old ewes immediately grew nervous over this lack of protection in the rear and took up her own stand there.

Shortly after noon Tukuar's mother grew restless and cast frequent glances toward the ridge. The sentinel had left her post and no other had replaced her. The old ewe could stand this suspense no longer and she left Tukuar bedded in a bowlder field, the rocks varying widely as to size and shape, while she stood guard. She had sound reasons for leaving her offspring in this spot.

A hundred soaring specks floated above the expanse of the Sunlight Peaks and Tukuar gave them little thought, but the old ewes knew their meaning all too well. Tukuar lay motionless, his head resting flat upon the ground, and occasionally glanced aloft, moving nothing but his eyes when one of the flying specks sailed low over his retreat. He caught a movement among the rocks some twenty yards from his position and centered his gaze on it. For a space of minutes he could see no motion, then a light-colored rock shifted position a few inches—and Tukuar knew it was no rock but another lamb cached there by its mother.

(Continued on Page 77)

THE BACHELOR

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"NEXT!" said the barber. Johnny Christmas sighed and climbed into the chair, settling himself for the torture of the periodical haircut. The barber pinned a white cloth about the cowman's neck and promptly Johnny began to swelter and his skin to initiate certain devilish itchings anticipatory of the hairs that were bound to find their way down his neck. The barber clicked his shears tentatively.

"I hear you sold your cows, Johnny," he observed. He was a sociable creature.

"Yes," gurgled Johnny Christmas, for, of course, the barber had drawn the cloth too tightly and the hot blood was beginning to pound and throb in the sufferer's neck veins.

"Cows is cows these days," remarked the barber wisely, and went to work.

"Sure are," agreed Johnny, wriggling nervously. How he hated these inevitable seasons in the barber's chair!

"You must have soaked away quite a wad, Johnny," hinted the barber. His was a mind that thirsted after information. "You don't drink none and you been runnin' on your own now for two three years."

"I got enough to keep me in cigarettes for a while," admitted Johnny. In fact the currency was even then belted about his waist. But the conversation wearied him. Johnny Christmas was a nervous man—a live wire. To him life meant action; rough, strenuous, wholesome action, peppered with Western humor, which perhaps is not always smooth. If a joke appeared on the horizon, so much the better. Johnny could laugh if the joke was on him—and that is more than most people can do.

Five minutes in the chair and the glass mirror and the row of bay-rum bottles and hair tonic wearied Johnny beyond belief. He tried to look out of the window, though he knew what he would see there—a row of shacks across the street, saloons mostly. Johnny did not care for saloons. He had seen some of his best friends killed by saloons. And beyond the saloons—beyond the little town, he knew, lay the flat cow country—flat as alkali water, hot as the hereafter. North and south it stretched away to the hot rim of the horizon. On the east it stretched away to the Sierras and on the west to the Coast Range. He had ridden it for fifteen years.

Fifteen years! Suddenly it came to the young man that he was tired of the country too. And oh, but this was a hot place! The barber snicked with his shears. A wisp of hair dropped upon Johnny's nose and clung there tickling him. He tried to blow it off. He blew out of one corner of his mouth and failed. Hopefully he experimented with the other corner of his mouth, but the infernal wisp stayed.

"Pretty hot," suggested the barber cheerfully.

"Darned hot."

Johnny squirmed restlessly, every fiber of his lean hundred and seventy pounds in rebellion. The bit of hair had developed a thousand stinging nettles and they were driving the poor fellow crazy. Once more he tried blowing, though knowing in advance that it would do no good. It then occurred to him to dislodge the torment by wiggling his nose, but here he met with no success at all. He could wiggle up and down, but not from side to side. Some people can wiggle their noses from side to side and others cannot. It is a gift.

"Goin' to renew your lease and stock up again?" asked the barber. He was not prying; he merely wanted to know.

Johnny Christmas had slipped a surreptitious hand from beneath the cloth and removed the wisp from his distracted nose. He viewed it at first indifferently, then with profound interest, for mingling with the black was an undeniable gray hair.

"N-no," he said slowly, his answer born of that sudden discovery. "I'm growin' old, Pete. I reckon I'll go somewhere and settle down. Up in the Sierras, maybe; up there where there's water and trees and grass and things. I always said I'd go up there after I'd played my string in the flat country. Buy me a ranch, you know, and live peaceful all the rest of my days. Now I'm gettin' old, so I guess the time's come."

"Old!" scoffed the barber. "Why, you ain't twenty-one yet, I bet you!"

"I'm thirty-one."

Johnny made the announcement in the solemn tone of one announcing a funeral.

"But that ain't old," insisted the barber. "Hell, you're just gettin' good! Why don't you buy a ranch and settle down here in the valley?"

"Oh, I'm tired of it!" Johnny wriggled his neck and sweated yet more profusely. "I'm tired of climbing into a red-hot saddle and chasin' a lot of fool cows all over a red-hot country year in and year out. I'm gettin' to be an old bachelor, Pete, and I reckon I'll turn the hard, hot ridin' over to the younger boys."

"Say, I got you figured out!" giggled the barber slyly. "You're goin' to get married."

"Aw, shucks!" grinned Johnny bashfully. "If you can't figure any better than that you'll never get rich."

He climbed out of the chair with a long tremulous sigh of relief. He was glad to get rid of that chair and the personal conversation that went with it. But the barber was not through with him.

"I hear Mollie Evans is coming home day after tomorrow," he said, watching his victim craftily.

Johnny turned cold, but he pretended indifference as he counted out the money for the haircut.

"That so?" he replied.

"Used to be sweet on Mollie, didn't you?" insinuated his tormentor, and grinned.

"Aw, shucks!" said Johnny, but he reddened in spite of himself.

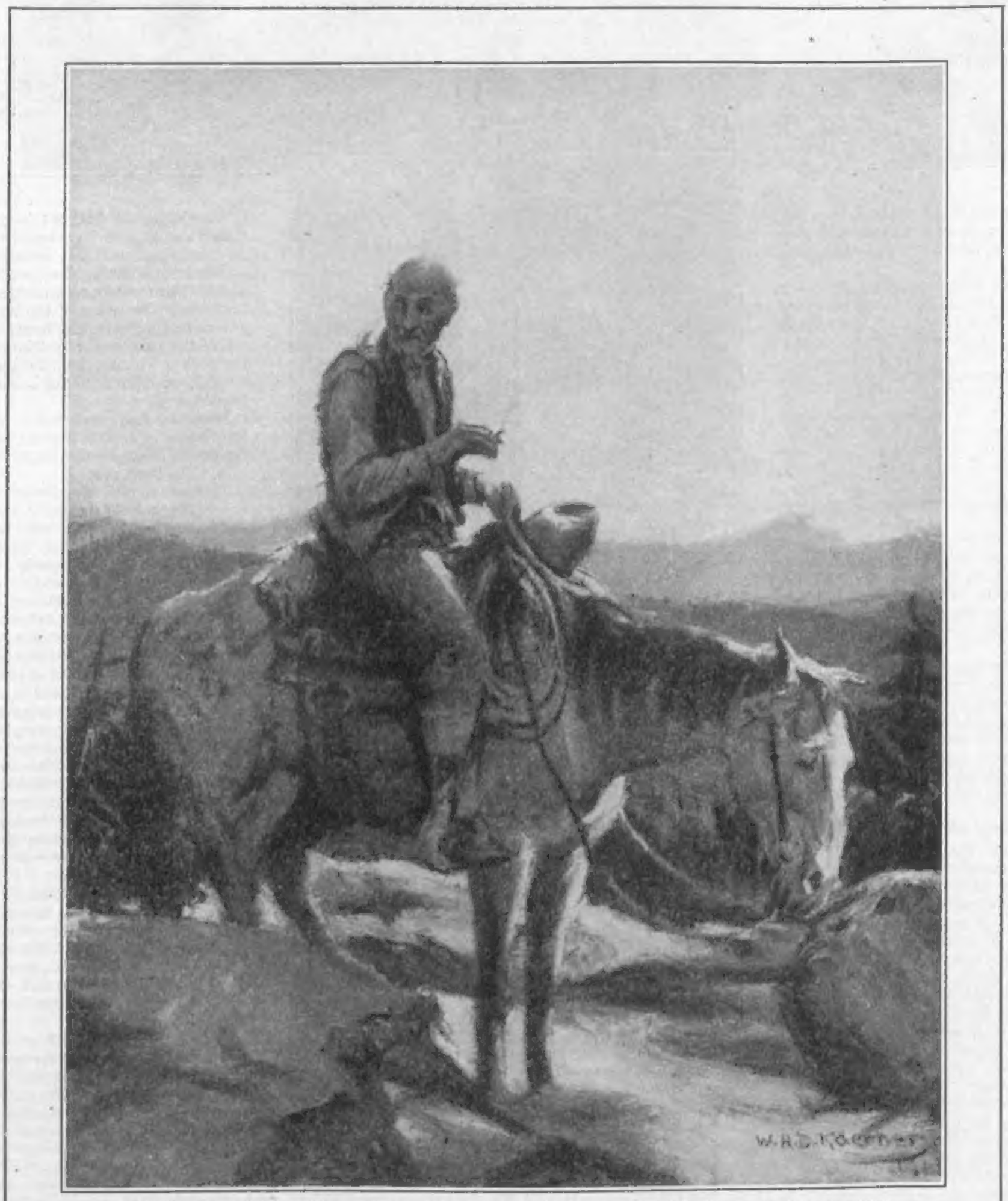
"Folks think you and Mollie are engaged—so I hear."

"Aw, you can hear anything, Pete!"

"I bet you are! I hear that Mollie thinks so herself."

"Aw, shucks!"

Johnny escaped into the street, grinning. Nevertheless the barber had planted a cold scare in the young cowman's soul. Mollie Evans was coming back! Johnny was



I Bet That My Rattlin' Old Tongue Has Started a Killin'! What'n Blazes Did I Have to Go an' Tell Him For?

"And I Thought You Was a Man Too," Shot Back the Girl. "Curious We Both Made the Same Mistake, Wasn't It?"

a loving fellow and Mollie was very sweet. Did she think they really were engaged? Of course there had been some affectionate conversation and—yes, maybe a pair of kisses. But shucks, that don't mean anything!

"I got to get out of here," decided the harassed fellow. "Seems like when Mollie Evans is about I nin't got any sense at all. How I ever managed to stay single all these years sure gets me—me bein' so damn lovin' that-a-way!"

He wandered over to the Thatcher & Paulson corral and sat on the fence thinking the matter over.

"Looks like I'd be safe, now that I'm an old bachelor," he complained. "But I ain't! No, sir; when a pretty girl is anywhere close round me, why, I'm just as mushy and lovin' as ever. And if I'm here when Mollie Evans gets back, why, I'll propose. Yes, sir, I'll propose, sure as hell! I feel it comin' on right now!"

He rolled a cigarette and pondered for some minutes longer, while the sky above the Sierras turned pale with the promise of a moon. Suddenly he spun the cigarette away and sprang down from the fence.

"No, sir," he said as he started walking briskly toward his stable, "I ain't goin' to take any chances on losin' my freedom. When a man's married he's locked up for life. Just like bein' shut up in that barber chair with no way of gettin' out unless you die. Me, I got some sense. I'm goin', and I'm goin' right now while the goin's good."

Now when a man first gets the idea that he is an old bachelor it comes to him much in the nature of a blow. That solitary gray hair convinced Johnny Christmas that he was a venerable relic, fit to be chums with old man Methuselah. It was ridiculous, of course—but pathetic as well.

Many people sneer at old bachelors, but if they knew more they would sneer less, for the bachelor is a hero. If every bachelor had his just deserts Carnegie medals would be as thick as Democrats in Mississippi, for his bachelorhood has been attained by sacrifices beyond mere imagination. All along the years he has employed constantly a quality of defensive strategy that no military expert ever dreamed about. It is a great truth. Any man can get married, but it takes a genius to stay single.

Now you will understand that I am speaking of the normal man. Of course here and there you will find a bachelor to whom a woman is merely another human integer—and nothing more. This sort of man classes women along with gateposts and fire hydrants and open cellarways—dangerous certainly, but easily avoided if you exercise ordinary discretion and common sense. To such a man bachelorhood comes easy. For him the lure is not there—the fierce temptation to commit matrimony; a temptation with which the normal bachelor must battle night and day, year in and year out, and then perhaps end by slipping up at last and tumbling into it in a moment of relaxation.

That is the pathetic part of it. When a man fights for so many years and then loses out in a moment of mental abstraction it makes you sad. You can't help thinking that some way or another Nature has played a mean trick on him. And to make it still more melancholy the ancient warrior always falls terribly hard. A young man frequently marries in a shy tentative sort of way, but when the seasoned old bachelor dives into the sea of matrimony he goes clear to the bottom.

But Johnny Christmas was taking no chances. He had imagination and he saw all these things. Moreover, he realized his own particular weakness, and whenever he looked back over his past life and viewed his many narrow escapes from wedded bliss he caught his breath and turned pale. He wasn't safe yet. Though he was thirty-one years old he still looked twenty-one. And he was very susceptible. Further, there was that mysterious something about Johnny Christmas that moved women to want to cuddle and look at the moon.

And it was a wonderful moon that lighted the flat cow country when Johnny slipped out of the little town. He rode his cow horse, Roadrunner, and his entire wealth was strapped about his waist. He looked back at the homely collection of scrubby houses huddled upon the flat breast of the valley, and sighed. He could almost feel wistful, loving hands groping after him, striving to pull him back, urging him to marry and settle down and chase excited cows over the hot dry alkali plains for the rest of his natural life—and God have mercy on his soul! But Johnny was of the hero kind. He would maintain his freedom, cost him whatever heart pangs it might.

"Good-by, Mollie," he sighed tremulously, and turned Roadrunner's head toward the distant Sierras, above whose crest the great round moon was hanging. "Good-by—forever."

Johnny was bidding farewell not merely to his latest love but to all possibility of married life. Many a man has done that, and hearing it the little god of love has sat down and laughed until he cried.

II

JOHNNY CHRISTMAS was dropping down the north slopes into the Apajanti Valley. The trail wound through thickets of scrub oak and young firs, mixed with manzanita and madrona, with the loftier trees rising at wider intervals. Johnny lifted his soul to the great warm silence of the hills—a silence relieved by the scolding of jays and the far-off whistle of mountain quail. The mountain smell came through the air—resin and dry pine.

"Little horse," said Johnny, "we've found our home."

He was crossing an open glade as he spoke and suddenly he began to hear noises on ahead—excited cowbells, bawlings and the crashing of brush—with apparently a boy's voice raised in yells of bitter vituperation. Johnny's heart warmed, for these were noises that he understood. He straightened in his saddle and Roadrunner pricked up his ears. At the same moment a frenzied yearling burst from the firs on the farther side of the glade and came tearing along the trail, tail in the air. As it bounded past him a boyish rider came plunging out of the brush after the runaway—a slim reckless young rider dressed in brown bearskin chaps, flannel shirt and battered sombrero, spurring a pinto broncho.

"Hey, you," he yelled at Johnny Christmas, "wake up and get after that hell-runnin' fool and bring him back before he gets into the brush! Hear me? Pronto!"

The instincts of the cowman had acted before Johnny's rage got a chance, and the young man whirled Roadrunner

(Continued on Page 38)

K W Y W

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

FOR three-fifths of the second immediately following her impact on his optical center Warren Pond's mental processes were purely reflexive. A stupor of recognition submerged him—the primitive, awed conviction that an amazing coincidence is the handiwork of a highly personal Providence. His disciplined brain mutinied briefly. He could only stare. But during the remaining fragment of the instant he quelled the insubordinate turmoil with relentless efficiency, envisioned the situation completely and accurately, planned and executed his immediate response to the emergency.

"The one woman—superficially," he informed himself with a stress on the qualifying adverb which was at once a rebuke and a warning. Simultaneously he heard his voice apprising Miss Rachel Westerley that he was glad to know her, and with the fringe of his retinal area saw Anita White's mirthfully spiteful countenance assume an expression of amused contempt, and became aware of the distressing fragrance of caravan tea and buttered scones.

These external circumstances aided his return to entire control. The moment of benumbed astonishment ended.

"Superficially," he repeated inwardly. "Thanks, no, mother. You know I never touch it."

His tone conveyed the gentle reproof with which a tolerant abstainer declines a cocktail. His eyes observed that Miss Westerley's hands were folded placidly in her lap, and that there was no cup or crumb in her vicinity. Again he was impelled to remind himself that he still dealt with the surface. But Anita confirmed what had been no more than a hope.

"There's an ally for you, Rachel," she said. "Warren opposes tea on principle too."

Pond's eye leaped to Miss Westerley's. She diminished the even gravity of her expression a little, a certain esoteric thawing which seemed to invite Warren Pond to share her indulgence toward Anita's flippancy. Again Pond felt a crude thrill before coincidence. She—she disapproved of this idiotic habit of spoiling one's dinner with tea and cakes. A triviality, to be sure, but ——

He studied her more deliberately, cataloguing, measuring, almost as impersonally as a Bertillon expert at police headquarters. She was seated, of course, so that her exact stature was an affair of conjecture, but he placed it between sixty-nine and seventy-one inches with some confidence. She would weigh between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty. He checked the items mentally, with a growing sense of certitude which defied his cautious reservations on the ground of superficiality. Her face was unquestionably to be classified as concave, the chin and brow nearly in the same vertical plane, the lips firm, the line of the nostrils betraying that definitude which he knew to indicate purpose, strength of conscious volition. He checked another item.

"Early? Yes, a little. I had some shopping to do," he answered his mother's comment mechanically.

Eyes exactly the clear, vivid gray-green he had decided upon; distinct fine brows and lashes; dark vigorous hair, sensibly dressed, particularly about the ear and neck, where no single straggling strand diminished the effect of aggressive neatness.

Superficial? Yes, of course, but ——

Her dress, too—exactly the right thing, from the hem of the severe skirt to the simple cool line of the white collar where her throat revealed itself, columnar, erect, adequate to its business of supporting her head and nevertheless undeniably decorative. Her voice—he was exceedingly careful about voices—held effortlessly to the lower range, round, beautifully placed, avoiding the hills and valleys he found so trying in Anita's breathless speech. All superficialities, but impressively significant in their entire conformity to specifications.

He turned his face, without moving his eyes, in response to Anita's interruption. She was saying something about his dropping in after dinner this evening. Long habit lifted an evasion to his lips. Anita never could learn that he didn't want to waste an evening in the sort of futilities she adored. He had been evading these invitations for years.

"I'm sorry." He spoke before he thought. "Bridge—I never play cards, you know."

"Don't I!" Anita sighed. "That's why I'm asking you, you old Pharisee. Rachel doesn't play either, and she'll be bored to tears ——"

Again his mind leaped. She shared his fixed detestation of that vicious mental opiate too? This was beginning to be serious. His eye consulted hers, deep calling to deep across the shallows. He read distinctly an appeal.

"Oh, in that case, of course!" he told Anita.

He was right. There was patent relief in Miss Westerley's expression. He had the warming consciousness of standing in the breech. It was clear that his assent had removed the prospect of what Anita would have called a pale-saffron evening.

As he moved across the room toward the chair at Miss Westerley's left he caught his mother's eyebrows in the act of a startled ascent, and realized that to her this unsolicited participation in her hospitalities was in the nature of a cataclysm. It had always pleased him to hug the assurance that his mother—whose disconcerting ability to understand everybody else was almost uncanny—completely failed to diagnose her son. He rather enjoyed being an insoluble riddle. Of course she would think that he had succumbed at last to the surface charms of a girl, just as she had been prophesying, with a confidence perceptibly diminishing, ever since he had simultaneously begun his seventeenth year and his seventh foot. But even conceding that she was near the mark he knew that his choice upset her settled beliefs.

She had insisted always that he would choose a little, cuddly, snuggly, giggling kitten of a girl, arguing *a fortiori*. He was a McAllister beyond question, and McAllister men, invariably longitudinal, as inevitably fell in love with abbreviated, plumpish women.

He knew that Mrs. Pond was at this moment confronting the unheard-of possibility of his departing from the honored precedent of her race. It added to his satisfaction, as he took his place beside the outlander and drew her, with the easy affability he could use at will, into a conversation of commonplace which in no wise betrayed itself for the cross-examination it was intended to be.

She came from Pittland. He brightened. Pittland and the name of Westerley were intimately associated. The Westerley Forge Company competed formidably with the Amesbury Iron Works. He referred to the fact casually. Rachel Westerley brightened in turn.

"Why, I've heard of you, of course! You're Mr. Amesbury's sales manager our men talk about! They call you ——"

She stopped, flushing a little under the clear wholesomeness of her skin. He chuckled.

"K. W., eh? Or Old Kilowatt? I didn't know I was famous enough for that."

He was really delighted. The war name was his earned brevet. It stood for him and for the system he had discovered, developed and applied to Cyrus Amesbury's dry-rotting business. But below his glow of gratified pride was a deeper warmth of pleasure in the discovery that this girl knew enough of business to realize what it all meant. Her tone left him in no possible doubt on the point. He made another mental checkmark. They were getting past superficialities, now. This was basic, vital.

"Yes, indeed. We know all about you and your system. One of your men brought his cards with him when he came to us."

He scowled. "Lesswing, I suppose. He didn't make good, did he?"

"No. I never let him leave the office, even. It was easy to see why you discharged him."

Her lips drew straighter. He started at the pronoun.

"You? I—I don't understand ——"

"What?" She was puzzled. Then: "Oh, I see. You don't know who I am, then. I'm R. Westerley in the office."

Warren Pond sat very still. It simply wasn't credible. Blind luck like this couldn't happen to a man! R. Westerley! The brains of the whole Westerley business! The driving power behind its sales force, the organizing genius who had built it into a compact, unified entity against which not even the K-W system could make serious headway! And that brain, that energy, that indomitable purpose, embodied by some miracle of Nature in a woman—a girl! And such a girl! He checked over the items again: Height, weight, contour, carriage, facial type, eyes, dress, voice.

His breath penetrated profoundly. Why, if all the Fates had worked overtime in Warren Pond's behalf they couldn't have managed better!

And he was going to spend the evening with her, while Anita and her harum-scarum cronies played some futile game of cards! Suddenly it dawned upon him that here, summed up in this encounter and this moment was the whole harvest of the K-W system. It was no miracle; it was only the logical, inevitable

The Clock Spoke Several Times Before He Was Able to Arrange His Thoughts With Any Semblance of Precision

outworking of the simple fundamental law he had discovered and applied.

"I hope you'll tell me about your system this evening."

He nodded, too rapt for speech. He had always known that he was right. This merely made it unanimous. He was obliged to restrain an impulse to escort Anita and her guest home when they departed.

"You seemed interested."

He snapped back to the present at the sound of his mother's voice, with that incorrigible under-ripple of amusement which always troubled him. His caution woke. She mustn't guess—yet. That would mean complications. He shrugged his shoulders very creditably.

"Of course I was interested. Why, mother, she's the one really dangerous competitor we've got! I've always wanted to know the person behind that outfit."

He went off to his room, pursued by an aggravating little laugh—the maternal laugh which always bothered him. His mother laughed charmingly—but invariably in the wrong places. There wasn't anything funny about this!

II

IT BEGAN before Warren could talk. His parents and in rather greater detail his hireling attendants became aware of the difference while he was still engaged with teething rings and rattles. Doctor Pond, professionally aware of the phenomenal individuality of every woman's offspring, conceded that Warren was really alone in his class.

"He never cries for exercise," he admitted. "He always wants something—some one thing, and he cries till he gets it. No, I don't think I've ever seen another youngster quite so fixed in his determinations."

Warren himself couldn't remember a period when he had not known exactly what he wanted. His desires were normal enough. He wanted the usual things, very much as other boys did, but he differentiated shrewdly between ambitions whose fulfillment could conveniently be deferred and those which must be satisfied instantly. He knew what he wanted most, and now. And he quickly discovered the advantage of concentrating his forces on that single and immediate purpose.

Thus at fifteen he wanted, in general terms, to play on the school football team. The desire was shared by nearly every other able-bodied boy in the institution. Warren Pond reduced it a little farther. He wanted to play center; and having fixed on that position he set methodically about the process of winning it. He spent patient hours flipping the ball between his legs at a chalked mark on the stable wall, charging fiercely the instant the backward motion of his hands began. He studied the flick of wrist and forearm which would send the oval missile floating back without gyration, until he could hit his target without looking, and use his eyes to reckon with the imaginary opponent before him. He was nearly twenty pounds lighter than Puggy Callahan, but he played the position that very fall, and there were few fumbles or blocked punts behind him. The coach attributed his success to nerve and grit and school spirit, but to Warren it was just knowing what he wanted.

He began to look ahead, with an eye to fulfilling remoter dreams by laying foundations for them in the present. He had decided on engineering. Anything mechanical fascinated him. It was wholly natural for him to consider how his high-school opportunities could serve that ambition, to select his courses with an eye on his college entrance and to specialize on those which promised the maximum advantage in his plotted future.

And this led to a secondary discovery. Sometimes he forgot minor desires, when he had deferred them because he wanted something else sooner. To avoid this he began writing his wants down as they occurred to him. He found at once that this process exerted a curious effect on the desires themselves. The thing which had seemed almost necessary when he considered it mentally revealed itself in script as unworthy, absurd. Merely writing it down seemed to analyze its importance. He saw that this helped immensely in distinguishing between casual fancies and serious resolutions, and adopted it as an inevitable test.

He kept a dog's-eared blankbook behind a conveniently loose bit of molding in his room. In it, crudely arranged by date and nature, he codified his wants. On one of the blank pages, toward the end of his sixteenth year, he made an entry which brought the blood into his ears in spite of the fact that no eye but his would ever see it.

It was the result of his contemplation of Uncle Adam, his mother's brother, and an obvious McAllister in point of longitude—a man of one dimension, amazingly long and lean of neck, who presented Warren with an Aunt Evvie, round and pink and, in her highest heels, five feet, no inches. The disparity affronted Warren's sense of harmony, and his disapproval was aggravated by Aunt Evvie's addiction to affectionate diminutives, voiced in a falsetto coo and accompanied by kisses of distressing frequency and superfluity. He eyed the departing pair darkly.

"Why didn't Uncle Adam pick somebody his size?" he meditated aloud. "They look like Mutt and Jeff!"

Of course his mother laughed instead of rebuking this irreverent criticism.

"Just wait," she warned cryptically. "You'll change your mind about that one of these days."

Warren pressed an inquiry.

"Tall men always fall in love with little fluffy women," she explained under redirect examination. "You'll do it, like all the rest of them."

Warren laughed with magnificent scorn.

"Weren't you carrying Anita White's books for her yesterday when I met you?"

Warren reddened to the hair.

"Aw ——"

"And when you went to Molly Lane's party didn't you ——"

He perceived that she was about to mention a disgraceful incident of a silly game involving a handkerchief and a sofa cushion and a shameful formula.

"Aw—I don't have to marry her just because ——"

"No. But you see you like *little* girls, too—just as Uncle Adam did. You can't help it. It's a law of Nature."

The words had an unpleasantly formidable sound. Warren had begun the study of physics, and harbored a deepening respect for natural statute. He retreated, meditated, carried the problem, cannily impersonalized, to Doctor Pond's scientific enlightenment. The doctor generalized happily.

"It's true that Nature seems to prefer to average things more or less. If clever men married clever women they'd have children a bit cleverer than those of stupid people. If tall men insisted on picking out tall wives the race would separate into giants and dwarfs in no time at all. You can see that?"

Warren nodded. His mind had leaped forward with the beautiful speed of sixteen. The doctor could not guess that at this instant his grandsons—twins—were joyously pulverizing a Yale line—Goliath, Samson, Jess Willard ——

That evening Warren, barricaded and pink, indited a new entry on a fresh page in his record of resolutions: "I want to marry a girl as big as I am."

Later in the night he rose, lighted the gas and carefully destroyed that page. He could remember that one; and somebody might find the book.

He did not carry Anita's books for her after that. It was a block longer to go round by Georgia Street, but it avoided passing the White house, whence Anita was remarkably given to emerging just as you came along. Warren sullenly assured himself that he'd just happened to carry her old books; he didn't really like her—much. But he failed to observe any tall girl in the high school who satisfied his unidentified specifications in other respects. The net result was a monkish aversion to feminine society of any dimension whatever. This led to social complications involving eventually a family debate.

"He just won't go to the Whites' party!"

Mrs. Pond, for the prosecution, rehearsed the indictment with a baffled head-shake. Warren entered his defense.

"What's the use of going round with girls now?" he demanded. "You don't want me to go and fall in love with one before I'm through school, do you? Look at Wilbur Swope and Molly Lane—so crazy about each other they can't even study! If I was grown up there'd be some sense to it. I'd be in a position to get married if I went and fell in love. But now it's just foolish. I don't want to get ——"

"But nobody wants you to"—Mrs. Pond's voice shook in spite of her genuine irritation—"to marry any of the eligible ladies you'll meet at Anita's party. It's just a question of ordinary politeness, Warren."

"Fellows that go fooling round girls are always falling in love with 'em," said Warren. "I can't bother. I'm trying to get through school in three years, and I need all my time to study and exercise."

(Continued on Page 84)

"That's the Essence of the System, You Know—Concentrate Everything You Have on One Thing at a Time. It Works in Business Just as Well as in War"

NO STATEMENT, NO CREDIT

By J. R. SPRAGUE

"'You Don't See How You are Responsible for Old Man Bissell's Troubles? All Right Then, I Will Tell You'"

THE head of a wholesale concern in a Middle-Western city was opening his morning's mail. "Four unsigned checks from merchants in the Big-Bend section, Elliott," he said to the credit man. "Better report it to the association office and see what they have to say."

The secretary of the Jobbers' Association was called on the phone.

"Why, yes," he said. "Several other firms have received unsigned checks during the past few days from merchants in the Big-Bend section. Evidently the drought has made business pretty dull. I am going down there to-night to see just how bad things are."

In answer to a question the wholesaler explained: "When we begin to receive unsigned checks from our customers we know that business is poor and the retailers are trying to gain a little time. The funny part of it is that every man who has sent in one of these checks thinks he has discovered a brand-new scheme. But it is an old matter to us wholesalers; we know just how it happened.

"There has been a drought which burned up the crops, or a flood which washed them out, or a strike in the railroad shops; and business in the small town is awfully dull. A merchant owes us some money that is past due; he wants to keep his credit good, because he constantly needs our merchandise. He hasn't any money in bank, but he is sure he will take in some cash during the next few days. He ponders over the situation. Bingo! He finds a way.

"He sends us a check for a couple of hundred dollars, carelessly forgetting to sign his name. It will take a day for the check to reach us. We will take a day to reply to his letter and inform him of his mistake. A third day will be gone before he receives our letter. By that time he will have collected a bill or something and really have the two hundred dollars in bank. He sends us a perfectly correct check along with a letter apologizing for his mistake. Another crisis in his career has been safely passed."

It is pretty hard nowadays for a merchant to put anything over on the wholesale trade; if business gets dull he might as well confess right away that he is hard up and needs extra time on his bills. In practically every city in the country where any wholesaling is done there is a local credit men's association to look after the jobbers' interests in the town's trade territory.

A Professional Trouble Man

A GOOD many people have an idea that the wholesale business of the country is done mostly by concerns in the really big-league cities like New York, Chicago and St. Louis. They would be surprised to know how many wholesale houses exist in the smaller towns, particularly places that are remote from the great centers. Dallas, Texas, boasts nearly two hundred wholesalers; Butte, Montana, nearly fifty; Chattanooga, Tennessee, supports more than a hundred.

The wholesaler in the small city who operates in a limited trade territory can keep in closer touch with his customers than the concern doing a country-wide business. Where the creditor and debtor are a thousand miles apart almost anything may happen between the shipment of an order and the payment of the bill; but in the small city whose trade territory is limited to a hundred miles or so round, a live credit men's organization can keep up with affairs almost from day to day.

There is in one of the larger Southern cities a particularly efficient credit men's association. This city has about sixty wholesale houses; its trade territory extends approximately a hundred and fifty miles round. In spite of two years of drought which have seriously affected the farmers and stockmen there have been surprisingly few failures among the small-town business men. Recently the writer visited this city to learn how they have managed it.

The manager of the credit bureau is a young lawyer who has deserted the courthouse for the more exciting life of a credit expert. His office is on the top story of a tall building and in the telling of the story that follows he was interrupted a dozen times by phone calls from various wholesalers. Quite as a part of the day's work he was told to take charge of the stock of a corner grocer who had vindictively quit business and left town on account of a quarrel with his wife; to take the train for a small town and straighten out the differences between two partners who were brothers-in-law and therefore could not get along together; to remonstrate with a retail druggist who was not paying his bills promptly, but who had just bought a six-cylinder automobile. He was informed that a certain country storekeeper in danger of bankruptcy owned fifteen barrels of whisky, and was told to learn if there was any way that said liquor might be turned into money for the benefit of creditors.

"The main trouble in selling goods on credit," said the lawyer-credit man, "is that so many debtors don't want to be entirely frank with the men they owe money to. Instead of coming right out and telling their creditors when they get into tight places, they try to cover things up. Lots of men won't even be frank with themselves. They won't keep books or go to the bottom of their own affairs for fear things aren't so prosperous as they want to think they are. I guess the reason we have so few failures in our trade territory is because we make the retailers tell us just how they stand or we won't do business with them."

There was a neatly lettered sign hanging over the credit manager's desk; upon it was the legend:

NO STATEMENT, NO CREDIT

"That motto of ours," continued the credit manager, pointing to it, "doesn't mean that our wholesalers lie down on a man if he happens to get in bad shape; quite the reverse. We will go a long way with any business man who is trying to play fair and who is open and aboveboard with his creditors. And once you make a man face the facts about his affairs you have made a better business man out of him. It was the case of a man whom I will call Miles Bissell that brought us to our present method of handling the credits in our trade territory.

"One day word was sent up to the office that Miles Bissell was in trouble. I did not know anything about the gentleman except that he was rather a large merchant in a town of twenty thousand population in our trade territory; he had been in business for thirty years and there had never before been any question as to his solvency. I called up the various wholesalers in his line and found that Bissell was owing money to practically all of them, a total of round thirty thousand dollars. The credit man of the house which had him on the books for the largest amount gave a very good description of the way the merchant was regarded in wholesale circles."

Looking Up Bissell

"'OLD man Bissell was doing business with the house long before I came here,' he said. 'We have always shipped him everything he ordered without question. Occasionally he has been a little slow in his payments; at such times we have charged him interest on the past-due account and he has paid it cheerfully. He has never kicked on prices or made a claim for shortage. The salesmen say he has the prettiest stock in the county and keeps it in good shape. I have often wished all our customers were like Miles Bissell.'

"It seems that everything had been going along as usual until the last few months. Bissell had seldom paid his accounts in full, but was in the habit of sending in checks from time to time as he had the money to spare; if an account ran too much past due he would close it up with some notes payable monthly, and had always taken care of these notes as they fell due. The wholesalers were used to doing business with him that way and were entirely easy in their minds over the account.

"But recently the checks on account had become less frequent; the merchant did not answer letters asking for money, and finally he had let several of his notes go to protest. Formerly he had often sent in mail orders to our local wholesalers, but none had come in for some time; either he was afraid his credit was worn out or he was sending his business to some other market. Anyhow it was a case to be investigated, and I got on the train to go to Bissell's town to see what might be done.

"Arriving there I put up at the hotel and prepared to do a little detective work before calling on the merchant himself. I found that he stood well in his community; he was a director in the chamber of commerce, a member of the Rotary Club, and frequently worked on committees appointed to bring about various civic improvements. Finally I called on his banker and frankly stated my errand in the town.

"'I hardly know what to say about Miles Bissell,' replied the banker. 'Apparently he has all the qualifications of a successful business man, but he has never been able to get ahead. He works hard enough and he keeps a nice store; everyone likes him, but I doubt if he is any better off than he was fifteen years ago. He has never tried to borrow any money from this bank, though in former years we should have been glad to let him have any reasonable amounts. Right now I would not want to take a chance on him, because he has let several notes go to protest. I am afraid he is in a bad fix, but I can't figure out what the trouble is.'

(Continued on Page 46)

BUSINESS NEUROLOGY

By Wilbur Hall

THERE was something wrong with the firm of Sisson Brothers. Outside no one knew this, but inside everyone felt it vaguely and the heads of the firm suffered acutely. Their harassment was increased by reason of their inability to put a finger on the weak spot. "Something wrong" expressed their problem—it was as annoying as hay fever and as inexplicable.

The finances of the company were sound and well handled. Its business policy was modern and energetic. Its factory products were beyond competition, its wholesale trade growing, its profits generous. Taken to pieces one by one, the nine departments of the concern passed the most rigid examination with flying colors, and yet the highly sensitized business perceptions of the partners registered trouble, friction, petty annoyances, loss. They spent valuable time in futile conference—Peter Sisson, son of one of the founders, and the two Nolans, of whom the elder, J. P., had married a Sisson girl—and when they passed the problem on the net result was nothing. A business counselor had been called in and had gone over the place with no fruits save a vague and wordy report and a handsome bill. An efficiency engineer had had a hand at diagnosis and had confessed himself baffled. Taking their employees into their confidence, fuming, threatening, offering bonuses, shifting department heads and foremen—every effort at a remedy failed.

Padrig Nolan threw up his hands at one of the countless conferences when Bestwick, the general manager, asserted vigorously that something had to be done about it.

"Good Lord, Nat," he cried impatiently, "a blind man with his head in a boot could see that! But how are you going to do something when you can't even put a name to our trouble?" No one answered this. The sales manager cleared his throat and cut in gloomily:

"Whatever its name is, the usual has happened again. Sampson tells me he's afraid we've lost Cardigan & Reese."

"What's their complaint?" Sisson snapped.

"Three delayed shipments in the last month. I knew about one of them. Our special-delivery letter explaining that we couldn't get their goods for them failed to reach them on time. In fact it wasn't sent special. But the other two misses go by me."

"Cardigan & Reese have been buying from us for thirty years," Jim Nolan observed.

"So I've been told. Of course I'm going to look them up myself. I may be able to coo into their ears plaintively enough to win them back."

"What luck did you have with those new people in Baker City the ones who didn't get their telephoned order?" Paddy Nolan asked.

"Some. Temporarily they're on our rosary again—during our good behavior. I blamed the error on the telephone company, but I knew I was lying."

"That works—about once," Nolan grunted.

"It does," the factory superintendent chimed in unexpectedly. "Works backward too."

"What do you mean, Bridger?" someone inquired.

"Last week Acme Employment Office promised to telephone me when I could have twenty sewing-machine operators on that rush order for overalls. I didn't hear from them—guess you know better than I do what that cost the firm. But the point is that the Acme claimed they couldn't get me on the phone."

"Phone!" Sisson barked. "Don't you know better, Bridger, than to trust such things to the telephone? Why didn't you let somebody know?"

Bridger stiffened.

"You must be forgetting, Mr. Sisson. I sent a memo of it to your stenographer. I was up to my neck with that government-tent order and couldn't go sitting round an employment office, could I? If your girl didn't tell you——"

"She did not." Bridger shrugged.

"Well," he said dryly, "you've got a name for one of your troubles then, Mr. Paddy."

Padrig Nolan laughed.

"Bridger scores, Pete."

"Maybe," Sisson retorted. "But when you are looking for weak spots keep your hands off my private office. I'm running that."

Drake, of the shipping department, hastened to change the subject.

"I don't like to throw cold water," he said, "but I wish somebody could advise me what to do with my stencil force. I've tried every boy in the shipping department and there isn't one of them who can get through a day without misdirecting at least one box. They start in strong, but they soon develop fat on the brain."

"That's what cost us four thousand on the Reamer order a week or so ago," Varney, the auditor, volunteered.

"Yes, the boy picked out an Abram Roamer stencil and somebody failed to check him and the goods went to St. Louis. I fired the boy and Mr. Sisson fired the freight clerk that let the waybill get by him, but that scarcely lessens the pain."

Padrig Nolan was poking his fountain pen nib into his desk blotter absent-mindedly through this colloquy. Presently he looked up.

"There is one thing certain," he declared positively "we have too many loose ends in the plant. Now and then we find one—like that stencil boy who pulled the boner—but every time we pick up one we seem to drop two others. I lay no claim to being a prophet—the whole difficulty has me stopped. But I'm developing a sort of theory that may help."

His brother groaned.

"Suffering snakes, is a theory the best you can do?"

"Just at the moment. Want it?"

"Get it off your chest."

"Our problem has something to do with the human equation in places we have overlooked or in a way that we are overlooking. Mechanically and financially and—er organically, I suppose it is, we are all right. Saxon, the efficiency sharp, said that. And we've been over this ground so often it stands to reason we are missing the same thing every round. The hitch is in the individuals. It isn't only Bridger's stencil clerks or your stenographer, Pete, or the telephone service—it is all over the house."

"You think we are suffering from dry rot?" Sisson demanded with a chip on his shoulder.

"Oh, don't be an ass, Pete! Certainly not! When we locate our weakness we will all say it was so simple it was a wonder we hadn't picked it up long ago. The trouble is that we are too near our problem. We are too old at the business. Now if you want my suggestion I'll make it."

"You talk like a psycho-analyst, Paddy," his brother observed. "But suggestions are cheap as long as no one has to accept them. What's the grand idea?"

"I want to bring in a man from outside to stick round with his ear to the ground and see what he learns. I don't care what we give him to do, or what we call him or how much we pay him. And the less he knows about our concern the better."

"Sounds like a conundrum," Peter Sisson growled. "I'll bite—who's your candidate?"

"I only thought of him two minutes ago," young Nolan replied. "My whole idea came to me then. Some of you know the man I have in mind—Nares, of the Chronicle."

"Nares?"

"Who is he?"

"Well, I'll tell the world that's a crazy notion!"

"You don't mean that fresh reporter?"

Paddy Nolan laughed.

"I woke you up at any rate, didn't I?" he chortled. "Yes, he is the financial and market man for the Chronicle.

"I didn't pick him because of any particular shining ability he has—in fact, I don't know whether he has one. I've suggested him because he is a live, hustling, keen lad, with a long nose, sharp ears and a close mouth, but primarily because he has never had any business experience."

Sisson snorted his contempt.

"Oh, let's all go play golf!" he exclaimed scornfully. "If this conference is going to degenerate into a meeting of the Humorists' Society I would prefer to meet in the open air somewhere."

"Wait a shake, Pete!" Jim Nolan interrupted. "Maybe Paddy has really said something. As I understand it, Pat, you think we are all in a rut and that no old-timer could help us."

(Continued on Page 174)

"It's All as Vague as a Free-Verse Poem, But I'll Sign On If You Say So"

NUMBER 1100

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

AT THE age of twenty-four William J. Enderby, master of the schooner Ellen Dare, was taken from that vessel's dingy poop deck and installed as junior partner of Shell, Shell & Co., Battery Street, San Francisco. Twelve years later Enderby closed his desk, went out into the main office, where a dozen clerks glanced up at him enviously or admiringly, and entered a door marked plainly in neat letters: "Mr. T. Shell." Standing before the gray-headed senior partner, the junior spent two minutes in quitting the firm.

Timothy Shell, than whom few shrewder traders exist, heard the young man out, sniffed, jerked his round head twice as though to dislodge a fly and remarked curtly: "I'll buy you out, of course. Upset price or dicker?"

"Upset," answered Enderby—"ninety thousand."

For a moment Mr. Shell was silent. Apparently he was calculating on a strong argument against an outrageous price. If so he thought better of it, nodded and said: "I'll see Thompson at noon and have the papers made out and to-morrow morning we can settle the whole business."

"All right," was the response, and the junior started away. He was recalled by a gruff hail.

"I've wanted for eight years to tell you something," Mr. Shell snapped. "You're an ass—a triple-dyed, ten-rib-to-the-inch ass."

William Enderby stopped, looked somewhat annoyed, smiled faintly and swung round to face the man he had been associated with for a dozen years.

"I know just how you feel," he answered civilly. "It's perfectly true that by sticking here I could cash in for a million when I'm fifty and two million when I'm sixty-five. It does look silly for a man to sell a perfectly good option on a million for ninety thousand dollars. But you couldn't understand if I tried to explain. You're an awfully nice fellow and you've showed me a good time and I reckon I ought to feel under obligations to you. I don't want to—so the price at ninety. I've made you twenty times that amount, you know."

"I've never made small of you," Mr. Shell replied, wrinkling his thin nose in disgust. "Did I? I liked to see you make money. I had—er—plans."

"You just now called me an ass," Enderby replied dryly. "Why explain?"

Shell bristled.

"You're only a youngster yet! I thought better of you and ——"

"You mean, you thought worse of me," the young man retorted. "It was in your mind that those long twelve years were turning me into your sort of man. Well, they didn't. I'm my own sort still, even if I am, as you say, a youngster and a fool. And I'm glad of it, Mr. Shell. Five years from now you'll begin being afraid of the man with the dustpan and your hair will rise straight up on end at the mere whisper of rubbish—for that's what you'll be, with all your dollars. You'll not dare stand in a fresh wind for fear of whirling off in a cloud of dust. So long!"

At the closed door the old man shook his lean fist. Then he lifted the telephone receiver and called his daughter.

"Katherine," he said, "Enderby has quit. I've bought his shares for you. It exactly wipes out your cash account—ninety thousand dollars. Now you can prove to me that you are in earnest about wanting to have a man's chance. Take Enderby's place."

No response sang over the wire for fully half a minute. Then Shell cocked one eye at the ceiling while he listened. Presently he glanced down, scowled, rasped "The man's an ass," and hung up.

The junior partner swung out of the big doorway of Shell, Shell & Co., crossed the busy street without regard to voluble truck drivers and entered a place he had not visited since he had been skipper of the Ellen Dare. Inside he nodded briefly to an astonished bartender, whose "Cap'n Enderby!" was a mingling of respect, wonder and disappointment, and asked for Captain Hobbs.

"He got in this morning from the Columbia River," the bartender replied hastily. "Gone out for a cigar, sir. Back any minute."

"Send for him," Enderby commanded, and his tone instantly roused three drowsy fellows in the shadowy rear of the saloon. They tumbled forth noisily, bent on earning a drink.

Fred Hobbs appeared immediately, his sea-weathered face lit with vague hope. Enderby shook hands with him, ordered a drink for the three messengers and drew the captain to a table set apart under a huge picture of the old clipper Zenas Snow.

"You have the Reliance now, haven't you?"

Hobbs nodded.

"Listen, Fred," Enderby continued, and recited with absolute exactness the conversation he had just had with Timothy Shell.

"You pretty near imposed on all of us, Bill," Hobbs said when he had heard. "What with your quitting the water-front crowd cold and doing the genteel act year after year and making money hand over fist and being quoted in the papers and driving hard bargains and getting the name of being the conservative partner in Shells, I guess I was the only man in San Francisco who suspected you were the same old Long-Odds Bill Enderby that landed on the poop of the Ellen Dare by the mercy of God and then hopped into a smart office by the strangest bit of luck that ever came a poor seaman's way. And so you quit!"

"Quit?" Enderby repeated sharply. "Why that wretched word each time? Quit? No, certainly not! I'm only thirty-six. I've money in the bank. I'm ready to begin."

Hobbs sucked on his cigar meditatively. He seemed rather embarrassed. His eyes did not meet his companion's.

Presently he cleared his throat.

"You know what people'll say, Bill."

Enderby glanced up quickly from the figures he was setting down on the back of an old envelope.

"No! What the dickens should people say? Nobody's business, is it?"

He Dared Not So Much as Look Round When Hobbs' Cry Told Him the Steamer Was Taking Her Final Plunge

The Sky Was Overcast With a Low Scud of Clouds, the Wind Shrieked in the Rigging, and From Some Remote Region Boomed the Slow Thunder of a Rising Tempest

Hobbs flushed at the implied rebuff, but persisted.

"They'll say you quit because Katherine Shell wouldn't marry you."

To his amazement Enderby seized on this eagerly, his usually cold face becoming interested and expressive.

"That's fine!" he said. "To tell the truth, shipmate, I was trying to think of some good excuse—some natural pretext for quitting a mint. Nothing could be better than that. Of course Miss Shell wouldn't marry me!"

"You hadn't ought to be so dratted cheerful about it," Hobbs protested with real concern. "Miss Shell is a fine lady, as everybody knows. She's a tremendous good looker and rich. She has her own sea-going yacht besides and can run it like a clock. She's worth any man's while, Bill."

"Sure!" answered the other negligently. "I wonder I didn't think of it before."

His thoughts seemed to have turned to matters utterly foreign to the subject and his old-time friend scanned him curiously.

"Look here," Enderby said suddenly, putting his pencil back in his pocket, "you and I are the only ones left of the old crowd who see each other at all. I haven't been round much, it's true. I've stuck pretty close to business and the Shells and their kind. But after all you and I used to be good friends and we've passed the time of day a good deal in the last twelve years and ——"

"Yes," Hobbs interposed with some feeling. "You once in a while let on you knew me. But it didn't get me any big ship nor any boost from Shell, Shell & Co."

"I wasn't in business for friendship's sake," Enderby replied testily. "By heavens, you know Shells! I'd have been thought crazy if I'd so much as mentioned putting an old shipmate in any of our vessels. Timothy's rule is: 'Never indorse a dollar bill—it doesn't need it.'"

"He lives up to his motto," Hobbs murmured.

"So did I," was the response, "and the dollar bills came in right along without anybody's name on 'em. But just at present I'm back in the old game. I'm sick of money that hasn't got my John Henry on it. Hang the anonymous bill! I'm after the other kind—written all over with Bill Enderby's private mark."

Captain Hobbs digested this slowly.

"You used to gamble quite a bit," he ventured. "At least what I call gambling."

"Didn't it win me a partnership in Shells?"

"Maybe so, maybe so," the other admitted. "You got away with it. But that was a mighty long-odds shot you took that time."

Enderby laughed.

"That's just what I did—bet on a thousand-to-one shot. That's the only kind of game worth my while. None of this slow-but-sure stuff for me any more. I'd die. And in the past twelve years I've figured not less than a hundred good bets worth anywhere from a hundred thousand to a million cold cash each—used to sit up in my rooms nights by myself and figure 'em out. Never dared say a word to anybody about 'em—not to a soul. I was junior in Shells, you know. I was the conservative, hard-as-nails business man. Now I'm free. Look here!"

Hobbs promptly became interested. His expression was that of a man who thinks time by no means wasted in listening to the voice of a favorite of fortune.

"One out of every eleven hundred women is genuinely beautiful," Enderby said. "I spent a good while and some money on that calculation and I had the help of the best picker of pretty women in America and Europe. That makes marrying a really good looker a long shot, doesn't it?"

"Ye-e-s," the captain confessed, losing interest. "But all you'll get by saying so is trouble."

"Then the underwriters have figured that of every hundred sailing vessels that start the voyage from San Francisco to the China coast three meet with mishap and one never arrives."

Hobbs became interested again.

"Oh, you're going to bet on reinsurance, are you?"

"Not so you could write it down," Enderby returned. "Any fool can sit round the exchange and spend his money. I'm merely leading up to a gamble I've had in my mind for a long time. I got the tip years ago. First place, I want that eleven hundredth girl for my wife—the raving, ravishing beauty.

"Second place, I hope to land a couple of hundred thousand dollars which will always have my name on 'em. I'm going to turn up that hundredth ship—the one that never arrived. You just multiply those odds together, old man, and you'll have what I call a real honest gamble worth any man's time."

"It's a gamble all right," Captain Hobbs agreed. "I'll bet any amount that Number 1100 won't have you. And if the underwriters have rung the bell on any ship bound for the China coast and paid their good money it's a dead sure thing you're not going to turn that ship up again."

The speaker glared at the simple thought of a junior partner in the great Shells proposing such an idiotic scheme.

"You lose," Enderby remarked. "I have the ship in my pocket."

"Posted as missing?" Hobbs demanded incredulously.

"Six years ago. Insurance paid. Forgotten. Worth three hundred thousand," Enderby replied.

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. I said this was a gamble."

"Oh, you don't know!" Hobbs' tone was acid.

"Only in a general way. Brains will figure it out."

"And I suppose this Number 1100 lady is—missing too, eh?" the captain pursued.

Enderby drew him aside.

"Let's get down to business, cap'n. I want you to join me on a cruise. How's the Reliance?"

Captain Hobbs confided professionally that while he owned a small share in that steamer he could think of anywhere from twenty to two hundred better vessels of her tonnage.

"All right," Enderby said finally. "You sell your share to some other poor devil who wants to go master of her and put the money in bank for yourself. I'll buy us a good one and fit her out and make you skipper of her and pay you three-fifty a month and a bonus when I cash in."

"That'll make even a junior partner in Shells do some reckoning by the time you've arranged all that," Hobbs suggested.

Enderby smiled.

"You take that attitude simply because I let you know I'd quit Shells. If I hadn't let you know that you'd have blushed up like a bride and thanked me by wringing my hand and never a word out of you about my being able to afford it." His face set coldly. "A word in your ear, cap'n—I let old man Shell call me an ass, but to my friends I'm no fool. Understand me?"

Having made it clear that he took his companion's meaning, Captain Hobbs inquired for more details of the prospective voyage.

"It may take three months or it may take a year," Enderby replied. "The chief thing is to get ready and go. I want no talk about this business either. I'm out of it, so far as the public is concerned. I'm incognito. You'll be the man arranging the affair and you won't mention me in it. I settle the bills."

Captain Hobbs agreed on one condition.

"I'm not going to give up a safe thing in the Reliance and get marked down in the books as a crazy adventurer and go off with you unless I have something reasonably sure in the way of information as to your plans," he said firmly. "I can keep my mouth shut, as you know. If we don't agree on this I'll still keep it shut. I'm not interested at all in Number 1100, but I do want to know what grounds you have for thinking you can find a vessel that's been missing for several years."

"Six years," Enderby said curtly. There was a moment's silence; then he went on: "I'll show you what I have to go on, but I doubt whether you'll get much out of it."

He drew a wallet from his pocket and from that a bit of much-soiled paper, which he silently offered to Hobbs. The captain took it and smoothed it out on the table with the palm of his huge hand and screwed up his eyes and studied it.

(Continued on Page 104)

UNDER NOAH'S RAINBOW

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

From Erivan to Tiflis

IF THE Armenians could move Mt. Ararat to Mahomet, so to speak, a good many of their troubles would be at an end. Their economic problems at least would largely be solved. If they could but market the grandeur of this mountain that is theirs it would prove, I think, an inexhaustible source of nearly sufficient revenue; Mahomet in my vision being a tremendous world of money spenders that multitudinously and regardless of cost would flock to Ararat if the flocking could but be made just a little less preposterously difficult. What Fuji-yama is to Japan, that Mt. Ararat might become to an Armenia drawn by the development of communications within easy reach of the rest of the world. And is it possible, I wonder, to estimate the measure of Japan's modern wealth that should be credited to Fuji's power to attract the money spenders?

Nobody ever compares Ararat with any mountain except Fuji-yama, and before I saw Ararat I rather resented such comparisons as belittling Fuji's just claim to a unique distinction. Fuji is incomparable; the most beautiful mountain in the world. But so is Ararat. And that is the difficulty. It occurs to me that Ararat is superior to Fuji much in the same degree that Fuji is superior to Mayón. These are the three most symmetrical mountains in the world, I believe, and each of them rises in splendid isolation straight up from humanity's eye level to the clouds.

The Glories of Ararat

MAYÓN is a Philippine mountain on the Island of Luzón, and it is supposed to be the most perfect cone on earth. It is quite perfect as a matter of fact—absolutely perfect; and being clothed in colorful tropic verdure and capped with opalescent lights in lieu of snow it is a wonderful thing to see. From many angles of vision Fuji, too, is perfect. But the attraction of Fuji lies not so much in perfection of form as in charm of surroundings and a curious atmospheric something that is almost mesmeric in its effect on one's un-Japanese consciousness. Fuji breathes the call of the East. Fuji is mirrored in strangely still waters and is shot across from many viewpoints with gaunt shadows of age-old and Easterly tortured trees. Fuji is based in vast waves of alluring Oriental perfume—sandalwood and spices. Fuji echoes the great tong of Buddhist and Shinto temple bells, and the tinkle and tang of Eastern music. Fuji picked up and set down among the American Sierras would prove herself at once to be an unassimilable alien. But not so Ararat. Ararat could lift her glorious crest alongside any sovereign of the solitudes to which we point with pride and be perfectly at home.

I was traveling down from Alexandropol to Erivan; out of the north and into the country that is dominated by Ararat. Then we came to the valley of the Araxes. If I had been carried by aëroplane and dropped blindfolded into this valley without a hint to help me find myself my first thought on being permitted to look about me surely would have been: This can be no other where than Asia. In the tremendous sweep of the land within one's vision, in all its characteristics, in the expansive and magnificent generosity of its outlines there was the unmistakable suggestion of Asia's immensity. It was a surprise to find poor little Armenia so wonderful. Mt. Ararat rises from the very floor of the valley of the Araxes to a height of nearly seventeen thousand five hundred feet. The height of Fuji-yama is twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet—the number of months and days in the year making this an easy thing to remember. Little Ararat, itself a mightier peak than Fuji, seems to nestle close in against Great Ararat's heart, though in reality between summit and summit of their sublime and grandly isolated majesties lies a chasm more than sixty miles across.

The realm over which they reign I think of as a measureless shallow cup; its edges—so far away that no word in one's language has sufficient reach to touch them—are roughly jeweled with points of sapphire and amber. Sapphire and amber; and with pink-lit black pearls for shadows; and changes under the sun's slow-moving rays to lapis lazuli and lavender. It was a gusty storm-punctuated afternoon in the greenest days of summer, and there were colors—marvelous colors!

There was a pale-gray cloud above Ararat; a cloud that suggested breathless silence and great snowflakes sifting down. Away off on the opposite side of the cup an almost tropic rainstorm, with yellow sunlight shining through and under and over it, was slanting crystally down across the Alaghez, the Alaghez being vigorously outlined against ponderously heavy hills lying over against the south. A swift wind was spreading long streaks of mist against the green of the eastern slopes, while the cup's gleaming brim lifted itself high up against the farthest faraway. A vast world; the broadest landscape I ever saw, and with the River Araxes like a brown skirl of ribbon winding across it.

"There were giants in the earth in those days." Companioned as I was by Ararat my mind reached out in a vain effort to vision the Deluge, and this sentence recurred to me insistently. "There were giants in the earth in those days." God made it a land to be peopled by giants and that eventually it should have "repented the Lord that he had made man" seemed to me a curious commentary on Divinity's original judgment. A boundless prodigality in mere scenic construction, then a cast for the Divine Comedy that would not do!

Souvenirs Worth Having

"IT REPENTED the Lord that he had made man," so he sent the Deluge and in time brought Noah in his ark—with his kith and kin and "of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort"—to rest on Ararat while the waters and his colossal wrath subsided. The ark, they say, rested between Big and Little Ararat, somewhere in that eternally snow-filled chasm that is sixty miles across. No, not just somewhere. They point out the very spot, and tell you, quite as though they believed it to be true, that certain great personages still possess small pieces of the ark that have come down to them through the generations. Some souvenirs! Would you not say so? I thought a few authenticated bits of the ark might be regarded as assets by a people whose account with the world is largely on the debit side of the ledger. I told them that. I told them I could trade a genuine piece of the ark for at least a cargo of flour and maybe make money on the deal.

One way and another we indulged in a good deal of light and mostly pointless talk. Then one day a rainbow came and I for one was silenced and made reverent; questioningly, prayerfully, shudderingly, resentfully reverent. It was another day, the third I had spent in observing from my own Ararat of economic security the struggle of horrible hordes in a deluge of woe. The elements again were reveling in a symphony. There were no clouds hovering in sifting silence over Ararat, but a sunlit rainstorm was sparkling across the valley and the far-away points of sapphire and amber gleamed above wind-driven mists. The rain blew off; it lifted the mists and banked itself in a dense blue cloud

Orphans at Igdir

sky-high across the eastern slopes. Then the sun, shining through fantastic waves of flame, painted the rainbow.

It was the broadest and completest rainbow I had ever seen. From where I saw it it framed majestic Ararat, and I thought to myself: "God said unto Noah, This is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth." No, I did not think quite that. I cannot claim to have remembered the verse so accurately. But I did remember "the token of the covenant" and the promise that has soothed the minds of the generations of men. I looked down at a too closely encroaching mob of starving, whimpering people. I lifted my eyes again to the perfect rainbow and wondered why our Creator had not seen fit to guarantee us against a deluge of human woe.

The River Araxes cuts a deep gorge for itself which looks from afar off like a detached chain of low mountains, and against the steep walls of this gorge and out over the hilltops is built the ancient city of Erivan, the capital for the time being of the Armenian Republic.

Refugees at Railway Station

My coach, a typical piece of wreckage left by the storm of war and Bolshevism which has swept over the countries of the Caucasus, was attached to the train of the commander in chief of the British forces of occupation, who was making a trip of inspection throughout the areas involved in the chaos and the quarrels that the Allied peace missions were endeavoring to resolve into something resembling order and agreement. Wherever he went the general was received with an amount of ceremony befitting his rank and position, and because I and my little party were enjoying for a time the privilege of bringing up the rear of his official train we were enabled to see a side of Armenian life we might otherwise have missed. The Armenians could hardly have been expected to bring out their silk hats, frock coats and little armies on our account.

Starved Eaters of Grass

AT KARS, which had but recently been freed from the Turks and through which the uncontrolled and empty-handed hordes of refugees were wallowing back toward the lands from which they had been driven, there was nothing to be seen but ruin, starvation and abject misery. At Alexandropol the picture I got was of a too numerous, a filthy, a terrible population plodding through deep mud under a dreary downpour, its eyes on the ground, seeking, searching. I thought of hungry dogs and of how intent and preoccupied a hungry dog is in his quest for food; how he thrusts his muzzle here and there, sniffing at everything. Ghastly unforgetable faces were lifted up for me to see, and awful hands pawed at me. There was a constant whine of physical distress; a hopelessness that was emphasized by the fact that there was just one day's meager ration of bread on hand. There was no flour. A trainload of flour had been expected, but something had happened; there was a delay. It would arrive, they thought, sometime within twenty-four hours, but they were not sure. And the people were dying very fast; dying of weakness and exhaustion and epidemic disease.

There was a lot of typhus. They talked about the death toll as we might talk about the score in a game of some kind. It was expected that for that day it would be about two hundred.

I learned all this from the American representative of the relief committee, who volunteered to show me what there was to see. He was working single-handed at the time, in a situation that would have swamped a small army. Two workers who had just arrived from the United States—I traveled with them from Constantinople—had come down from Tiflis, but he had sent them on to Kars, where conditions were even worse than at Alexandropol and where there was nobody at all. They had taken with them some medicines and hospital equipment, but he could send no flour because he had none.

I thought of the old Armenian governor sitting in his empty office at Kars and of his wail to me: "American generosity knows no bounds, but I'm afraid relief will come too late—too late! Our people are finally doomed, after all the centuries of struggle, to be wiped out!"

There was one thing American philanthropy was doing at Alexandropol. It was feeding a good many children. The Americans were doing that everywhere as a matter of fact; holding out flour for the purpose and being necessarily deaf at times to the entreaties of the adult population in order that as many children as possible might be saved. And at that, even the fed children were for the most part such pitiful little specimens of humanity that it seemed almost better to let them die. They were getting no milk; they were getting no fats of any kind; and a child cannot thrive on bread alone. The hundreds still attached to their families and not yet able to qualify as orphans—the Americans had to shield themselves behind the word "orphans" in order to handle the situation at all—were nearly all dreadful little grinning human runts, dwarfed in an infancy they had not been permitted to grow out of; swollen-bellied, blue-skinned, scrawny little runts! There was too much of that. It turned one sick with discouragement.

Everybody, as though it were the most natural thing in the world to do, was eating grass. The women nearly all carried little bunches of grass in their aprons or tied up in loops of their ragged skirts, while one saw grasses sticking out of most men's pockets. There was a constant munching that really seemed more awful to me than the abject surrender to the inevitable that I was compelled so frequently to witness.

But all this was at Alexandropol. Then came the ride down the straight level stretch of the railroad into the valley of the Araxes; the thrilling companionship of Ararat; the illimitable reaches of a sufficient earth; the soundless but seen music of the elements in symphonious splendor that lifted one's thoughts like searching gusts of prayer to the unfindable infinite. Then Erivan.

The sun was shining at Erivan, but the wind that blew was as cold as though it came straight off the snows of Ararat, while the roads, railway yards and between tracks were a slush of unsightly mud puddles. From where we alighted at the station Ararat was just behind us, a sublime spectacle. It looked to be just a short walk to the foot of the soft upward slope from which the mighty mountain lifts itself, but it was many miles away across a flat green plain.

The Official Reception

THERE were groups of the destitute plodding up and down in the mud, exposing their sores and skeleton bodies to be looked at, and holding out skinny hands for alms, but an attempt had been made by the better Armenians to put their best foot forward. There was a reception in the wide graveled space in front of the station. The president was there in frock coat and top hat—ancient models, both—and with a numerous suite in nondescript uniforms, any color obtainable evidently, but with bright velvet choke collars, quantities of gold braid and rows of medals. The crowd, which could not be kept away, crushed itself in round the edges. It was a tatterdemalion and grimy crowd, and one knew it had hushed its whine of misery only long enough to see what was going on. Then there was the army—or, to be entirely accurate, there was

(Continued on Page 148)

Typical Costume of a Refugee at Erivan

Refugees Living in the Ruins of an Old Persian Mosque at Erivan

Tartar Peasants

THE POSSIBILIST

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

"They've Got All the Coin There Is, and They'll Cough It, Too, if You Feed Them the Right Dope—on Revolution and What a Brave Crowd They Are"

IV

THE street of the homeless men—as all the Western working stiffs know—goes west over the dirty river out of the stark gray Loop of Chicago; a long, dismal, brick-walled lane left by some commercial chance in the web of railroads which is the real Chicago.

Round it, to almost every corner of the flat horizon line, run out the great highways of steel which bring in the Western working stiffs and their kind from east and west and north and south into the greatest labor center of the world. Behind it toward the east, marked out by huge-lettered signs by day, called out by flashing lights at night—the high blocks of the mid-city—each with the name of a great corporation or bank or some great commercial family—stand like hostile giants against the sky. Here below them, toward the west out Madison Street, go shuffling or lurching by the homeless men—the men in wrinkled trousers and ruined shoes who mutter to themselves and look down—the town bums, the jungle buzzards; and, more numerous and important, the men with lean cheek bones and great shoulders and rebellious eyes—the lumberjacks and the working stiffs when breaks in the continuity of casual labor send them temporarily into Chi. They go to and fro about their small concerns, slow-moving insects that crawl in the shadow of a gray forbidding city that to them is capitalism—the thing they hate the most in all the world—personified. The stagnant river draws the line—on one side the herded giants, the cold, immobile impersonality of capitalistic power; on the other, the homeless men, the powerless pygmies of coarse, casual physical labor, tamed or surly, broken or defiant.

Spinner going west on Madison Street passed among the lonely single pedestrians, the groups about the labor agencies, the shufflers into the saloons, the gatherings at the entrances of the flop houses; went still westward into the interminable dingy darkness of the street toward the national headquarters of the I. W. W. He was not observing all this, he was thinking; thinking his usual undercurrent of thought of revolution in general, but in particular—partly, it is true, in connection with his revolutionary planning—of a woman.

Chicago—any city—spells "woman" naturally first of all to the homeless man, the migratory laborer, from the terms of his existence. Traveling in bands of males great portions of the year these nomads of modern civilization differ essentially from the nomads of an earlier economic time, in this particular at least: They take no women or children with them in their forced marches. Women, whether the individual man has been married to one somewhere or not, are creatures of rendezvous, of casual encounter in life to them all; as they are, in fact, for that matter, to a great share of the foreign physical labor that comes here for our factories, leaving its womenfolk in Europe.

A good share of all these men are from the present arrangement of industry outside the usual family relation in which modern society finds its ancient roots. Their society is bound together with the social bonds of the male lodging house and the cheap saloon. And the bulk of the life of the Western working stiff, of course, is lived in the labor camp and the freight train when abroad in the sticks, and in the men's flop houses when in the city—an environment in which a woman would be as much in place and about as safe as in a jungle in Central Africa.

Chicago, therefore, to the working stiff returning from the jungle quite naturally means "woman"; women at least are living there and walking the city streets; and the city quite naturally, too, calls "Woman" aloud to him as he enters. To Spinner, going forward, our ultra-commercial civilization, meeting obvious demands, shrieked "Woman" from his first entrance. Figures of women—draped, undraped, half draped on billboards at the entrances of the brightly lighted theaters, on posters in the saloon windows and on street sides—announced the allurements of the Lid Lifters, the Joy Riders, Girls à la Carte, descending into, ascending from, a wine glass. All about him rose the same appeal—the reiterated cry of that one continual chant, all pitched in one uniform key—with the lone exception of the dingy mission window where stood out the coarsely lettered sign: "When did you write mother last?" Even this, of course, was but another specialized appeal to the emotional demands of the homeless men who have no natural place for women in their economic lives.

To Spinner all this was a commonplace—a million-times-told tale. He looked by them all, passed on up the interminable dinginess of the street, held by his own thoughts, toward the headquarters of the Wobblies, hoping there to get his information of the present whereabouts of the particular woman he sought.

The national headquarters of the chief institution of casual labor lies quite naturally in the heart of the national center of its membership—close at the end of the railroad from any corner of the country; a commonplace office in a dingy old business block in the fashion of the '80's. There was apparently no life there; only one person, an underling he did not know, seated in an attitude of boredom with a cheap cigar dying in his lips before a closed roll-top desk—the desk that had been Haywood's. Upstairs, where the recruiting union and the dance hall had been, over the main office, would formerly have been the place of rendezvous where he would have seen or had news of Sonia, as she called herself. Here—especially at this time of year, in November, when the bands of lumberjacks or ore-mine workers from Mesaba might be in the city for a period of a week or two—the dance hall would have been jangling full of life. The nickel-in-the-slot orchestrion would have been wildly banging; the young and lusty lumberjacks would have been dancing roughly with the Chicago "Daughters of the Revolution"—girls of foreign parentage mostly, some with no occupation, but many workers themselves, at times at least, in factories, in garment lofts. The room would have been full of smoke and laughter; the black cat and the wooden shoes—symbols of sabotage—painted on the windows, and the portraits of labor martyrs on the wall would have risen above a scene of active, reckless, lighted happiness. Now the entire place was closed and black.

He might have known, as he told himself, that he would not find her there. Things had necessarily changed since he had been in town; the Federal Government was after the I. W. W. now—singling this out under a barrage of newspaper fire from the other revolutionist bodies of the country. Haywood was in jail, and many of the others; naturally the organization was singing low. He turned back to the Wobblies' reading room, which he had passed as he walked on from the east; and stopped momentarily before the coarsely drawn, grisly humor of the cartoons of the papers of the proletariat in the window.

He walked then into the room—a long, narrow windowless space, after the size and fashion of a small retail notion store on a laborers' market street. Behind the screen of papers in the back of the show window a lean brown man sat back to an open roll-top desk, his hat far back from his hard face—the keen eyes and seasoned face of a Western ranch hand. In the back of the room three or four fellow workers lolled in plain, round-backed wooden chairs, smoking or spelling out a radical paper.

The man at the desk—the librarian of the reading room—emitted a few curses of greeting and surprise in the laconic Western style when he saw Spinner entering.

"You've still got your nerve with you, I see," he stated. Spinner gave him his impassive glance. "What is it? Do you still think you can play with us?" inquired the keeper of the library, and spat ironically on its floor.

"I never thought anything else," stated Spinner indifferently.

One of the readers in the rear looked up and looked down again at his reading.

"Not much left of the joint," commented Spinner.

"Why would there be—with all the rats like you climbing out?" answered the librarian, and spat again with hostile emphasis. "You dirty streak of yellow."

"Perhaps some of you wise birds here might have had something to do with the enthusiasm falling off," suggested Spinner, his pale sallow face unmoved by his opponent's evident ill will. He had engaged in too many Wobbly arguments to be touched by a few foul epithets. "The way you manage it!" he said. "It might be possible you inside here didn't show any startling activity above the neck when you let the Government get all they got in proof out of headquarters."

"It was Haywood, that greasy chair warmer," replied the librarian promptly; and cursed the head official of the organization with the utter freedom of self-expression which the true Wobbly reserves to himself upon all matters and personalities, high and low, including all his own officials. "A fine secretary—a fine fathead! If he ever fell over on his dome on the side of a hill he'd slide to the bottom on grease."

He went on cursing the careless conduct of the chief officer of the organization—the head martyr of the Federal Government prosecution, with the usual temper of the

Wobblies when they talk their own affairs among themselves. For the voice of labor—of casual labor in particular—is neither a plaintive wail nor a measured forensic effort upon wage slavery when it calls aloud to its own fellows. Why should it be? It is the voice of the natural physical man—the voice of the boy of the streets grown wiser by a longer but not much different experience from that of boyhood.

"There's not much left here to-night, that's sure," commented Spinner; "and the other place is deader than a jay-town morgue. Is this all that's left?"

"No," said the librarian, spitting again for punctuation. "They're all over to the hall on Throop Street staging a shake-down, pulling off a martyr fest, sticking up the hunks and the kikes and the sweet-breathed lady garment workers for the defense fund. Kissing themselves into their pocketbooks to pay court expenses for old friend and fellow worker, the chief stiff here, and all the little fellow stiffs.

"They get nothing but fleas from these bums," he stated, indicating without any lowering of his voice the readers and smokers in the back. "So they have to go out and con the hunks and the lady workers. There's the graft now. They've got their kicks full since the war; you can't hold them down. They've got a hog tie on the earth. They've got all the coin there is, and they'll cough it, too, if you feed them the right dope—on revolution and what a brave crowd they are. They'll eat it up like garlic soup. They're good for a few hundred always—any evening."

Spinner smiled reminiscently.

"You'll find them all over there," continued his informant—"the same old bunch throwing the usual bluff. If you're looking for that Jane of yours—that Russian skirt—you'll find her there too."

"So she's there, you think?" replied Spinner, ignoring his jeer, now having the information that he wanted.

"Stuck up somewhere, where nobody'll miss her, in that red dress. You'll find her."

"If she's there I will," said Spinner, getting up.

"Go to it," said the spitting librarian.

Spinner passed out from the poorly lighted room, by the window with the jeering cartoons and flagrant headlines. The door clacked behind him as he started up the gloomy interminable street in the direction of the hall—the first he was to visit of the many curious rendezvous of revolution, where the reds of the Far West meet the reds of the Far East in Chicago.

■

THIS place on the side street, to which Spinner was now going, was the chief point of public propaganda where the gospel of hate from the American West—distilled from countless doctrines of revolution from abroad for the American taste and temperament—is now preached to the alien and age-long suspicious mind of the immigrant peasant laborer from Eastern Europe. It is these two tides of discontent meeting and continuously reacting upon one another which have made Chicago the great center that it is of really active movements toward industrial revolution in this country.

It was Sunday night. A wide bare hall with bleak dark-green walls was crowded densely with an audience—which had, as the librarian of the Wobbly reading room had predicted, very few working stiffs in it; being made up in fact largely of Eastern European working people of a rather prosperous type, largely Slavs and Russians, all of whom evidently talked English. On the equally bare platform behind the bare wooden table sat a group of somberly dressed men and women—most of them young. Before the table a big man with a raucous voice was speaking—his coat laid aside—in his vest and shirt sleeves.

Here was another transition in Spinner's surroundings. He had come out of the street of the homeless men, where few women pass and none stop, to a place where woman again appeared. A quite considerable proportion of the audience were women—young workingwomen, a large share of them garment workers; and as the librarian had predicted he did not fail to see there the woman he was seeking. Spinner remembering the man's words smiled faintly as he saw her. He could scarcely miss her.

She was seated with another darker girl at the left side of the rear of the hall, behind a table piled with red pamphlets and coarsely illustrated papers. She wore, as she had for some time now when at this work, the red smock she had worn when he had left her—which, when the Chicago newspapers had been giving more space than usual to the red propaganda, she had adopted, to find herself for an issue or two alluded to by reporters seeking quick and easy local color as the Woman in Red and the Red Bird.

Spinner seeing her moved toward the right—glad to be back with her, yet not anxious for the overdemonstrativeness of her greeting until the public speaking at least was done. The crowd was dense; he easily placed himself outside of her probable notice. The meeting he soon recognized was that most common type during and after the war—a martyr fest, as the presiding genius of the reading room had called it; a crucifixion party, as he had sometimes heard it designated. Martyrdom was now the common meeting ground for the minds of all degrees of hardness and softness for whom the world was out of joint; of all reds, of all shades of opinion and action. The pacifist, the actual pro-German, the conscientious objector, the socialist, the communist, the Wobbly and the Russian bomb maker—all found standing room on this platform; and the propaganda of martyrdom—used to its utmost by men skilled in this type of emotional appeal and manipulation of the more dissatisfied of the working classes—was binding all these elements into one common sentiment of protest and discontent.

The Wobblies have, of course, made much of this department of agitation—as much perhaps as any radical organization in the country—the process starting, in fact, on the threshold of their formation in the trial of William D. Haywood for conspiracy for wholesale murder; and continuing down through the various imprisonments and executions which society has visited upon their leaders and membership for crimes of violence and agitation up to the present time. And now the wholesale imprisonment of leaders which had come during the war gave ground for wholesale appeals and advertisement of their martyrdom. In the past year there had been an intense activity in this propaganda—this process so curious to the outside observer, of the canonization of labor saints by the inner hierarchy of radicalism, which sets the stage for this through its public meetings and newspapers.

The speaker of the evening was progressing with his adroit and finely calculated method of appeal; a method rising from an instinctive, lifelong knowledge of the minds of his audience; and a skill which makes the effort of an outside propagandist brought in to influence labor so thoroughly futile and amateurish.

It was no rant; no incendiary harangue of anger and incitement, such as one reads about in conventional accounts; it was not argument to convince. It was an appeal to minds already long convinced; the bitter scorn that shows in the language and the laughter of the homeless men; the acceptance of the fixed belief that all the world, set upon crooked foundations, is crooked, no fit subject for any argument beyond that of jeers.

"You've heard a lot probably," said the speaker in shirt sleeves, the same touch of rough intimate familiarity in his loud tone as in his costume, "I know I have, about the resurrection. You may or may not believe in it. I know some of our Hebrew fellow workers haven't got round to that probably yet," he said, with a faint laughter greeting his mild sally. "There's less and less faith, anyhow," he went on, "nowadays. The capitalists and their hired soul salvers will tell you that. They tell us we workers are getting skeptical—even of the wage system; even of sitting down, meek and lowly slaves, humbly eating up their mental, physical and moral handouts with happy faces, like their pulpit foremen tell us that we've got to do—or get fired—by their God—into a capitalistic hell. So they tell us, fellow workers, that we don't believe.

"But here's one place that we confute them. Here's where I'll stand up and tell them we do believe in a resurrection. We do have faith in a real, live, everyday practical resurrection—more than they ever did in their greasy lying lives. We believe that every worker they've killed in their filthy prisons, that stand to-day, as they did fifty years ago, a dirty disgrace to civilization; every working girl that's starved to death and turned out in the streets to die by their slave shops; every worker they've shot down and murdered in cold blood by their Cossacks for saying that their souls and bodies were their own—like they did the victims of the Everett massacre, like they did Joe Hill—comes right back again in a resurrection party—like this one here. Their souls come marching on.

"Oh, the capitalists and their witch doctors aren't the only boys that can hold their resurrection party on the vernal equinoxes. Labor will have theirs, and keep it, too, in spite of them, on the first of May. We have our religion, our

(Continued on Page 159)

He Sat for the Moment, Smoking Comfortably and Watching Her With an Interest Not Unmixed With Affection

OUR RAILROADS TO-MORROW

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A MAN, well accustomed to travel between New York and Chicago, rode east in the Twentieth Century Limited one day early last December. He railed at the accommodations.

"It isn't much like the train these people ran before the war," he sputtered; "no observation cars, no lounging room, none of those men comforts that used to send us round the world bragging about our railroads."

The man who sat next to him in the dining car looked up quickly.

"Do you know much about the Pullman-car situation?" he asked quietly.

"I don't know that I do," was the frank response.

"Well, I do. I happen to be rather close to the railroad situation these days. The Pullman people used to turn out 400 new parlor and sleeping cars each year; considerably more than one a day, as you can see. It is now a good deal more than two years since a new parlor car or sleeping car has been built in the United States; or a passenger coach either, unless I am very much mistaken. Moreover, the existing Pullman equipment has had terrible use and abuse. Not only has the long-distance haulage of troops been a great drain upon the surplus or emergency equipment but the ordinary commercial or layman traffic upon our railroads has reached unprecedented dimensions within the past eighteen months. The business of the country has risen to vast heights in that time. Business travel has risen with it. So has tourist travel. And we who are close to it have had the opportunity of noticing that there is a class of folk riding in parlor cars—sleeping cars too—who never before have traveled in such luxury. They are the workers—the machinists, the blacksmiths, artisans of every sort, who used to crowd into the day coaches and be content. Wages are up these days. And the best in travel luxury is none too good for these passengers.

Bird's-Eye View of the Pennsylvania Station, New York City

Railroad Mileage Shrinking

"THE observation car on this train used to have six small compartments, in addition to the big lounge at the rear. Price apparently being no object with a good many Americans on travel bound, these cars rarely carried throughout the night more than six or seven or eight passengers. The substitution of a standard sleeper for the observation car makes it possible to carry eighteen or twenty more passengers without increasing the length or weight or haul of the train. That is why the observation cars have disappeared."

"When will they come back?"

"Only the good Lord knows," was the instant reply. "The passenger function of our American railroad system is to-day as outgrown as the freight—and that is saying much. The country has progressed, and its railroad system has not. We are talking a lot these days about increased production in the United States. I should like, myself, to ask how you can have increased production without increased or even adequate transportation. The other day I went to a meeting of a lot of the biggest road engineers in the country. One of them got up and elucidated the rather obvious thought that with bettered highways and more of them we should be able to relieve our railroads of some of our burden. That was my cue to get up, and get up I did. I asked that smart C. E. how he was going to build good roads to relieve the railroads if the railroads were not able to get the road-making materials through to the contractors. We had appropriations for $600,000,000 worth of good roads across this land this very year of 1919—and have only built about $137,000,000 worth. It sort of looks as if something wasn't functioning quite right, doesn't it?"

The railroad executives themselves are to-day making quite a large advertising campaign to establish this very point of increased national production being entirely dependent upon maintained and increased railroad facilities. They privately continue the argument by saying that no matter who eventually gets control of our railroad structure—the employees under the beneficences of the Plumb plan, the Government under some form of continuance of the present Railroad Administration or the owners of the securities under the old order of things or an entirely new one—no matter how temperamental Congress may continue to be—our national railroad system will at once have to be greatly strengthened and enlarged. I think that this is both fair and logical.

In the past decade this country has shot ahead industrially by leaps and by bounds. Despite the demands upon them and despite their own efforts its railroads have failed utterly to keep pace with this advance. The past year saw less railroad construction than any year since 1865, when only a little more than 1100 miles of new main line was put into operation. And that was the lowest year between 1849 and 1914 and so stood in tremendous contrast with 1910, when nearly 6000 miles of new line were placed in operation, or 1911, when the figure was about 5350. Since that time the decline has been both steady and abrupt—as a glance at the chart, from 1849 to 1915, will quickly indicate—until the low-water mark of 1919 was reached and the construction became nil. In fact I have no doubt whatsoever that when the final mileage figures of the year are made public by the Interstate Commerce Commission the railroad increases will be written in red ink—in the minus column. A good deal of mileage, including practically the entire trackage of the once fairly important Colorado Midland Railway, has been abandoned and torn up. Ten small railroads in Ohio have disappeared during the past year. And despite the expenditure by the United States Railroad Administration of some $500,000,000 during the two years of its existence for vitally necessary trackage and other permanent betterments, I think that the final account still will be preceded by the minus sign. Five hundred million dollars in two years hardly compares with the average of $572,000,000 a year in the decade which immediately preceded the federalization of our railroads.

And what is $500,000,000 in two years compared with the $1,000,000,000 a year that the shrewd James J. Hill more than a decade ago proclaimed as necessary for the ordinary growth and expansion of the railroads of the United States? Or with the $2,000,000,000 a year that some of the present-day railroad economists proclaim necessary for the development of our carriers all the way across the land? Is $2,000,000,000 the necessary figure? Or would Mr. Hill's estimate of half that sum still hold good?

These are questions that have been turning in my own mind ever since we passed out of the armistice period and the duration of the direct government control of our railroads apparently became a matter of extremely limited time. They must have been turning in the minds of other folk as well. And with them comes the desire of a promise of bettered operation. We have by no means attained a perfection—or anything near a perfection—in our railroad service as yet. There is large room for improvement; and service improvement is going to be demanded by the American railroad patron—no matter who operates the roads in future time.

It was in order to answer these questions that I set out upon a round of interviewing, either in person or by letter, of some of the most representative railroad executives, in every corner of the country. I quickly found that even among these there is a good deal of diversity of opinion and—with a few conspicuous exceptions to whom we shall come in the immediate future—an astonishing lack of definiteness as to the future program for our railroads should they return to private ownership and operation as now seems most probable—in answer to an unmistakable national demand for such a course. To be entirely fair I think that a good many of the executives are still shell shocked and dazed from the upsetting experiences they have undergone during the past twenty-four months. To some of them these have been little less than cataclysms. They were deep-rooted in their traditions of railroading, their roads to them seeming little less solid than the Bank of England or the United States Treasury.

Never the Same Again

EVEN after the earthquake some of these railroad presidents still live in their daydreams. A few of them fondly imagine that their railroads are coming back to them—in the same form that they were in in the days before the war. I pretend to no gift of prophecy these days—any man who does is wise indeed—but I think I am safe in saying that no matter what may come to pass in legislation in the uncertain halls of Congress—whether the plausible Mr. Plumb or the scholarly Senator Cummins or the energetic Mr. Esch or the shrewd Mr. Lenroot has his way—the railroads will not come back to anything like their former selves. I may easily go further and add that—with the possible exception of a very few railroad executives—no one wants them to come back as they were.

The majority of folk are not so much concerned, whether rightly or wrongly, with the method of their return as with another thing—their ability to function properly once they are returned. Which may mean in the beginning or in the end adequate and fair wages and returns for both employees and security holders, as well as adequate rates to make these possible, but which surely must mean in addition a great enlargement of the railroad structure. For how else can our enlarged transportation demands be met?

For a moment consider these demands in a little detail; look at the vast and steadily increasing burden upon our transport structure. In 1900 our railroads handled 1863 tons of freight one mile for every person in the country; by 1910 this figure had increased to 2773 tons and by 1918 to 3871 tons. Brought down to days this freight service of

our American railroads is equivalent to hauling a 2100-pound wagonload of freight ten miles each day of the year for every man, woman and child in the country. No other country in the world demands or receives such service of its railroads.

Incidentally we are some little travelers as well; and statistics show that the habit is growing. In 1900 the per capita travel per year of the American was 211 miles—at that time a seemingly astonishing total; but to-day we are all traveling at the rate of 411 miles. This is not far below the freight increase of more than a hundred per cent in the past nineteen years, and forty in the past nine. The keen practical mind of Mr. Howard Elliott, of the Northern Pacific, sees the population of the United States at 125,000,000 in another decade, and with our new merchant marine bringing us into the fullness of world trade our per capita use of freight transportation brought to well over 4000 ton miles a year.

Now let us turn again from prophecy to fact; from what our railroads might be to what they are—or are not: In the ten years between 1905 and 1915 the average increase per year in the number of freight cars in American railroad service—an increase based rather tightly on the insistent demands of the traffic—was 3.6 per cent; the average annual increase in ton miles, 6.1 per cent. In 1916 came the great bulge in traffic due to the sudden and rapid development of our war industries; this overload has continued almost without a lapse right up to the present day. Yet the development of car facilities which occurred between 1905 and 1915—though at the time seemingly not very large, particularly when compared with ton miles—was, when one comes to compare it with the car increases since 1915, relatively large. For the years 1915 to 1919 show an annual increase in freight cars of but 1.5 per cent as compared with the 3.6 per cent which we saw as an average of the preceding ten years. On the other hand, the increase in freight business between 1915 and 1919 has averaged fourteen per cent a year as compared with but six per cent annually in the past ten years. If the number of freight cars upon our railroads saying nothing of increased capacity of the average car had increased in the past four years in proportion to the increase in traffic the actual gain in the number of cars upon the rails in this country since 1915 would be somewhat over 700,000 cars. As a matter of fact the actual increase has been 120,000 cars—leaving an apparent shortage of about 580,000 cars.

An Era of Car Shortage

THERE are two ways to view this thing. The first one is to say offhand that it is necessary to build immediately some 580,000 or 600,000 new freight cars of various sorts and types, and endeavor to catch up with the car shortage—which used to obtain nationally about four or five months and now exists for about twelve. The other view is perhaps the shrewder. The fact remains that the traffic has made these great increases and that the railroads have carried it—despite the great and growing shortage of both freight and passenger equipment. The thought rises that in the past perhaps they had too much rolling stock. Perish that thought! In the past they had real service. To-day they have no service—not what we have been accustomed to regard as American railroad service. Embargoes have been placed on non-essentials and near non-essentials; the highroad, the river and the ancient canals have been called upon to help. That is not the old-fashioned idea of real railroad service. If space permitted I might show you dozens, even hundreds of testimonials to the effect that our railroad service has deteriorated greatly during the past twenty-four months. Space does not permit and I am going to get to the thing in a different way.

Here is still another diagram chart—prepared by a certain big railroad executive some three or four years ago. At that time he was anxious to look ahead a decade, with the definite purpose of seeing what 1925 would necessitate—in cars, in locomotives, in rails, in terminals and other traffic facilities. He used for his basic figure the great standard of American railroading—the freight ton mile (the ton of freight of every sort that is carried a mile). He went back to 1900 when this traffic—steadily growing year upon year and decade upon decade—had already reached a national total of more than 140,000,000,000 ton miles. Upon his diagram sheet he plotted the increase year by year up to 1916. The increase was an erratic line. It showed decided drops—such as that which followed the great panic year of 1907—and impulsive jumps. In fact as he was making the chart one of those erratic jumps was in progress. But a cool-headed statistician easily found the straight line of average upon the chart; an easy gradation for sixteen years which represented an annual increase for each of them of about seven and a half per cent.

It was a simple enough matter extending that straight line of average—based upon a continuous performance of sixteen years—through another nine. When it was through the result was easily obtainable. In 1925 our railroads would be hauling 410,000,000,000 ton miles of freight and would have spent eight or nine busy years getting ready for it.

Yet how different was the actual result. Even as the big executive was finishing this chart the actual traffic was getting beyond the straight line of average increase. In 1916 our railroads hauled 340,000,000,000 ton miles of freight, which was at least 30,000,000,000 more than they should have hauled in that year according to the table of averages. But 1916 was not a circumstance to 1917. In that year the ton miles jumped to more than 400,000,000,000, or some 10,000,000,000 less than the far-sighted executive had allowed for 1925, at the far end of his calculation. And 1918 piled more traffic upon 1917—only 1.8 per cent more, to be sure, but it was an increase and brought the tonnage almost even with the 1925 prediction. And the railroads still moved the traffic—somehow.

As this is being written the calendar year of 1919 is not quite finished. But the jagged line of American freight increase has taken another abrupt turn. Because of the cessation of war activities, the great coal strike, the steel strike and some other factors, traffic has diminished radically. And based upon the figures for the first eight or ten months of the year the total for the twelvemonth will be close to 360,000,000,000 ton miles. The line of averages—based upon a considerable number of years—is a fascinating and fairly inscrutable thing. And the close of 1919 sees the line of traffic returning slowly but surely to its control.

But the point remains that our railroads in both 1917 and 1918 carried more traffic than their most far-sighted operators predicted for 1925—and they got it through without any great or even the normal increase in equipment. The credit for this remarkable operating performance may be divided between the United States Railroad Administration and the War Board of the railroads themselves—each of which was in executive command for one of these years. I think, myself, that by far the larger part of the credit should go to the War Board, which had control for the first of these two strenuous years. With very limited funds and very limited authority it consolidated and centralized railroad operation as this strongly competitive country had never before seen it consolidated and centralized. By throwing away gewgaws and frills it made the traffic move.

Stretching the Rolling Stock

IT WAS not the first time that traffic had moved efficiently on American roads—oh, no. Here was one of the larger roads of the land—and one of the best managed—which a few years ago confronted a great world's fair which was to be held in a big city, where it was one of the chief transportation factors. The officers of this road were much concerned as to their ability to handle the crowds with the passenger cars available and on the first survey of the problem thought it would be necessary to spend about $2,000,000 for new equipment. However, on sober second thought they realized that they had 1300 passenger cars, which were ample for the normal traffic of the road. If many more were purchased they would become unprofitable assets after the fair. Further study showed the possibility of cutting down the average delay of passenger cars by increasing inspection, cleaning and repairing forces at terminals sufficiently to get additional service—service practically equivalent to the addition of two hundred cars to the road's passenger equipment. It was realized that during the fair equipment could not be shopped frequently enough to prevent the paint and varnish from becoming dull, but that this was a trouble slight in comparison with the advantage to be gained by intensive use of the equipment.

So was it done. The road did not buy a single unit of new rolling stock for the coming of the big world's fair, even though the show was wonderfully successful and the line beat its previous high-water marks of passenger traffic by twenty-five to thirty per cent and earned eternal commendation on the way it had maintained its service. And after the fair was over and its passenger traffic normal it was burdened neither with surplus equipment nor the debt that had gone to pay for it.

In a very similar fashion the Southern Pacific met the increased demand upon its freight-car equipment by increasing the average use of each car more than seventy-three per cent inside of two years—from 1915 to 1917. And if you are tempted to reply to this statement by saying that Southern Pacific must have made rather poor use of its rolling stock in 1915 permit

(Continued on Page 166)

How the Airman Sees the Heart of a Great Industrial City. Docks and Railroad Yards in Cleveland From 5000 Feet in the Air

WELLINGTON GAY

By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

STEELBURG MILLS had a new Old Man, the youngest Old Man that had ever sat in the general manager's office, the boss of ten thousand men. Thirty-four years before, he had come to Steelburg Mills, a baby a few days old, lying in a little pine box in a car of pig iron, wrapped about with an old soiled and ragged sheet—a nobody's child. Joe Gay, the old labor foreman who found him, had carried him home to his old wife, to their miserable hovel in Vinegar Gully. The aged pair had adopted him, given him their name, loved him, lavished all their crude affections upon him, and, dying while he was yet a mere boy, left him again a nobody's child.

In and about the gigantic plant called Steelburg Mills he had grown up, passing from little job to little job, serving in mean capacities, laboring slavishly at the dirty, abominable tasks forced upon him, laughed at, jeered at, sneered at by the men of the mills, but always plodding cheerfully on with happiness in his heart and a smile on his lips, filled with awe and wonder at the mighty work he saw doing about him, enamored of the splendid din that was ever in his ears, glorying in his own accomplishments, however small they might be, proud of the insignificant little part he had to do with the colossal things of steel.

And he had climbed up. By hard work and by hard work alone he had attained to bigger, better things about the mills. And the men of the mills had ceased to laugh and to jeer and to sneer at him.

And he had climbed up. By his own efforts he had forged ahead and the men of the mills who had laughed at him, jeered and sneered at him, had come to respect him, finding him possessed of qualities in which they were lacking, seeing in him the potential leader, the big man, the strong man, the kind of man they would have above them.

And he had climbed up. Without influence, without pull, he had gone on until those in the high places of Steelburg Mills discovered in him their equal in capacity and ability and energy and power and knowledge; until those in the high places of Steelburg Mills accepted him without murmur or question as their superior, glad that Steelburg Mills' new Old Man, the youngest Old Man that ever sat in the general manager's office, the boss of ten thousand men, was none other than Wally Gay.

Goodlow's right hand was very black. It was black with the black grease and oil that gathers on and crusts the hands of the men who work about the engines and roll trains and motors of the steel mills. The hand was white that morning when he went into the mills, but when he returned it was black. He had scrubbed it with soap and water, but it was still black. He went into the mills again in the afternoon and when he came back the hand was blacker still. When he picked up a piece of paper his fingers would leave a smudge on its white surface. Several times he paused in his work at his big desk to look at the black hand. And each time he looked at it he smiled.

For three days Goodlow had been at work at intervals cleaning out this desk of his, reading old letters, tearing them into bits and throwing them away, or laying them aside if they were of importance to go into his pockets to be carried away. There were hundreds of old and dusty papers to be looked over, papers that had been tucked away in pigeonholes for years, where they had packed themselves in and snuggled up against each other until they occupied astonishingly small spaces. Old photographs of mill men, in little groups and in great crowds, and pictures of new mills under construction and of new furnaces building and of queer wrecks and accidents were hauled out from overflowing drawers into which they had been crammed along with blue prints and magazine clippings and pamphlets and marked copies of newspapers. Stray bits of iron and steel came to light—pieces of rods, thin slices of bars and rails and billets and channels and girders, sections of wire, all cut and planed and prepared to show up the flaws they contained—pipes or seams or laps or fins or cups—each of them so interesting at the time of its first examination that it had been kept, laid away for another examination, only to be pushed aside and covered up, to work its way down into some dark corner of the desk where it had rusted and rotted. More than one full basket of this heterogeneous material did the janitor carry away before Goodlow had finished his task.

But at last the desk stood clear, as bare as it had been the day it came from the hands of the cabinetmaker. Goodlow looked at the empty pigeonholes, the vacant drawers, and sighed. Then he took a ring of keys from his pocket and removed a key which he laid on a leaf of the desk. He rose and dragged the chair in which he had been sitting to the other side of the long table that stood in front of the desk. It was an old chair, wabbly on its legs and shaky in its arms, and it creaked loudly, as though in protest, when it was being used. The back was leather, as was the seat, and in some places the leather had broken through. It wasn't much of a chair.

Goodlow limped painfully to the door opening out of his office into that of the assistant general manager. He opened the door and looked in.

"You can move in now, Wally," he said. "Bring your chair." He hobbled back to the table and sat down.

Wally Gay came rolling a chair across the floor out of his office into the office of general manager. He pushed it in between the long table and the empty desk.

"I have been thinking I'd take this old chair home with me, Wally. It's the only one I can sit in with any comfort when my sciatica is troubling me, but if you'll give me room for it in that closet yonder I believe I'll leave it here. Then when I come out to have a rag-chewing with you, as I expect to do when my rheumatism will let me, I'll have something I can sit in without torture."

"Leave it here, leave it here!" returned Wally. "I'll take care of it. And don't forget to come out and use it—often. I'll need you often."

"Oh, no, you won't! No, you won't! But I'll come, I'll come I want to come. I've no other place to go for a little outing" Goodlow paused and heaved a sigh. "It isn't so easy, Wally, it isn't so easy to—to—oh, I guess I'll start on home now—I'm through." Again he paused and there was silence in the room. Then he went on. "I'm mighty glad you nipped in the bud that move of the men to buy me a present, as I asked you to do in case you heard of any such thing coming up. Here's my present from the men of the mills."

He held up his right hand.

"I'm prouder of that, Wally, than I would be of a diamond the size of a turnip, had they given me one. When I went out through the mills this morning and this afternoon, and those men came crowding about me to shake

hands with me, I felt that I had not wholly failed in my work here. My hand is so sore I can hardly use it. Devil Daggy almost crushed it when he gripped it. And I know Tunky Lord smeared his hand thick with fresh grease before he came up. I could tell by the twinkle in the scamp's eye that he wished to recall to me the time I chased him over that twelve-foot fence back of the Billet Mill with a billet hook. Why, I wouldn't care if I never got that hand clean again!

"Well, I must go. Good-by, Wally."

"I'll go out to your car with you."

When he came back into the office Wally pushed the old chair across the room to a closet in which he stowed it away. Then he went to his own chair standing between the table and the empty desk. For a long while he sat musing, with his mind rapidly reviewing the years that had passed, letting it dwell for several moments on the event of his first coming into that office, a dirty-faced youth in greasy overalls, twisting his little cloth cap about in his grimy hands, nervous, scared, embarrassed. Back through the years of hard work and cruel grilling, when men had laughed at him, when foreman and superintendent had imposed on him, doubled and trebled his working shifts, called him "everybody's goat," to a day when a shipping clerk had said to him, "How would you like to come in here and push a pencil and help rustle the Manila paper?" Then he smiled, he chuckled, the chuckle broke into a laugh.

"Take a letter, Tom," he said to the stenographer who had answered the buzzer's summons.

"Shall I write 'general manager' beneath the space for your signature?" asked the stenographer when the dictation had ended.

"Yes, I suppose that will be necessary from now on."

"I'd like to congratulate you, Mr. Gay. I'm mighty glad."

"Thank you, Tom."

At his typewriter the stenographer read over his notes and grinned.

"Say, Wallman, what do you suppose, now, is his first official act?" he asked another stenographer whose desk stood near his.

"What?"

"I'll let you read the letter when I've written it. It's rich."

A messenger boy on his next trip into the mills carried the letter to the shipping department. A shipping clerk sat at his desk industriously shuffling a stack of blue, pink, yellow and white shipping bills. A half dozen young men sat at desks near by and they, too, worked busily.

"What d'ye know about it, boys?" asked the shipping clerk, without pausing in his work or without looking up. "I don't believe we'll ever get caught up with our work—never! I'm thinking very seriously of leaving this old dump. I think I'll go West—out to Arizona and take up some free land there and start raising Angora goats. They tell me that if you know anything at all about goats you can get independently rich at goat ranching. And I certainly know something about goats—I'm one myself or I wouldn't have stayed on this dinky job like I have and let them stick all this work off on me year after year. What d'ye know about it?"

The door of the office opened and a messenger boy came in.

"Anything for me, Snigglefritzy?" called the shipping clerk.

"One letter. The rest goes to Cavendish," replied the messenger. He threw down his bundle and went out.

"More work, I suppose," grumbled the shipping clerk as he tore open the letter one of the young men tossed to him.

He read the inclosure. He read it a second time.

"Well, I'll be dogged, danged if I won't!" he muttered, and he rose, took his hat from a nail above his desk and set it upon his head. Then he sat down and reread the letter.

"Well, I'll be danged, dogged if I won't! What d'ye know about that?" he chuckled.

He rose from his chair and hung his hat back on the nail. Then he read the letter once more.

"What d'ye know about that, boys?" he demanded, moving toward the desks where the young men worked. "Attention! Cease firing! Kindly gather about me and allow me to divulge the contents of the communication I have just received from our new general manager, Mr. Wellington Gay."

"We're waiting, all keyed up, Bob," said a pink-cheeked youth.

"Ahem! But before I begin let us all take a nibble from my own plug of spit-quick.

"Double your quids, boys, double your quids! On festive occasions let us be festive!

"Ahem! 'Mr. Robert Windish, Shipping Department.' What d'ye know about that, boys? 'My dear Mr. Windish'—sounds sociable-like, eh? 'I am creating a new position which I wish to offer to you and which I trust you will see your way clear to accept.' Any exceptions to that?"

"Shove over into high gear, Bob!" called a hollow-eyed young man in a far corner of the room.

"Ahem! Well, boys, the remainder of the letter is of such a personal nature that I will just give you a sort of digest of it.

"The new job is this: I'm to be chief steerer of the rubbernecks who come to Steelburg Mills to acquire a few of the essentials of the art of steel making. At present this work is very inefficiently done by several and divers—gate watchmen, clerks, foremen, superintendents—anybody that can be picked up.

"I am to have a desk, a chair and a cuspidor in the big hall just outside Mr. Gay's office. As our visitors enter the building I will meet them, ask them what it is they desire, and politely—if they look classy—conduct them to the office of Mr. Gay's secretary, who will either write permits for them to enter the plant or tell them there is nothing doing.

"With the passes procured, I shall lead our callers toward the mills, entertaining them as I lead with light conversation on such subjects as rain, snow, mud, sunshine, cold waves, winds, bad colds. If a Midline freight should be blocking our immediate entrance to the plant I shall turn the conversation to weightier themes, asking them—if they appear to be politicians—what they think of the coming election; if they look to be school-teachers I will inquire if they do not think Whittier's Snow Bound a charming poem. What d'ye know about that, boys?

"Once inside the plant, I shall proceed to point out to them all the interesting details of steel making and to answer their various interesting questions, telling them how much the men make a day and how many hours they work, explaining what pulls the bars through the rolls, why they use fluor spar in the Open Hearth, why the smoke from the Bessemers is yellow and not black and so forth. And I will tell them the horse power of the different engines we have, give them the temperatures of all the furnaces they peep into and estimate for them the weights of the various blooms, billets, bars and chunks of steel we see lying about the mills and yard.

"Isn't it so, boys? It's a job that's going to require a raft of talk, but I feel that I can fill it.

"I shall also from my station in the big hall just outside Mr. Gay's office receive the raging Russian, the beery Bulgarian, the dashing Dalmatian and the savage Serb, who come to the main office to find out why they were fired for being drunk, cussing out the foreman and sleeping on duty, and wanting to kill somebody and get their pay. While Mr. Gay doesn't speak of its character in his letter, I trust my new cuspidor will be of iron and that there will be a handle to it.

"And there will be the insurance solicitor, the book agent, the blue-sky salesman, the collector of funds for our little brown brethren in the Philippines, the inventor of the perpetual-motion machine that will

(Continued on Page 119

"I Suppose We May as Well Move On," He Said After a Moment's Silence. "There's Someone Coming Out of the House Yonder, Isn't There?"

CON

By W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

The Moon Rose Fuller and Higher, the Breath of the Gulf Made Warm Murmurs in the Palms, the Sea Played on the Sands its Amorous Arpeggios. He Declared Himself

AS A YOUNG man I, too, had a head full of dreams. The admission may sound grotesque, coming from a man condemned by his deeds, the courts and his own confession. Dreams are the vanities of the young, the pure and the poetic, are they not? Well, at least I was young once. I sometimes think we all build our fortunes and misfortunes of dreaming—the good and the bad, the poets and the clods, the felon as well as the genius. There are scientific gentlemen who contend that the hair is very fine that divides the divinely gifted from the criminal and the lunatic. I don't know about that, but my collaborator pertinently reminds me that it was that great engineer and greater visionary, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who perpetrated the vastest and costliest dream of the nineteenth century at Panama. Here was a dream that overreached itself, only to become after a time a wonderful reality. As for me, I never lifted my fancies into such lofty ethers, but I did a lot of soaring of a sort.

All my life my imagination has wandered round in the region reserved for the inventor and when I was young there was high purpose in my thought. I was never, let me hasten to add, one of those fanatic simpletons who pester every community with their absurdities, nor yet one of those guileless idiots forever creating useless intricacies and expecting to find the touch of Midas in a tin shoehorn. These people are the rag, tag and bobtail of an idea that has obsessed our countrymen for a generation—namely, that we are a race of inventors. The genuine investigator, technician, scientist, mechanician, discoverer, has a lively contempt for these unhappy people, for they make the real inventor endless trouble and embarrassment. Whatever else you may say of me, let this be understood: I was in my day a real inventor, and that means something to me.

Hope That Makes the World Go Round

WE DO not often stop to think that invention embraces the whole mental side of human history or that it is the complete stuff of progress. The first ape that used a club, the earliest Neanderthal who struck sparks from his flint arrowhead and nursed them into fire to warm his cave, and the latest astronomical expert devising some titan mechanism for sounding the purple distances of limitless space are brothers in invention. Invention of one kind or another is at the basis of all civilization. Naturally, it plays a great part in the life of everyone and the dreams of everyone. The man who finds some new principle of physics or some potent way of applying an old one may change the trend of the world's affairs just as surely as a great thinker or a great conqueror. That is the idealistic side. A man may make himself rich beyond counting through some simple useful machine, and he may do it as easily as by finding a gold lode or plundering Wall Street. That is the practical side.

When I began there was more idealism than selfishness in my fancies. Later the altruistic receded into a shadow, and still later, I regret to report, the practical consideration became so developed that it left me no sense of proportion. Here the con man succeeded the inventor. Many men have been over this rough bit of road. It is all downhill and not hard to negotiate, though one gets considerable jolting en route.

Half the men born in America are incipient inventors and the other half susceptible to the inventions bug. Patents are the great national weakness. We have all seen the mechanical wonders created by our countrymen. We have watched some inventors pile up vast fortunes from their works, and like good human beings we have forgotten the others who did not. As I have said before, natural resources, triumphant speculation and inventions are the golden triplets of the popular mind. Even the most poorly informed know that many patents yield no profits, but they know, too, that most prospectors find no gold. This fact does not diminish the average man's enthusiasm for gold mines. Neither does the shorn lamb keep his brothers from the bleak winds of Wall Street. To ourselves we are all wiser and cleverer than the poor dupes who get fleeced—until we, too, are clipped. Then we go back for more.

This pink optimism is a wonderful provision of Nature. Without it there would be no speculation, no credit, no business and no con men.

The socialist will tell you, to be sure, that he has a scheme to change all this, but I think him something of a con dealer himself, and meantime the world is as it is. It was to explain and expose some of the fraudulent intricacies of this world of reality that I set out. Perhaps I shall be able to save some men from the toils of con. Enlightenment cannot but do some good.

A dozen times every year I see the old familiar literature of the inventions-scheme stock salesman. You know it, all of you. It starts out by calling vociferous attention to the huge profits made by those who bought the original stock in the telephone, the automobile, the talking machine, the air brake, the adding machine, the typewriter and what not. It winds up by inviting you to share the gains in some new wonder. Great and potent argument, this—having led many a sucker to his fate.

Baiting the Hook

NOW it is far from my intention to brand all inventions-stock promotions as frauds. Here and there these things really pan out. But I do mean to point out the extreme rarity of this happy dénouement, and I intend to recite a number of typical fraud schemes so that you may recognize them when they come your way. I do not even mean to say that all men who promote inventions that fail and lose money are scoundrels. More often the man behind such schemes is an inventive dreamer with a genuine mechanical and financial vision swimming before him. But the man is full of a most uncertain urge. When—rarely—he succeeds he becomes what he dreams himself—a scaler of strange new heights. But far oftener he sinks into unforeseen bogs, led by his own *ignis fatuus*. And he carries down with him those who gave him their faith and money. Further than to utter a general warning, I have nothing to do with these honest dreamers. My function is to deal with con as applied to real or fake inventions and to show how a certain class is constantly victimized through machinations in this field.

The con man can always find a list of the professional men of any city. The directory and telephone book are as good for this purpose as anything else. Thus he needs go to no trouble in preparing a sucker list if he has a scheme for the palate of the doctor, the lawyer, the dentist, the editor and writer, the technical man and the engineer. Moreover, such people are always accessible. A man may call to have a tooth pulled and stay to play a con game. But this is not the only charm that attracts the con man to professionals.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, as the lady motorist remarked on regaining consciousness. The

average professional man possesses that perilous little knowledge of many subjects alien to his immediate calling. He has nearly always some idea of the working of mechanical and electrical devices. He is progressive, informed, sanguine. He feels the kinship of the quasi-scientist with the sciences. But he is seldom well enough equipped to discover the fraud lurking deep in the dark vitals of a new idea. Thus he is an excellent target for arrows of con. Some sharpers who deal solely in inventions tricks play to the professional man exclusively, so that millions have been mulcted from this class and other millions are still being extracted—painlessly in the dental sense. All of which reminds me ——

The owners of the five million automobiles which have put the country on wheels more completely this year than ever before will appreciate that winter is a bad season. Not the least of its disadvantages is that it will freeze up radiators and crack water jackets. It makes cars hard to start and car owners difficult to live with. I discovered all this a number of years ago when I operated my first car through my first Northern winter. Some men would have stood by, paid for the repairs and taken it out on the air in profanity and their wives in bad temper. I decided that there were ways of keeping radiators from freezing or chilling and I set about inventing the proper device. When I began I saw the commercial and not the con possibilities of the idea, but I was ever an unstable fellow in such fine distinctions and discriminations. At any rate, I conceived and constructed a perfectly honest little mechanism like a large porcelain electric switch. This device I connected with the batteries in the car. By sending the current from the batteries through this resistant element I engendered heat enough to keep things from getting too cold while the car stood out.

A Dentist for a Target

NOW all this was excellent and sounded feasible. In practice the thing wouldn't do at all. It used up the current from the batteries, whose capacities are very limited, so that there was not enough juice left to run the lights and start the motor. This trouble could, it is true, have been overcome by greatly augmenting the number of cells in the battery. Here, however, the expense would have mounted quite high and the whole device was, after all, no more effective than the simple plan of putting alcohol into the radiator tank with the water. My invention was not worth the trouble of inventing—and I knew it. That is another matter.

I was still experimenting with my radiator heater that winter when I became aware of the existence of a dentist in my neighborhood who seemed to be hugely prosperous, drove two high-priced and high-powered cars, was a leading spirit in the sporty life of the community and let himself be seen to advantage whenever possible. I wondered in my dull way how came this dentist to be so extremely well dowered. Nothing more crossed my mind at the time.

Then a filling came out of a tooth and I went to him for repairs. Nor was I long in discovering his source of wealth. My dental friend supported elaborate offices with much very-modern equipment, several extra diplomas, the word "surgeon" put before his normal professional description—and he charged for all the frills. I thought it well to cultivate a man who understood so profoundly the making of money.

Still without any plot against him in mind, I continued to visit him and become acquainted. One very bitter morning I walked into his offices to find him blustering and swearing about one of his cars. It had frozen tight the night before in his garage, the water jacket had burst and the repair man informed him that his bill would be one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Almost as bad as losing a filling from a tooth," I told him, but he was in no mood for jesting.

"Confound it!" he cried, "why don't they make motor cars that don't freeze?"

"They will when they learn how," said I.

"Is there a way?"

I told the doctor about my neat little invention and he was moved almost to enthusiasm. He used many electrical appliances in his surgery, he understood mechanics fairly well and had the amateur's respect for the wonders of electricity. I saw at once that here was both a doctor and a morsel for my teeth. The next afternoon I drove him out to his country club in my car, which was much less costly or impressive than either of his. We spent a couple of hours round the nineteenth hole while the car waited in a zero temperature. Since I had put my batteries into first-class shape that very morning, everything went off beautifully. We walked out of the club, jumped into the car and were off without delay. My new-found friend was really overwhelmed.

"Why don't you patent it and get down to manufacturing?" he demanded as we drove homeward.

"Patents cost money and so do plants to work in."

"That oughtn't to be hard to get."

"Not for you, doc," I told him. "All you have to do is to charge. The more you stick us the better we like you. The difference between a good man and a bad one in the professions is in the fee. But with me it's different."

"How much will it take?"

Here I fenced. I didn't want a few hundred or a couple of thousand to get out patents and rent a little factory. If my prosperous friend was to be taken in he was worth taking in for some respectable amount. I always believed in doing things well.

Shifting the Anxiety

"I GUESS I've got enough money to get out my patents and start in," I told him after a silence. "With all the cars there are in this country a man ought to make a mighty pile out of this thing if it is as good as I think it is. I don't see why I should divide it."

We said no more about the thing at the time, but the effect I had expected from my attitude was already being produced. Nothing makes a man so anxious to put money into your invention as your apparent desire to keep him out. It is one of the rudimentary rules of con to shift the anxiety upon the other fellow. If the schemer succeeds in this his game is made; if he fails there is no play. You can't push a man into an investment of any size; you must make him break in. That was what I was trying to do here.

Meantime I went ahead, applied for a patent and got it, like thousands of simpletons who take out useless patents every year—for the benefit of lawyers only. Now I was in a position to talk business. When I saw my friend again he began with the expected questions and approaches.

"Well, it's like this," I told him. "I will take you in on one arrangement. I'll sell you a half interest for ten

(Continued on Page 53)

They Introduce to Their Promising New Acquaintances the Polished Rogues Who are Lurking in the Background. Then the Game is On

The Counsel of the Ungodly

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IX

THINGS stood still for three days—stood on the brink of event. The major, as I have said, made charming love to Miss Mary, but he exerted himself almost as much for Mrs. Davison, brought her flowers once or twice, laughed at her stories and insisted on taking her for promenades *à deux* that pleased her in spite of herself. I remember on the third night of his visit, as I was taking out the coffee tray, he told her it was time to go and see whether an orchid they were watching in the conservatory had bloomed.

"That's right," she told him. "Give the cow a nubbin to catch the calf." Nevertheless, she rose. "It don't fool me," she protested. "But land, I like it just the same! If you could put poison into flattery it'd be a cinch to get rid of your enemies. Comin' Mary?"

"I guess not," Mary answered, and watched them down the room, then lifted her eyes to me.

"Am I being all right?" she asked quietly.

"Quite all right, Miss Mary."

"I don't show ——" she stopped. "I don't act too interested or anything?"

"No, Miss Mary."

"You'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

"I should. Is that all, Miss Mary?"

"Yes, Jacob."

I went to my pantry. I had said yes to her question, and in so far as an infatuated human being could behave properly Mary Davison had done so. I once knew a Duchess, who followed a man whom she loved and could never marry, with the same look of dumb devotion that had hurt me so in Miss Mary's eyes.

The major was a lover from a light opera. He played the piano and sang with an admixture of fair performance and realization of its limitations that was charming. He would thump out a love song as though it were a tom-tom dance, then sing some silly verse about a lizard and the moon as though it were the most delicate madrigal in the world—his love song to Miss Mary.

Miss Mary was a girl bewitched. She would laugh at the faintest crooking of his smile, listen to his stories—even when he told them twice—with the eagerness of a recluse, and once when he told about his dog cutting his foot on a scythe she cried.

When I read that over it doesn't sound like her, and yet it is all true. The error in it is that there was something more to the truth. All the time she kept hold of a little seraphic dignity that she'd learned somewhere—heaven knows how—and it kept her from mawkishness.

By that third day he had shown so plainly that he was going to propose that she was lyric with the happiness of promise. Her question to me had sprung from her wish to keep that brave young dignity inviolate, not from any fear that she displeased him. His manner to her did not leave that believable.

"It's No Use," She Admitted. "I'll Have to Join Cousin Francie and Call it Gibberish as an Excuse for Not Speaking It"

On the fourth day after tea Miss Mary and the major went riding. They had done so twice before and been late to dress for dinner, but this time when they were not back at seven o'clock I grew uneasy. Mrs. Davison did also, the more so for being both hungry and cross.

"Mary ain't got no business on those horses," she said as she joined me at a window overlooking the drive, "not one little bit. She ain't never ridden a civilized horse in her life. She'd ought to be licked, that's what she'd ought."

I'm afraid my reassurances were not convincing.

"You know that ain't so," she replied to my suggestion that they might have lost the road. "But what can of become of 'em? Land, Jacob, ain't there something we can do?"

I suggested that we might go to the front gate, and down we rushed, Mrs. Davison panting beside me. Neither of us believed it a very helpful proceeding, except that it provided us with action.

No one was in sight. Mrs. Davison wrung her hands, though that thin verb is at war with those dumplings—its subjects.

"I can't stand it, Jacob," she announced alarmingly. "I've had shocks before and they weakens you. It was just like this when I heard Mr. D. was killed. When they come and told me what they found in the cabin it just went straight to my stomach and I was dog sick. I was pulled down with the scarlet, anyway, but that's the way things strike me."

Thereat she glanced toward the road—the attention of both of us had been distracted momentarily by her recitative—and emitted the most blood-curdling scream that ever tore at my eardrums.

"She's dead!" she blubbered, and started running down it.

Major Estabrook was coming slowly toward us, leading both horses and carrying Miss Mary. It does credit to his strength, for she was a tall girl. I reached him quite as soon as she did—I think a little before.

"Don't be alarmed," he said. "Her saddle girth broke and she fell and stunned herself. I don't believe it's serious. She rode a little way with me leading her horse, then I saw she was swaying and thought this safer."

"I'm all right, ma," Miss Mary joined in, looking very white.

The major and I made a chair with our hands and carried her up the drive, though she protested and begged to walk. When we reached the house and she had taken the spoonful of whisky I insisted on administering she announced that we were to have dinner an hour late and that she would dress and come down to prove her entirety. She took really a very short time and descended before the major had appeared.

"Did he pop it to you, dearie?" her mother inquired comfortably.

"Of course not, mother."

"I thought it was kind of romantic—romantic enough to give me a attack of fits anyway."

"He couldn't talk much while he was carrying me."

"He will to-night, I bet."

I agreed with her. It was the perfect incident to give his words an emphasis that would have pleased him. I had robbed the conservatory of every rose for the music room, where they usually went to be alone together. I wanted to fragrance Miss Mary's great moment of folly sweetly. One looks back on such moments as the loveliest pauses in time, no matter what their consequences. The major came down very late and I knew from his step on the stair that I might have spared the roses their St. Bartholomew's Eve.

"Sorry to have kept you," he said, and he did not look at Miss Mary or her mother, but at some pleasant visionary spot above their heads. He gave his arm to Mrs. Davison.

"I bet you're lame, carrying that great girl."

"Not in the least, thank you."

He had been abstracted at times before, but this was a new kind of abstraction. A sort that finds pleasure in its distant thoughts.

They sat down to the ghastliest dinner I ever served. Mrs. Davison supplied the conversation, the Major an occasional word of encouragement and Miss Mary two puzzled and heartbreaking eyes.

At dessert the major said: "I got my message; I'm afraid I'll have to be off to-morrow. It's been awfully good of you to have me here. Can't tell you how much I appreciate it."

That was the end of Major Estabrook's visit. He excused himself after coffee. He must pack and had to get off at an ungodly hour. Miss Mary came to my pantry.

"Was he just being polite all the time, Jacob?" she asked.

"It seemed more to me, Miss Mary."

"Then I must have said something or done something."

"It probably was just the message he got," I said to comfort her.

I did not tell her what the message was, though I had extracted it from the housemaid who had answered the telephone. It consisted of a cablegram from France—the maid couldn't remember the exact place. It ran:

She came across. Congratulations. BOOTH.

Next morning at breakfast—in time for the ungodly hour—the major seemed more normal-minded than I had seen him. He gave me ten dollars—which I spent on an anonymous bouquet for Miss Mary, which gave her infinite comfort.

x

IF MISS MARY'S eyes had broken my heart the night before, her hands as she sat at breakfast crumbled it to bits. They were strong hands and had moved so happily those last days, and suddenly they lay listless or did what they must do as though she wished they need not.

Mrs. Davison never came down in the morning. Her one conception of elegance was to lie abed and eat a crumbly breakfast in what she called slug clothes.

"Major Estabrook had breakfast all right, didn't he, Jacob?" Miss Mary asked.

"Yes, Miss Mary."

"I suppose he must have been very tired last night," she said, pleading for my acquiescence with her eyes. "Don't you think he must have been—after carrying me?"

"I am sure he must."

"Did he leave any word?"

"His compliments, and he regretted not saying good-by in person."

"I saw him drive away, but I thought I hadn't better come down."

"Yes, Miss Mary."

There was a pause while we both looked across the brown lawns to the reddening buds of the trees in the spinney and she pretended to eat.

"I believe the rector is coming to tea," I reminded her. "Will there be anyone else?"

"I'd forgotten," she answered. "No, he's all."

There was something about her voice that made me say: "Possibly you would like me to telephone the rector, Miss Mary, and explain that your guests left unexpectedly."

"I would, Jacob. I don't feel much like ——"

She did not finish the sentence nor did she burst into tears—just stopped and after a moment or so went out of the room. Then came my cowardly bouquet to upset her by making her happy again.

"I love them so!" she said, clasping the box. "Had I ought to write to him?"

"I would wait till he writes to you, Miss Mary."

"Do you suppose he will?"

That was something definite to live for, and I must telephone the rector again and ask him to dinner to make up for the tea I had canceled. He came. Mary was lovely with quiet happiness. He was an egocentric little man and thought she had changed her mind in spite of the fact that her eyes went on pilgrimages of dream entirely forgetful of his presence. After dinner Mrs. Davison knitted on a green sweater, and the rector read poetry—delightful old-fashioned poetry such as we used to have when I was young. When I came for the coffee tray he was at the end of Aux Italiens:

And oh, the music! And oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me.

Miss Mary, who was dreaming, held out her hands.

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"Do not forget me."

"Do not forget me," she repeated. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Mrs. Davison put down her knitting long enough to touch her daughter's hand with a shy tenderness entirely surprising in that mountainous lady.

The rector stayed on and on. Mrs. Davison came to my pantry at eleven o'clock.

"I guess the dominie's painted on the chair," she said. "I'm dogged out and I'll bet you are too. Mary'll put out the lights. It's her funeral, so I suppose she's got to stay."

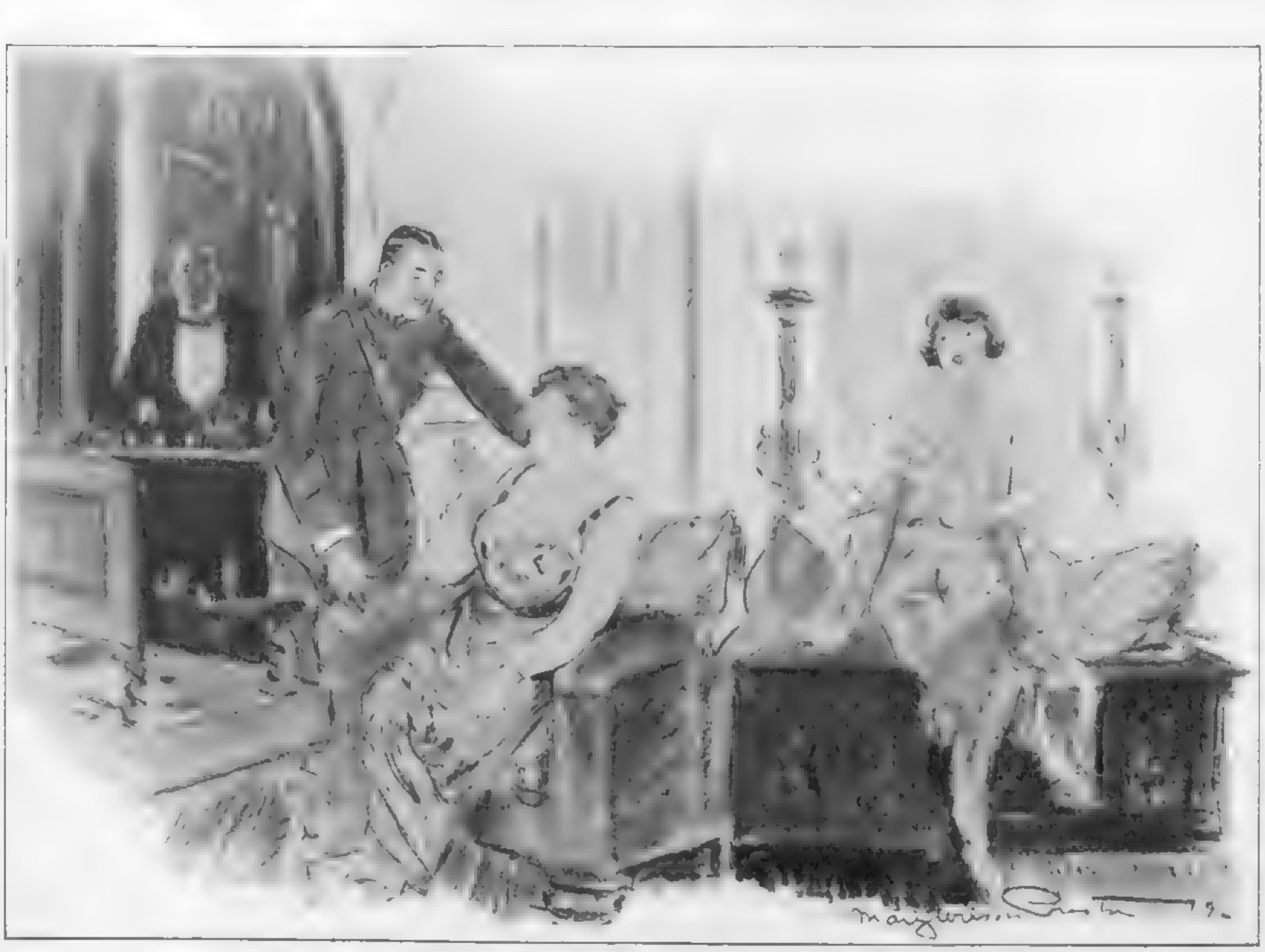
I went to bed, for I was tired, but I think Mr. Roland proposed again and was refused emphatically. At least he never came to tea with the same self-confidence again.

If Miss Mary had known the ordeal that bringing the post grew to be that next week she would have tried not to look as she did when she asked me for it. She did what every person who has ever waited longingly for a letter has done—stamped with impatience at first. The letter must be at the post office and have missed distribution. Then made excuses—the major was probably being demobilized. He'd seen her so recently he wouldn't write yet. Then fell into a misery of anxiety and from that veered to sheer hopelessness.

One day after she had reached that point a letter arrived.

It was addressed to Mrs. Davison and came in the morning post bag. Miss Mary took it in dreadful excitement. It might mean he had written to her, too, and the letter had been delayed, or that he was asking her mother why she hadn't answered some lost word. Miss Mary was a long time in her mother's room. When she came

(Continued on Page 95)



"It Don't Fool Me. But I Like it Just the Same! If You Could Put Poison Into Flattery it'd be a Cinch to Get Rid of Your Enemies"

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XII

KITTY CONOVER ate in the kitchen. First off, this statement is likely to create the false impression that there was an ordinary grain here, a wedge of base hemlock in the citron. Not so. She ate in the kitchen because she could not yet face that vacant chair in the dining room without choking and losing her appetite. She could not look at the chair without visualizing that glorious, whimsical, fascinating mother of hers, who could turn grumpy janitors into comedians and send importunate bill collectors away with nothing but spangles in their heads.

So long as she stayed out of the dining room she could accept her loneliness with sound philosophy. She knew, as all sensible people know, that there were ghosts, that memory had haunted galleries and that empty chairs were evocations.

Her days were so busily active, there were so many first nights and concerts, that she did not mind such evenings as she had to spend alone in the apartment. Persons were in and out of the office all through the day, and many of them entertaining. For only real persons ever penetrated that well guarded cubby-hole off the noisy city room. Many of them were old friends of her mother. Of course they were a little pompous, but this was less innate than acquired; and she knew that below they were worth while. She had come to the conclusion that successful actors and actresses were the only people in America who spoke English fluently and correctly.

Yes, she ate in the kitchen; but she would have been a fit subject for the fastidious Fragonard. Kitty was naturally an exquisite. Everything about her was dainty, her body and her mind. The background of pans and dishes, gas range and sink did not absorb Kitty; her presence here in the morning lifted everything out of the rut of commonplace and created an atmosphere that was ornamental. Pink peignoir and turquoise-blue boudoir cap, silk petticoat and stockings and adorable little slippers. No harm to tell the secret! Kitty was educating herself for a husband. She knew that if she acquired the habit of daintiness at breakfast before marriage it would become second nature after marriage. Moreover, she was determined that it should be tremendous news that would cause a newspaper to intervene. She had all the confidence in the world in her mirror.

She got her breakfast this morning, singing. She was happy. She had found a door out of monotony; theatrical drama had given way to the living. She had opened the book of adventure and she was going straight through to finis. That there was an undertow of the sinister escaped her or she ignored it.

Kitty Was Carefully Reviewing the Events of the Night Before

In all high-strung Irish souls there is a bit of the old wife, the foreteller; the gift of prescience; and Kitty possessed this in a mild degree. Something held her here, when for a dozen reasons she should have gone elsewhere.

She strained the coffee, humming a tune out of The Mikado, the revival of which she had seen lately:

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time
To make the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime.
And make the prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment,
Of innocent merriment!

And there you were! To make the punishment fit the crime. Wall in the Bolsheviki, the I. W. W.'s, the Red Socialist, the anarchists—and let them try it for ten years. Those left would be glad enough to embrace democracy and sanity. The poor benighted things, to imagine that they were going forward there in Russia! What kind of mentality was it that could conceive a blessing to humanity in the abolition of baths and work? And Cutty felt sorry for them. Well, as for that, so did Kitty Conover; and she would continue feeling sorry for them so long as they remained thousands of miles away. But next door!

"Grapefruit, eggs on toast and coffee; mademoiselle is served!" she cried gayly, sitting down and attacking her breakfast with the zest of healthy youth.

Often the eyes are like the lenses of a camera minus the sensitized plate; they see objects without printing them. Thus, a dozen times Kitty's glance absently swept the range and the racks on each side of the stovepipe, one rack burdened with an empty pancake jug and the other cluttered with old-fashioned flatirons; but she saw nothing.

She was carefully reviewing the events of the night before. She could not dismiss the impression that Cutty knew Stefani Gregor or had heard of him; and in either case it signified that Gregor was something more than a valet. And decidedly Two-Hawks was not of the Russian peasantry.

By the time she was ready to leave for the office the Irish blood in her was seething and bubbling and dancing. She knew she would do crazy impulsive things all day. It was easy to analyze this exuberance. She had reached out into the dark and touched danger, and found a new thrill in a humdrum world.

The Great Dramatist had produced a tremendous drama and she had watched curtain after curtain fall, from the wrong side of the lights. Now she had been given a speaking part; and she would be down stage for a moment or two—dusting the furniture—while the stars were retouching their make-up. It was not the thought of Cutty, of Gregor, of Johnny Two-Hawks, of hidden treasure; simply she had arrived somewhere in the great drama.

When she reached the office she had a hard time of it to settle down to the day's work.

"Hustle up that Sunday stuff," said Burlingame. Kitty laughed. Just as she had pictured it. She hustled.

"I have it!" she cried, breaking a spell of silence.

"What—St. Vitus?" inquired Burlingame patiently.

"No; the Morgue!"

"What the dickens —'"

But Kitty was no longer there to answer.

In all newspaper offices there is a department flippantly designated as the Morgue. Obituaries on ice, as it were. A photograph or an item concerning a great man, a celebrated beauty or some notorious rogue; from the king caliber down to Gyp-the-Blood brand, all indexed and laid away against the instant need. So, running her finger tip down the K's, Kitty found Karlov. The half tone which she eventually exhumed from the tin box was an excellent likeness of the human gorilla who had entered her rooms with the policeman. She would be able to carry this positive information to Cutty that afternoon.

When she left the office at four she took the Subway to Forty-second Street. She engaged a taxi from the Knickerbocker and discharged it at the north entrance to the Waldorf, which she entered. She walked through to the south entrance and got into another taxi. She left this at Wanamaker's, ducking and dodging through the crowded aisles. She selected this hour because, being a woman, she knew that the press of shoppers would be the greatest during the day. Karlov's man and the secret-service operative detailed by Cutty both made the same mistake—followed Kitty into the dry-goods shop and lost her as completely as if she had popped up in China. At quarter to five she stepped into Elevator Number Four of the building which Cutty called his home, very well pleased with herself.

XIII

TO UNDERSTAND Kitty at this moment one must be able to understand the Irish; and nobody does or can or will. Consider her twenty-four years, her corpuscular inheritance, the love of drama and the love of adventure. Imagine possessing sound ideas of life and the ability to apply them, and spiritually always galloping off on some broad highway—more often than not furnished by some engaging scoundrel of a novelist—and you will be able to construct a half tone of Kitty Conover.

That civilization might be actually on its deathbed, that positively half of the world was starving and dying and going mad through the reaction of the German blight touched her in a detached way. She felt sorry, dreadfully sorry, for the poor things; but as she could not help them she dismissed them from her thoughts every morning after she had read the paper, the way most of us do here in these United States. You cannot grapple with the misery of an unknown person several thousand miles away.

That which had taken place during the past twenty-four hours was to her a lark, a blindman's buff for grown-ups. It was not in her to tremble, to shudder, to hesitate, to weigh this and to balance that. Irish curiosity. Perhaps in the original that immortal line read: "The Irish rush in where angels fear to tread," and some proofreader had a particular grudge against the race.

When the elevator reached the seventeenth floor, the passengers surged forth. All except Kitty, who tarried.

"We don't carry to the eighteenth, miss."

"I am Miss Conover," she replied. "I dared not tell you until we were alone."

"I see." The boy nodded, swept her with an appraising glance, and sent the elevator up to the loft.

"You understand? If anyone inquires about me you don't remember."

"Yes, miss. The boss' orders."

"And if anyone does inquire you are to report at once."

"That, too."

The boy rolled back the door and Kitty stepped out upon a Laristan runner of rose hues and cobalt blue. She wondered what it cost Cutty to keep up an establishment like this. There were fourteen rooms, seven facing the north and seven facing the west, with glorious vistas of

steam-wreathed roofs and brick Matterhorns and the dim horizon touching the sea. Fine rugs and tapestries and furniture gathered from the four ends of the world; but wholly livable and in no sense atmospheric of the museum. Cutty had excellent taste.

She had visited the apartment but twice before, once in her childhood and again when she was eighteen. Cutty had given a dinner in honor of her mother's birthday. She smiled as she recalled the incident. Cutty had placed a box of candles at the side of her mother's plate and told her to stick as many into the cake as she thought best.

"Hello!" said Cutty, emerging from one of the doors. "What the dickens have you been up to? My man has just telephoned me that he lost track of you in Wanamaker's."

Kitty explained, delighted.

"Well, well! If you can lose a man such as I set to watch you you'll have no trouble shaking the others."

"It was Karlov, Cutty."

"How did you learn?"

"Searched the morgue and found a half tone of him. Positively Karlov. How is the patient?"

"Harrison says he's pulling round amazingly. A tough skull. He'll be up for his meals in no time."

"How do you do it?" she asked with a gesture.

"Do what?"

"Manage a place like this? In a busy office district. It's the most wonderful apartment in New York. Riverside has nothing like it. It must cost like sixty."

"The building is mine, Kitty. That makes it possible. An uncle who knew I hated money and the responsibilities that go with it, died and left it to me."

"Why, Cutty, you must be rich!"

"I'm sorry. What can I do? I can't give it away."

"But you don't have to work!"

"Oh, yes, I do. I'm that kind. I'd die of a broken heart if I had to sit still. It's the game."

"Did mother know?"

"Yes."

With the toe of a snug little bronze boot Kitty drew an outline round a pattern in the rug.

"Love is a funny thing," was her comment.

"It sure is, old-timer. But what put the thought into your head?"

"I was thinking how very much mumsy must have been in love with father."

"But she never knew that I loved her, Kitty."

"What's that got to do with it? If she had wanted money you wouldn't have had the least chance in the world."

"Probably not! But what would you have done in your mother's place?"

"Snapped you up like that!" Kitty flashed back.

"You cheerful little—little ——"

"Liar. Say it!" Kitty laughed. "But am I a cheerful little liar? I don't know. It would be an awful temptation. Somebody to wait on you; heaps of flowers when you wanted them; beautiful gowns and thingummies and furs and limousines. I've often wondered what I should do if I found myself with love and youth on one side and money and attraction on the other. I've always been in straitened circumstances. I never spent a dollar in all my days when I didn't think I ought to have held back three or four cents of it. You can't know, Cutty, what it is to be poor and want beautiful things and good times. Of course I couldn't marry just money. There would have to be some kind of a man to go with it. Someone interesting enough to make me forget sometimes that I'd thrown away a lover for a pocketbook."

"Would you marry me, Kitty?"

"Are you serious?"

"Let's suppose I am."

"No. I couldn't marry you, Cutty. I should always be having my mother's ghost as a rival."

"But supposing I fell in love with you?"

"Then I'd always be doubting your constancy. But what queer talk!"

"Kitty, you're a joy! Lordy, my luck in dropping in to see you yesterday!"

"And a little whippersnapper like me calling a great man like you Cutty!"

"Well, if it embarrasses you you might switch to papa once in a while."

Kitty's laughter rang down the corridor. "I'll remember that, whenever I want to make you mad. Who's here?"

"Nobody but Harrison and the nurse. Both good citizens, and I've taken them into my confidence to a certain extent. You can talk freely before them."

"Am I to see the patient?"

"Harrison says not. About Wednesday your Two-Hawks will be sitting up. I've determined to keep the poor devil here until he can take care of himself. But he is flat broke."

"He said he had money."

"Well, Karlov's men stripped him clean."

"Have you any idea who he is?"

"To be honest, that's one of the reasons why I want to keep him here. He's Russian, for all his Oxford English and his Italian gestures; and from his babble I imagine he's been through seven kinds of hell. Torches and hobnailed boots and the incessant call for a woman named Olga—a young woman about eighteen."

"How did you find that out?"

"From a photograph I found in the lining of his coat. A pretty blond girl."

"Good heavens!"—recollecting her dream. "Where was it printed?"

"Amateur photography. I'll pick it up on the way to the living room."

It was nothing like the blond girl of her dream. Still, the girl was charming. Kitty turned over the photograph. There was writing on the back.

"Russian? What does it say?"

"'To Ivan from Olga with all her love.'"

Cutty was conscious of the presence of an indefensible malice in his tones. Why the deuce should he be bitter-glad that the chap had left behind a sweetheart? He knew exactly the basis of Kitty's interest, as utterly detached as that of a reporter going to a fire. On the day the patient could explain himself Kitty's interest would automatically cease. An old dog in the manger? Malice.

"Cutty, something dreadful has happened to this poor young woman. That's what makes him cry out the name. Caught in that horror, and probably he alone escaped. Is it heartless to be glad I'm an American? Do they let in these Russians?"

"Not since the Trotzky régime. I imagine Two-Hawks slipped through on some British passport. He'll probably tell us all about it when he comes round. But how do you feel after last night's bout?"

"Alive! And I'm going on being alive, forever and ever! Oh, those awful drums! They look like dead eyes in those dim corners. Tumpitum-*tump!* Tumpitum-*tump!*" she cried, linking her arm in his. "What a gorgeous view! Just what I'm going to do when my ship comes in—live in a loft. I really believe I could write up here—I mean worth-while things I could enjoy writing and sell."

"It's yours if you want it, when I leave."

"And I'd have a fine time explaining to my friends! You old innocent! . . . Or are you so innocent?"

"We do live in a cramped world. But I meant it. Don't forget to whistle down to Tony Bernini when you get back home to-night."

"I promise."

"Why the gurgle?"

"Because I'm tremendously excited. All my life I've wanted to do mysterious things. I've been with the audience all the while, and I want to be with the actors."

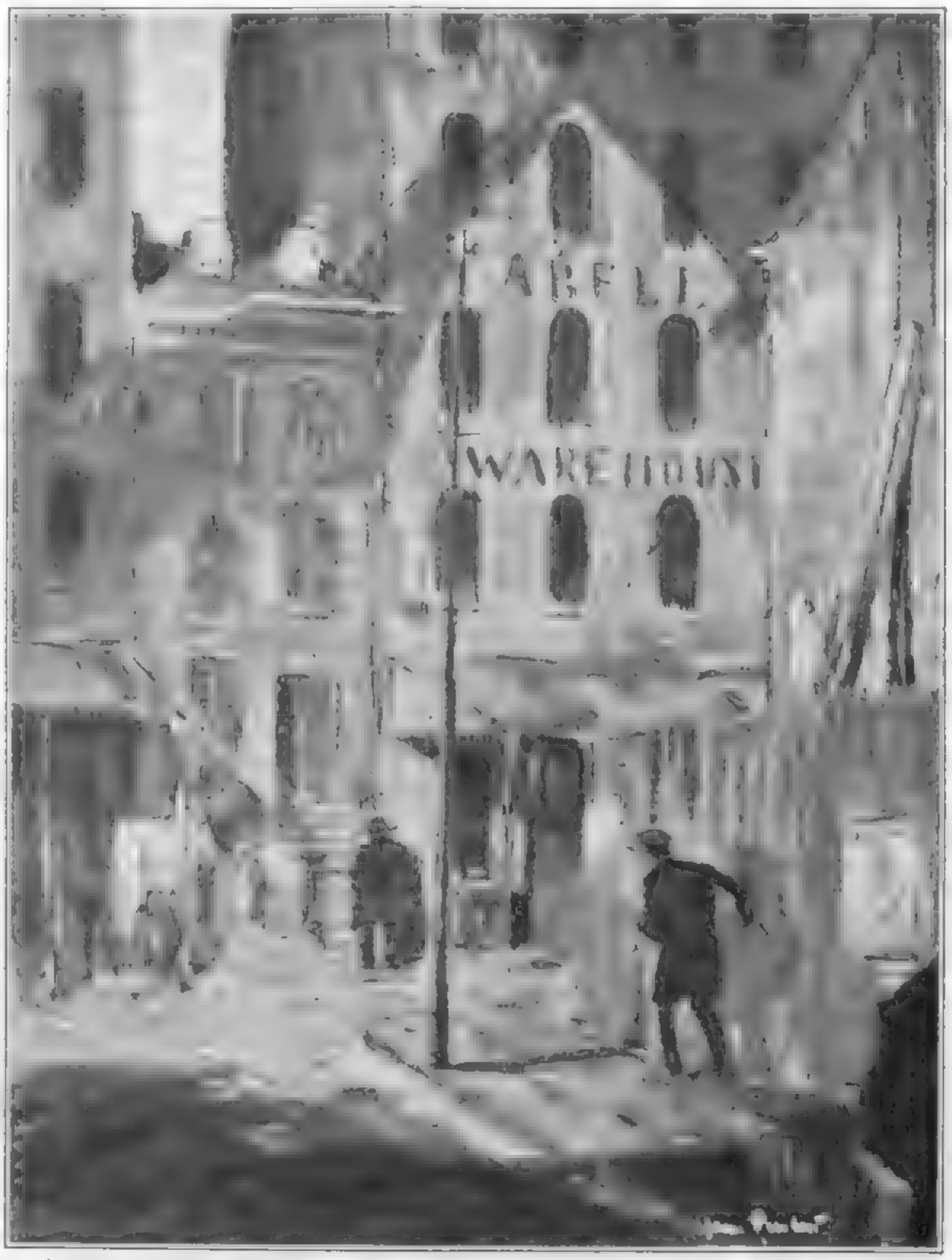
"You'll give some man a wild dance."

"If I do I'll dance with him. Now lead me to the cookies."

She was the life of the tea table. Her wit, her effervescence, her whimsicalities amused even the prim Miss Frances. When she recounted the exploit of the camouflaged fan Cutty and Harrison laughed so loudly that the nurse had to put her finger on her lips. They might wake the patient.

"I am really interested in him," went on Kitty. "I won't deny it. I want to see how it's going to turn out. He was very nice after I let him into the kitchen. A perfectly English manner and voice, and Italian gestures when off his guard. I feel so sorry for him. What strangers we races are to each other! Until the war we hardly knew the Canadians. The British didn't know us at all, and the French became acquainted with the British for the first time in history. And the German thought he knew us all and really knew nobody. All the Russians I ever saw were peasants of the cattle type: so that the word Russian conjures up two pictures—the grand duke at Monte Carlo and a race of men who wear long beards and never bathe except when it rains. Think of it! For the first time since God set mankind on earth,

(Continued on Page 129)



"A Mouse in the Warehouse District. Some New Nest. I Can Lead You to It, Sir, Any Time You Wish"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2.00 the Year, Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.50. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 7, 1920

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Sanctuary

TWO ships, the Mayflower and the Buford, mark epochs in the history of America. The Mayflower brought the first of the builders to this country; the Buford has taken away the first destroyers. In the wake of the Mayflower came many ships bringing desirables to these shores. Many ships must follow the Buford, taking back undesirables to the lands from which they came, there to stay. We have no room in America for a Society of Buford Descendants.

The men of the Mayflower came here to escape oppression and remained to build a great nation. The men of the Buford came here ostensibly to escape oppression and sought to destroy their protectors. The radical mind sees no difference between them and pronounces them both good—and red.

Loud cries are going up from both the out-and-out and the in-and-out Bolshevist papers. Knouts crack and chains rattle in their pages. They are making a martyr a minute. And they have succeeded in confusing a good many of the more simple-minded among their sitting-room and parlor readers, both street and college educated, in making them believe that in shipping back the reds to Utopia some awful thing has been done to them. They may be right at that, for it looks like work or starve in Russia this winter. But whatever befalls the comrades at the hands of their brothers we shall bear up bravely here in America.

Particularly in those curious periodicals devoted to governmental jazz and economic hokum that, together with spiritualism, have found a large following among our war psychopaths, the cry is being raised that America is no longer true to her old ideals; that she no longer offers asylum to those oppressed for conscience' sake and political beliefs.

Passing by as irrelevant the fact that a majority of these latter-day refugees show no signs of having a conscience and worship no god but the Revolution, it is probable that America will always offer asylum under proper conditions to the genuinely oppressed of the world. But it is highly improbable that she will continue to be the world lunatic asylum. In the past we have freely offered to these Russians, Germans and other aliens everything that we have—freedom to worship as they please; a chance to become citizens and to vote side by side with us; opportunity to make a living on equal terms with the native born. The law of self-preservation forbids this for the future. First we discover that one group of aliens is trying to impose the Kaiser on us as a master, and then that another is plotting to deliver us over to Lenine. And not only are these aliens seeking to destroy our country but they are progressively limiting opportunity for Americans.

We are in the position of a farmer who has granted shelter to a passing tramp, only to wake up from pleasant dreams to find him pouring kerosene on the kitchen floor, preparatory to looting and firing the house. And these pyromaniac editors, in pretty little pieces, bid us be perfectly calm and not throw out the poor tramp, who has been oppressed by a heartless brakeman on Number Three. Besides, the burning house will light up the surrounding landscape beautifully.

If these aliens for whom they bleed so freely and redly ever really needed asylum the occasion for it has passed. If they fear oppression at home it is at the hands of their comrades. If they linger on here it is not because Europe does not offer men of their expressed beliefs a congenial home. Their hopes have been wholly realized in Russia and partially realized elsewhere on the Continent. Their brothers are in the saddle, their ideals are in practical operation. Why then do they fight and kick and scratch against deportation to Utopia? Why do they conspire against the Government that has befriended them? Simply because the pickings are poor just now in Europe. Because over there the comrades must work or starve if they are not in on the ground floor. Because their real ideal is loot, and America is the richest country in the world, as it is the most careless, the most given to accepting men at their own valuations and professions. When a man proclaims that he is working for the brotherhood of man it seems to Americans like sacrilege to doubt and to investigate the holy one to see whether it is really for brotherhood or for his own pocket that he is working.

The average American is the easiest fellow in the world to con with professional uplift patter, because he is always an innocent bystander in the things that most concern him—politics, profiteering, labor-and-capital disputes, and now alien radicalism. He is only half awake to the extent and organization of this sinister red campaign against his Government, his prosperity and his liberties. "Let George do it" is the national motto where anything except the immediate dollar is concerned. And after George has done it the bystander is pretty apt to round on George and ask him why he kicked up all that fuss. The world is still wagging and business is as usual or a little better.

When it comes to public affairs and duties the average American leads a sheltered life that makes a convent-bred girl look unprotected. But there can be no innocent bystanders in this business, no hairsplitting, no passing the buck. It is not "just newspaper talk." It is a menacing fact, and sooner or later everyone must line up on one side or the other and take an active part in deciding whether this country shall remain America or become Russia.

Hand in hand with this demand that we keep our doors open to everyone is the demand that we open our mails to anything. In this instance the reds and their pink allies are pulling the strings that work the suppression-of-free-speech bogy, and under their manipulations it is making some terrifying faces.

Free speech, like the liberty to worship and to vote as one's conscience dictates, is one of the great rights of an American citizen, but a situation might easily arise where any or all of those rights would have to be abridged for the protection of the people. A group might conscientiously believe in human sacrifice or in its right to nominate a convicted murderer for President; but in either event its conscience would promptly be told to behave. The right of free speech that is being demanded is simply the right to incite listeners and readers to free love, free loot, free murder and a free field to overturn the Government by violence. Anyone who has studied the tons of red and pink pamphlets, newspapers and periodicals that are pouring from presses all over the country knows that this is being done boldly and directly by the reds, and timidly and indirectly by the pinkies.

This free-speech campaign has even deceived perfectly good American editors, who tremble lest their inherent right to print a corking scandal on the front page or to roast anything editorially is going to be taken away from them. They fear that an open season on skunks may in some way curtail their right to kill a frying chicken for supper. A country that has successfully distinguished between liberty and license in religion and voting can probably be depended on to show a little common sense in distinguishing between free speech and incitement to murder.

Any good citizen who will conscientiously attend a class in red rhetoric or take a course in Bolshevist literature will graduate with some pretty clear convictions on the proper limits to free speech.

People who demand free and unlimited speech for themselves are quite intolerant of it in others. There is no free speech, no free press in "free" Russia. A tendency to shut off all discussion of economic theories or criticism of government that is not in agreement with their views shows wherever radicals get the upper hand.

Self-Preservation

DEPORTATION and immigration are the two great questions before us. We have made a good start at the first, but it will be useless to continue deportations unless we are prepared to take equally drastic action on immigration. Those aliens who deplore our individualistic, capitalistic system are preparing to come over here by the hundred thousand to enjoy its benefits and if possible to join with their fellows already here to short-cut to fortune by confiscating our capital.

We must rid our minds of the notion that America is some kind of a world institution for the care of nuts; that Americans have no rights that her guests are bound to respect; that her citizenship is open to anyone to accept or reject as his own whims and interests dictate; that men who cannot speak our language have a God-given right to tell us where to get off; that we can make a few passes over anyone regardless of race and presto! an American; or that we can keep on ceaselessly dividing with the whole world and have as much as we had before.

People talk of these immigrants from Russia, from Hungary, from the Balkans, as if all they need to become Americanized is to learn not to keep the coal in the bathtub and to be taught a little pushcart English. They see the negro problem; but they cannot grasp the Russian problem. They do not understand that many of these alien peoples are temperamentally and racially unfitted for easy assimilation; that they are living in an age two or three centuries behind ours. They are white, they can read a few lines, and they have a few dollars—so in they come. We need three generations to educate, to crossbreed with Western strains and to assimilate a large number of those that we have here now.

This matter of Americanization is only partly a question of education. Many second-generation Americans from Central and Eastern Europe, men with college degrees, are quite unassimilated to American ideals. Temperamentally and racially they are still Russian or Balkan or German. So further immigration must not only be rigidly limited in volume but we must analyze the possibilities and desirability of different races in a way that we have never done before. The matter of race, as well as the qualifications of individuals, must be given more attention.

Arguments for unrestricted immigration always go back to some petty selfish reason—never to the greatest good of the country. A woman wants a cook, a manufacturer wants cheap labor, a laborer wants his relatives to share in the big wages, a politician wants votes, and aliens want to take over our property and our country. The rank and

file of these unassimilated aliens still live mentally in the ghetto or as peasants on the great estates. In thought they are still stoned by the gentile; still ground down by the master—yoked in mind to the ox of the field. Freemen they walk among us, but they are not free. They are serfs to tradition—narrow, suspicious, timid, brutal, rapacious—easily persuaded by their fears and blindly led through their ignorance.

It has been truly said that no man is under obligation to burn down his house even to warm the widow and the orphan. America is under no obligation to destroy herself in a hopeless effort to transform overnight the results of centuries of serfdom, ignorance and brutality into upstanding Americans. License is as close as the mass of these eastern Europeans can approximate to the idea of liberty.

No foreigner has any rights in or to America except those that we choose to give him, and we have been so free-handed in the past that we shall soon have very little left to give. Our great prosperity has been due to two factors—America and Americans—the country that was handed to us in trust and that because of its natural advantages bred a peculiarly happy and prosperous race. Increasing population beyond a certain point means decreasing opportunity and prosperity, and so a lowered standard of living. That is one great factor in Europe's troubles—overpopulation of the land, overcrowding in the cities, with fewer opportunities and less to go round. Many of the things on which we pride ourselves, that have made us strong, self-reliant and prosperous, are due to luck—our luck in having a big fertile country, rich in raw materials and with enough outdoors untouched and unspoiled so that we can get up against Nature in our work and our play. Conversely, many of Europe's troubles, many of the conditions over there that we decry, are due to overpopulation, insufficient natural resources and the lack of any real outdoors, except the sophisticated, dolled-up resorts of the tourist. Let us guard jealously what we have left and be in no hurry to hand it over to aliens, or we shall cheat our sons out of their rightful inheritance.

The supply of cooks may be increased, but only temporarily. Gone, too, is the day when labor can be regarded as a commodity, imported like raw material and treated like it. Relatively larger wages have been permanently secured by labor, with all that that means in the shape of better men and happier lives. We have been having a mad ride on the merry-go-round, bringing over more men to make more goods to sell to more immigrants to make bigger profits to build bigger factories to make more goods to sell. We are wasting and exploiting our resources to the limit, jazzing up production, jazzing up consumption, inflating population, inflating standards of living, inflating fortunes, living faster and faster, getting bigger and bigger, swelling up and up and up ——

What's the hurry? What's the use? What's the finish? In the end, by some process, we must get back to sanity. It all works down to a question of short-sighted selfishness, the immediate dollar and the devil take our country; or far-sighted selfishness, conservation, and self-preservation, with the kind of an America that we found as a heritage for our children, with a chance for them to make good in the old American way.

A fair field and an unspoiled country is a start to which every American is entitled. The honest gains of his honest work, the reward of his brains, his efficiency and his industry, is a finish that no American will forgo because an alien wants to steal it from him.

Surfman Ashton

THERE is probably no publishing house in all the world that turns out so much dreary, unread reading matter as the Government Printing Office at Washington. It is pleasant to record that these Saharas of the printed page are not without occasional oases that make one forget the hot sands one has crossed in reaching them.

Such an oasis is to be found in the annual report of the United States Coast Guard for the period ending June 30, 1919. Sandwiched in between routine paragraphs is a brief but stirring account of the exploits of Surfman L. E. Ashton and what he did for the relief of influenza victims in Alaska. On December 6, 1918, Ashton loaded a dog sledge with medicines and supplies, and with one other man set out from his station at Nome to bring aid and comfort to the sick and dying at Cape Prince of Wales, 160 miles distant, and at small settlements on the way. After treating the sick at eight villages through which he passed he arrived after a week's journey at Cape Prince of Wales, where he found 122 natives sick and 157 dead. In nearly every cabin living and dead lay side by side.

Surfman Ashton took command. He converted the schoolhouse into a hospital and the post office into a dispensary, and swiftly built up an organization by means of which he was able to care for all the sick. He stayed on the job for ten to twelve weeks and did not leave it till the dead were buried and the epidemic was at an end.

The restrained language of the official report no more than hints at the extraordinary pluck, resource and staying powers that Ashton displayed; but one may read between the lines and perceive there the heroism without which the performance of his task would have been impossible.

Though part of the Navy in wartime, the Coast Guard has a fine body of tradition peculiarly its own. As long as it continues to build up its ranks with the stuff that Surfman Ashton is made of its fame will not lose its old-time luster.

Is the Spirit of Our Next President Here?

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

A New Day in Communication

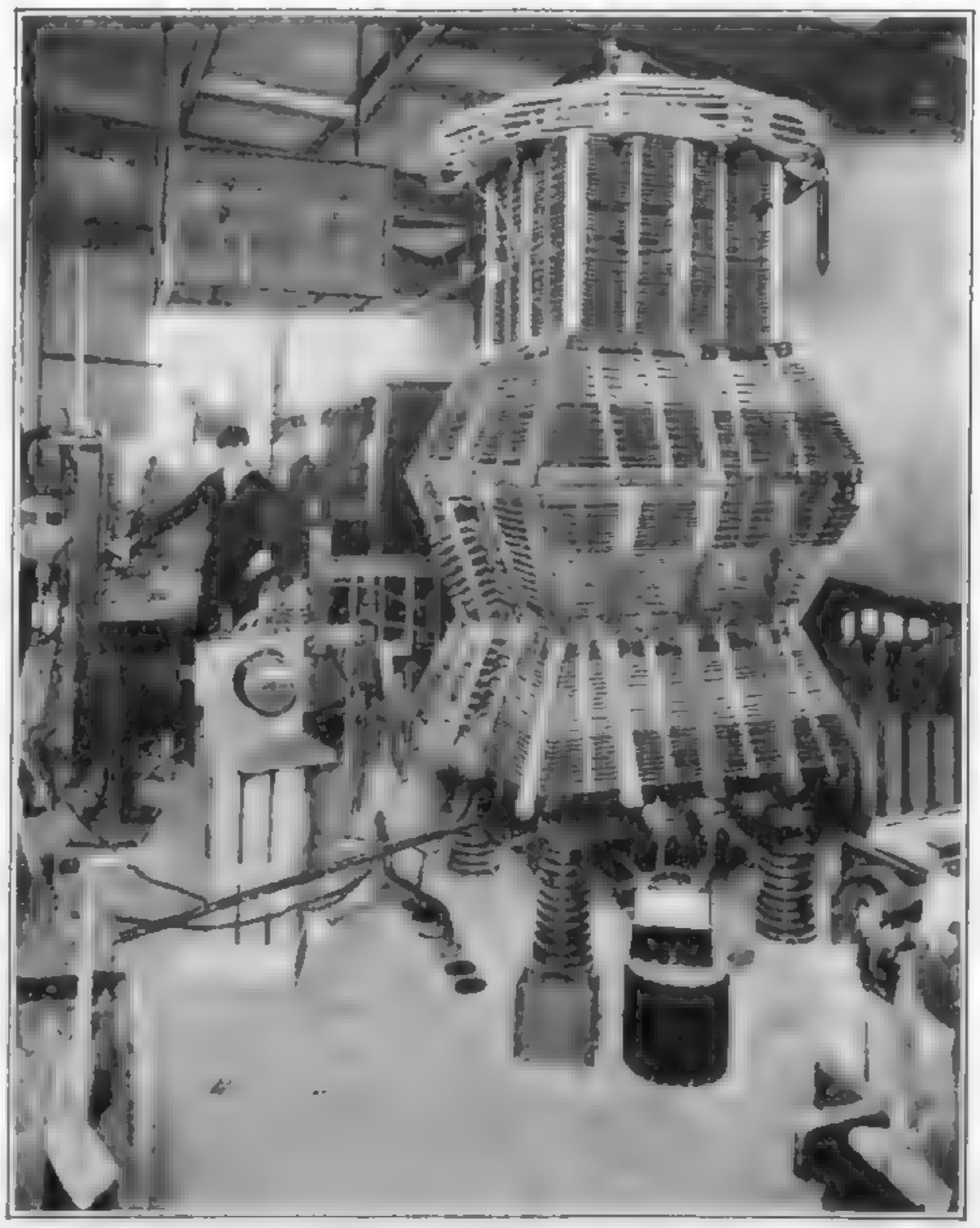
By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE business capacity of a nation depends upon that country's ability to communicate promptly and intelligently with its customers. Here within the borders of the United States we have an extensive telephone, telegraph and mail service. Our domestic needs are well cared for. But in the matter of communicating with the outside world the position of America has been very unsatisfactory.

If this nation were to depend upon our cables to handle the ever-increasing commercial-message traffic of the present and coming years the situation resulting therefrom would be intolerable. The cable situation since the signing of the armistice has been but little better than it was during the war. Both Atlantic and Pacific messages have been delayed from two to ten days in transmission. Radio has come in to help us out of our dilemma and developments of the greatest importance scientifically and commercially are in course of completion.

Great Britain heretofore has had virtual control of international communication. This has resulted from her ownership of the principal raw materials entering into the manufacture of submarine cables and her possession of the chief landing stations throughout the earth. In the radio business the two dominant companies have been the British Marconi Company and the Marconi Wireless Company of America. The latter concern was a subsidiary of the British company and was licensed to do business here in America. That's how the situation was during the war and up until a few months ago.

So much for current history. Let us now jump to the recent scientific developments that have taken place in radio before we go on with our tale of how the United States has risen from a minor to a major position in the matter of world communication.



Interior of a Big Atlantic Coast Radio Station, Showing One of the Loading Coils That is Used to Procure Correct Wave Lengths. In the Background is an Experimental Wireless Telephone Section

Ernst Alexanderson, the son of a Swedish professor, came to the United States in 1901. He had a technical education and obtained a position in this country as a draftsman for an electrical company. A year later he changed to a large corporation, which affiliation still exists. He has more than one hundred inventions to his credit, all of them of an electrical nature. Mr. Alexanderson conceived the possibility of sending power by radio waves, and while working with this object in view he found that it was possible to put a dynamo electric machine behind the wave and vary the flow of power in correspondence with the modulations of the human voice, thus making long-distance radiotelephony possible. It is evident therefore that radiotelephony is a by-product of the development of sustained radio waves as a method of alternation-current power transmission. With the previous system of wireless-spark telegraph it was no more possible to transmit the modulations of the human voice than it would be in ordinary land telegraphy over wires to reproduce speech from the dots and dashes of the Morse code.

The first radio physicist was Hertz, who discovered and determined the laws of electromagnetic radiation. Then came Marconi, who made the first use of electromagnetic waves for practical communication. Now comes Alexanderson with his development of wireless telephony which will soon encompass the world. During the war radio grew so fast that the situation has actually become complicated due to overcrowding the air. Space in the ether is not inexhaustible, as will be pointed out later. It is also a fact, as most people know, that the war was brought to a close by negotiations conducted by radio, which led to the armistice. Now we must use this new type of service to remedy the lack of adequate means for communication in this day of unprecedented international commerce.

With the aid of the latest radio equipment, the human voice, acting upon electrical energy for wireless transmission, controls 270 horse power. Expressed in another way, the voice can now be intensified 100,000,000 times. Sound travels but 1090 feet a second, but when the human voice is directed upon a wireless telephone, it modulates ether waves that travel at a speed of more than 180,000 miles a second.

But for the present we must leave wireless telephony and devote our attention to the business of telegraphy by radio. The fields of radiotelegraphy and radiotelephony are separate and distinct and it is not felt that the improvements in radiotelephony will encroach upon the territory of radiotelegraphy. The relation is very much the same as the ordinary telephone bears to the telegraph. As a general rule it is cheaper and more accurate to send a message to a distant point by telegraph than by telephone, and it is much easier to preserve the secrecy of the communication, as a telegram can be sent in code. It is exceedingly difficult to transmit a code message by telephone, as certain letters and words are practically indistinguishable. On the other hand, when accuracy is not of special importance a message may be transmitted with more speed by telephone than by telegraph, as the words need not be spelled out. Furthermore a skilled operator is not required, and there is a personal element in the conversation when one man can talk direct to another which is lacking when the messages have to be transmitted through the medium of an operator.

The telephone will be used largely in close-by communications between the earth and airplanes and between shore stations and ships, but the system of transoceanic communication that will be employed for the present at least will be by wireless telegraph. It is likewise true that overland radio communication has not yet reached so advanced a stage of development as transoceanic or high-power wireless.

Returning again to Alexanderson and his scientific achievements, we find that this engineer has perfected and patented apparatus which has much improved radio work. Instead of utilizing oscillations generated by vacuum tubes as has been the practice, the oscillations are now produced by a high-frequency alternator. This machine can be used both in telephony and telegraphy. Its initial cost is considerable, but the upkeep is comparatively negligible. This does not mean that the vacuum tube has been discarded, for a limited number of these tubes are necessary to regulate the oscillations produced by the alternator and to superimpose the telephonic signals upon the continuous wave emitted by the machine. Perhaps the greatest advantage of this new machine is that the wave length transmitted may be varied simply by changing the speed of the machine.

As a result of this invention, the patents of which are held here in the United States, the whole business of radio communication has undergone not only a scientific change but a transfer of control that means much to the future of this country in a political and commercial way. The two big radio companies already doing business quickly realized the real import of the Alexanderson invention. One of these companies offered to purchase something like $5,000,000 worth of the new equipment, at the same time requesting certain forms of protection covering their future development. The vice president of the company manufacturing the Alexanderson apparatus, realizing the seriousness of any move that would give world radio control to foreigners, decided to first take the matter up with the United States Government. During the war the Navy had been in charge of radio, so the situation was explained to the Secretary of the Navy, and aid was promised in the effort to retain control of the fruits of our inventive work in this science of wireless communication.

Secretary Daniels immediately addressed letters to Congress calling attention to the extreme desirability of national action that would avoid confusion in radio communication and bring about world-wide uniformity of practice. Mr. Daniels said: "It is now practicable to erect a radio station so effective that its signals can be intercepted in every village in the world. Such an instrumentality can be of incalculable value in bringing the world together and furthering common understandings. If other countries have better communication services than ours with lower rates their nationals have a distinct trade advantage. It would be detrimental to our interests were the ultimate control of high-power radio to become lodged in a foreign corporation or in any foreign country."

What Mr. Daniels had in mind was that Congress should authorize government purchase and control of radio communication, placing the business under the supervision of the Navy. Congress, however, had just been fed up on government ownership of the railroads and the telegraph, so the secretary failed in his plea. This opened the way for the organization of a powerful private company to handle the matter and the result was the formation of a strictly Yankee concern backed by some of our strongest financial interests and possessed of the patent rights to the Alexanderson radio apparatus.

This new American company first purchased the British holdings in the American Marconi Company and then with the consent of the stockholders of the latter concern absorbed the American Marconi. This brings radioactivity in the United States under American management for the first time. Next the new corporation entered into negotiations with the British Marconi Company concerning radio communication throughout the rest of the world. The result has been that the British concern has been given the patent rights of the Alexanderson alternator for use in the British Empire, by which action American-made radio apparatus becomes standard throughout the world. In South America a wireless company will be organized

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Ask her to get Campbell's

It will mean that you will have good beans every time—thoroughly cooked, deliciously flavored, easily digested. It is so easy to get Campbell's (grocers have them throughout the United States and Canada) that there is no reason why anyone should ever be disappointed in the beans that come on the table. Have Campbell's regularly.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

with a stock ownership that is fifty per cent British and fifty per cent American. Of the seven directors, however, five will be appointed by the American company. As for the wireless company in Canada, the British parent corporation has agreed to operate back and forth only between Canada and points in the British Empire, so that there can be no extension of wireless communication by way of Canada to the United States and South America.

Concerning the rest of the world, with the exception of China, the British and American companies will consider this neutral soil and they will therefore license each other. China will have a wireless company that is owned half by the British and half by the Chinese Government. Thus it is evident that the world will now be encircled by two great radio companies in which the American corporation will have a dominating position. This will go far toward linking our outlying possessions to this country. It will give us full news reports from all parts of the world and it will enable us to send American news of a commercial and political nature to the peoples of other lands.

Furthermore it must be remembered that there are only a certain number of lanes in the air available for the transmission of messages by radio. When all the space has been occupied and is being used there will be no opportunity for other companies or governments to enter the field. The business is one that can only be efficiently carried on under monopolistic control. "As free as the air" is no longer a true simile, for it will soon be as crowded as the main street of a big city on a busy afternoon.

Experience has shown that only 10,000 to 20,000 meter-length wireless waves can be used for transoceanic communication. A wave shorter than 10,000 meters will not always get across the ocean. A slight wind may destroy waves made by throwing a stone into a pond, but such a wind would not interfere with the roll of the ocean coming in from a storm at sea. All of which means that with present methods there is only room in the air for twelve first-class transmitting stations. The available space in the ether has already been taken up by five such stations, so there is only room for seven more of these installations. It is of course probable that further scientific developments will increase this limited field for radio.

Each station must have a right of way for its wave length over the whole world. At present the rate of transmission from the existing stations is twelve words a minute. However, recent experiments indicate that messages will soon be sent at a speed of more than one hundred words a minute. It is also indicated that the selectivity with reference to wave lengths will be so improved that the wave lengths of messages will be within one per cent of each other instead of seven per cent, which is the spacing of the stations at present. These prospects, with other probabilities, hold forth promise that the world's capacity for radio traffic in a few years will be 175 times as great as it is with the practice of to-day.

In the days prior to the invention of the Alexanderson alternator the radio stations were sending out irregular waves, which like a drunken driver covered all the available street by their zigzagging. The new apparatus not only has done away with this, but has made it possible—as it were—to run seven automobiles abreast in the space formerly taken by one automobile. That is, seven messages can now be made to keep their own path and travel on the same right of way formerly occupied by a single message.

Another great advance in radio has come from the development of the so-called barrage receiver, which allows simultaneous sending and receiving. In other words, it will now be possible to increase radio traffic by transmitting several communications on the same wave length. Through the use of this invention a receiving station may be located close to a sending station which transmits on the same wave length, and yet the receiving station will be insensitive to the signals transmitted by that station, though it can receive messages from the other side of the ocean.

Just after we got into the war the powerful German wireless station at Nauen was used to drown our messages from the United States to Yankee ships and troops on the other side of the ocean. This muddled the American communications beyond understanding and caused Alexanderson and his associates to start investigations of remedial measures that led to the perfecting of the barrage receiver, which effectively shut out the German signals and enabled us to hear only France and England. Before this wireless talking was a one-way business. One person could listen, but could not answer back until the speaker had finished and both had thrown a switch simultaneously to reverse the process.

A final wonderful radio development is the practice of photographic receiving of wireless messages. The instrument employed for this work is also a United States invention, having been discovered by an electrical engineer named C. A. Hoxie. This instrument permits the eye to replace the ear in reading a wireless communication. It enables greater speed in receiving, greater accuracy and a permanent record. It will decipher messages that operators were unable to get by ear. In practice the machine has already recorded at the rate of 400 words a minute, which is as fast as a machine gun shoots.

This matter of speed in receiving is extremely important in a commercial way, for it links up with the atmospheric-electric phenomena of the northern temperature zone. For years it has been found that the best time for transmitting all wireless messages between here and Europe was from four to ten o'clock in the morning. Speedy sending and receiving can condense the traffic into this most favorable period, or a greater volume can be sent with a minimum number of stations. When it is remembered that a pair of stations—one in Europe and one here—can easily cost $2,000,000, the item of keeping down overhead charges by rapid sending will be easily appreciated. Expert operators have been known to receive thirty-five words a minute for a short time under perfect conditions, but average reception up to this time has been fifteen to twenty words a minute—or 1000 words an hour. Heretofore it was possible to send faster than a message could be received, but now the situation has been reversed.

The mechanism of this new receiving device is comparatively simple. The tape on which the message is recorded is propelled by an electric motor. Automatically this tape enters a developing fluid; then a hypo fixing bath; next it is washed in running water and dried by electric heat assisted by forced draft. All of this process is invisible, as it is effected inside of the little machine. The message pours out of the wonderful device into a basket and contains an average of one word for every inch of tape. The time to record, develop, fix, wash and dry the tape is from two to four minutes. The rolls of tape are 1000 feet long and a continuous message of 10,000 words can be recorded without reloading the machine.

Mr. Hoxie says: "I hope to perfect the instrument so that in the not-far-distant future several photographic recorders can be attached to a single antenna and simultaneously receive and record messages from Rome; Lyons; Carnarvon, Wales; Nauen, Germany; and San Francisco. This may be called simultaneous multiplex receiving from one antenna. When this is accomplished an international receiving station would have but a single antenna and in a room inside the station there would be a row of machines with tapes pouring into baskets. One could pause at the first basket and read of the new president of Germany; stepping to the next basket he would read of a volcanic eruption in the Philippines, and only a few feet farther on would be the baskets marked London, Rome, San Francisco, Sydney and Shanghai."

Briefly this is the story of radio communication for transoceanic service. Over in France, where war and its after effects have forced scientific thought to a high degree of activity, a system of wireless telegraphy is going to be employed for warnings on railroads to increase safety and efficiency. This is but one of a hundred uses to which radio will be applied in the coming years. That the United States has succeeded in gaining the highest place in world-wide radio is a matter of national satisfaction. The clever engineers who perfected the inventions that made this outcome possible are deserving of the people's thanks.

Nitrate as a Cost Reducer

OF ALL things that were essential to our national success in the days of war nothing ranked higher in importance than ammonium nitrate. Back of every projectile that was hurled toward the enemy was a propellant made by treating cotton or glycerin with nitric acid. Also every shell that was designed to burst contained an explosive that had been made by treating toluol, benzol or ammonia with nitric acid. It was for this reason that when we entered the war this country found itself in a dependent position so far as sufficient supplies of nitrate of ammonia were concerned.

Down in Chile there were large deposits of nitrate of soda, but this source of the essential chemical was several thousand miles distant from our local powder manufacturing plants and there was always the possibility that some enemy nation might gain control of the seas, cutting off our nitrate supplies and placing us at the mercy of a foreign power because of our lack of ammunition. As a result of this serious situation the great chemists of the United States were called upon to solve the problem and get us out of the dilemma. There was also the further fact that any provision we might make for supplying nitrate in war would be equally profitable in furnishing us with an adequate supply of fertilizer to fill agricultural needs in times of peace.

Unfortunately here in this country we have no deposits of natural nitrates, so it was necessary to arrange for the production of artificial nitrates, either from the gases of our by-product ovens or from our atmosphere. Investigation quickly showed that the capacity of our coke ovens to supply nitrate was quite limited, so all efforts were centered on getting nitrogen out of the air. There were several methods by which nitrogen could be obtained from ordinary atmosphere. After an extended study of the different plans it was finally decided to

Apparatus for the Fractional Distillation of Nitrogen at the U. S. Nitrate Plant, Muscle Shoals, Alabama

(Continued on Page 34)

WHITE OWL

3 for 25¢

9¢ for 1

WHITE OWL BRAND

Value!

With prices climbing it's a relief to know that it is still possible to get so fine a cigar as White Owl at a reasonable cost.

No doubt you already know why there is such good value in the White Owl. The tobacco is of fine character and is very carefully cured by experts.

The long Invincible shape with its tapering end, gives the White Owl the appearance of a much more expensive cigar.

In addition, White Owl benefits from the great resources and long experience of the General Cigar Co., Inc. This fact alone guarantees you good value. If you are looking for good value, we recommend White Owl, a mild, fragrant cigar.

General Cigar Co., INC.

DEPENDABLE CIGARS

119 West 40th Street
New York City

(Continued from Page 32)

manufacture ammonium nitrate from air, steam and water by means of using the common materials coal, coke and limestone. The cost of constructing such a plant was estimated to be far less than the expense necessary to build a large number of by-product coke ovens. The outcome was that early in 1918 a site for the new plant was selected on the Tennessee River.

Great care was exercised by the engineers in laying out the plant, and the whole works was so planned that the main product of each department proceeded without delay to the next department continuously on a route that ran from north to south. Eventually the entire plant will be operated by power furnished by the large hydro-electric plant which the Government is now constructing on the Tennessee River close by. The process of producing nitrogen is too complicated to attempt to describe here. Suffice it to say that the nitrogen is obtained by the compressing and cooling of air until it becomes liquid, then in the fractional distillation of the air to separate the nitrogen from the oxygen in much the same manner as alcohol is separated from water, advantage being taken of the different temperatures at which the two gases change from the liquid state to the gaseous.

Very few people realize the immense work that has been carried through in constructing this large industrial plant, and even a less number of our citizens comprehend the real value in a national way that will ultimately result from the operation of this immense works. During the first ten months of its construction more than $60,000,000 had been expended in building this great nitrate plant, and still the project was far from being a completed undertaking. At the present time the plant has a capacity of 110,000 tons of ammonium nitrate per year, or 300 tons of ammonium nitrate per day. Now that the demands of war have subsided, it has not been found necessary to change the present plant for the manufacture of fertilizer except in the finishing end. To make the plant wholly a peacetime operation it has been found necessary to add only two new buildings of rather simple construction. On the other hand the whole plant can be turned to wartime production on very short notice.

The consumption of fertilizer in the United States in 1913 was approximately 6,800,000 tons, which contained in the neighborhood of 154,000 tons of nitrogen. At the present moment there is every evidence that our agricultural industry will demand more and more inorganic nitrogen, due to many causes, among which may be mentioned the largely increased use of cottonseed meal as a cattle food on account of the high price of corn. During the six years from 1909 to 1914 the use of fertilizer in the United States increased sixty per cent. The outlook during the next decade is for an equally large increase with a simultaneous demand for a much higher grade of fertilizer. It is not likely that our farmers will be satisfied with a fertilizer that will average as low as 2½ per cent ammonia.

During the thirty-one years from 1883 to 1913 inclusive the United States imported 6,516,031 tons of Chilean saltpeter, having a value of $209,971,246. There is every reason to believe that our new nitrate plants will make us largely independent of foreign countries for our necessary supply. The fertilizer bill of the United States is now running at about $150,000,000 annually, of which more than sixty per cent is being purchased and used in our Southern States. Here in America we have been blessed with virgin lands which have not been exploited for generations as have the fields of Europe. The time has arrived, however, when our farmers must choose between reducing their lands to a barren waste or adding sufficient nitrogen to the soil to make it repay the cost of cultivation.

Not long ago Thomas Edison was asked to name the greatest invention since the electric light, and he wrote down, first, wireless; and second, nitrogen from the atmosphere, making nitric acid and cyanamid. Sir William Crookes, the famous British scientist, recently pointed out that the world's food consumption was running beyond the capacity of the cultivated lands producing it. He expressed the conviction that the only way in which the world could ultimately avoid starvation would be through the bountiful use of fertilizer containing that most valuable element, nitrogen. Four-fifths of every breath we draw and a large part of our daily food is nitrogen. As to the possibility of our exhausting the nitrogen in our atmosphere, it is interesting to note that above every seven acres of land there is as much of this element as the world consumes in a year in the form of saltpeter, the principal commercial form of nitrogen. There is no doubt therefore that the air contains a measureless supply of this essential element which can be used to restore our hard-taxed soil.

Even here in America, where we are so prone to boast of our absolute independence, our population is increasing at a much faster rate than is our increase in crops. In a recent ten-year period the population increased 21 per cent and our crops increased but 10 per cent. It is not necessary to seek further for one of the chief causes of the high cost of living. In the sixteen years prior to the commencement of the world war the increase in the cost of living averaged more than five per cent a year. Let us not assume, therefore, that all of our present troubles are due wholly to the effects of the war and the resultant inflation of the world's money. One way out is to increase our crop yields per acre without the employment of additional labor. This means the greater use of the principal plant foods, phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen.

The only way that the American farmer can be persuaded to use more fertilizer is to see that it is furnished to him so cheap that he can invest in it with large profit to himself. In past years it has been our practice to use cotton seed as a source of nitrogenous fertilizer. This plan was exceedingly wasteful because of the fact that cotton seed has greater value as a foodstuff than as a fertilizer. One investigator calls attention to the fact that though one ton of cottonseed meal has a market value of $40 when sold as a fertilizer, it has a combined feeding and fertilizer value of something like $75 a ton.

All we have to do is to investigate the food yields per acre in other countries prior to the war in order to discover how great is the deficiency in farm production here

Mr. William C. Durant

in the United States. In 1913, of the eight countries producing the largest quantities of potatoes the United States ranked at the bottom of the list. Belgium produced 300 bushels an acre; the United Kingdom, 245; Germany, 243; Austria-Hungary, 130; while the United States produced only 92 bushels on each acre. Practically the same thing is true of our other crops. Belgium produced 71 bushels of oats an acre; Germany, 61; the United Kingdom, 42; while the United States raised only 30 bushels an acre.

Of all the fertilizer we consume in the United States 35 per cent is used in raising cotton; 21 per cent is apportioned to corn; 17 per cent goes for other cereals; less than 3 per cent is used to grow tobacco; and the remaining 24 per cent is used to grow all of our other crops. It is evident therefore that our principal crop needing a large amount of fertilizer is cotton. Not long ago some experts in Georgia investigated the fertilizer situation in their state and found that the Georgia planters were using a fertilizer composed of ten parts phosphoric acid, two parts potash and two parts ammonia. The research developed the fact that there would be a large increase in the per-acre yield of cotton if a fertilizer were used that contained seven parts phosphoric acid, two parts potash and five parts ammonia.

All these facts tend to prove that there is urgent need for a greater supply of nitrogen here in the United States than can be furnished us at present through the operation of our by-product coke-oven plants. Germany did not dare to start the war until her great chemists had developed the cyanamid processes to a point where the German people were independent of the Chilean nitrate supplies. Even though there may be no more wars, we have with us a harassing problem that is known as the high cost of living. Nitrate is one solution, and it is to be hoped that every possible encouragement will be afforded to make successful the practical commercial operation of the immense nitrogen fixation plant in Northern Alabama.

A Record in Industrial Growth

NO MAN who does a big thing can ever see far enough into the future to measure accurately the outcome of his act. Charles Goodyear, dreamer though he was, never imagined that by accidentally dropping a lump of his rubber mixture on a hot stove he had provided the basis for the building of what will soon be the world's largest manufacturing industry. Without vulcanized rubber there would be no great motor-car business such as exists to-day.

Civilization is largely built on transportation and no phase of transportation ever developed in history is equal in importance to the evolution of the automobile. Wheeled vehicles were used in the early days of Babylon, but, strange to relate, there were no really valuable improvements in actual road transportation from the time of the oxcart of Pharaoh until in 1885, when Carl Benz ran his horseless carriage on the streets of Mannheim in Germany. This was the first road vehicle to be propelled by an internal-combustion hydrocarbon motor. Earlier steam vehicles for highway travel in England and France had failed dismally. Even Benz met with such prejudice that the city authorities only permitted him to drive his crude machine on certain streets at specified hours. It was only as far back as 1892 that Charles Duryea completed and ran the first automobile in the United States.

Automobile manufacture on anything like a noteworthy scale did not commence until 1903. At that time about a dozen different cars were being produced. To-day there are about six hundred motor-vehicle manufacturers in the United States. The automobile industry at present employs more than a million workers and represents an investment of approximately one and a half billion dollars, which is more than the capitalization of all the national banks in this country. More than six million cars are now being used in the United States and it is safe to estimate that the total mileage of these vehicles will average not less than twenty billion miles per annum.

The war had a serious effect on the automobile industry, especially the manufacture of passenger cars, as is evidenced by the fact that the wholesale value of passenger cars in 1917 was more than a billion dollars, while in 1918 this value only totaled a little more than $700,000,000. The advances of the industry to a normal production in 1919 were nothing less than amazing and suggest the extreme virility of this youthful business.

And as for commercial vehicles, the story of the past years is one that shows even greater progress on the road to prosperity. Back in 1904 manufacturers in the United States only produced 411 motor trucks. In 1918 the production of these vehicles amounted to 227,250 trucks, with a value of more than $450,000,000. Just what the production of trucks totaled in 1919 I am unable to determine, but the registration of commercial vehicles last year was approximately 700,000 cars as compared with 593,092 cars in 1918. The production of tractors in the United States has increased from 29,670 in 1916 to 314,936 in 1919. Just what this great increase in the number of tractors in the United States will do for the agricultural industry of the nation may well be imagined.

It is extremely interesting to note that though European nations started to develop their automobile industries before the idea had taken hold in the United States, the subsequent progress in this industry throughout the world represents a signal victory for America. Here in our own country, where we have in excess of 6,000,000 cars, there is approximately one car for every twenty of our inhabitants. In England there are only something like 180,000 cars, or one motor for each 268 of inhabitants; in France there is one car for every 402 people; Germany, one car for every 684 people; Italy, one car for every 1000 people; Austria, one car for every 2700 persons; and Russia, one car for every 5300 inhabitants. No figures that could be compiled would represent in more conclusive fashion the amazing growth of automobile manufacture in the United States. It is also probable that this country will remain the world's greatest exporter of motor vehicles. Six years ago we were exporting about 25,000 passenger cars and 1000 trucks annually. Our exports at present total more than 70,000 passenger cars and 16,000 commercial vehicles per year.

All of which leads me to the story of a man who is one of the dominating personalities of the great American automobile industry that is spreading its force not only throughout our own industrial fabric but is certain to show its activities in all parts of the civilized world. Most Americans have read the tale of the early development of the automobile in this country. We have heard of the early struggles of George Selden, who held the first patent on an automobile that was filed in the United States. We have read of the bitter legal battles that followed.

But let us pass over the inventors and the other pioneers who exerted such tremendous force in the initial launching of the motor-vehicle business and turn to one who must be conceded to be a genius in the production and distribution of automobiles throughout the world to-day. I refer to William C. Durant, the president of an automobile combination that will soon be the largest single corporation that is doing business here on the face of Mother Earth. No industry can become a giant among industries without in that industry some leader developing and becoming a giant among men.

Mr. Durant was born in Boston fifty-eight years ago and started his business career as a mill hand in his grandfather's establishment at Flint, Michigan. Here he learned

(Concluded on Page 37)

FISK CORD TIRES

YOU are certain to get the best results in every particular from that concern, which, to perfection of materials, process and workmanship in the tire, adds its unfailing interest in your continued satisfaction. Fisk Tires are made to give you unsurpassed satisfaction and the pleasantest business relations. You will like the tire; you will like the Fisk square deal attitude toward dealers and users.

The Fisk ideal is: "To be the best concern in the world to work for, and the squarest concern in existence to do business with".

Next time—BUY FISK
from your dealer

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

F-W-D TRUCKS

The boys from the Front will tell you

This illustration shows an F-W-D against a "phantom" of an ordinary truck of the same rating. Note that the F-W-D, WITH THE SAME LOAD CAPACITY, makes a big saving in truck bulk. The F-W-D actually saves 46 inches in length, 16 inches in width—44 square feet ground space.

The old-fashioned watch was a very bulky, clumsy machine. It was not nearly so efficient as the compact modern timepiece. The development of the watch, like the F-W-D Truck, is a story of better balance—better work—with less bulk.

MORE COMPACT machinery, doing the same or better work, marks the progress of all mechanical science. The F-W-D is the conspicuous example of Motor Trucks. More strength —more efficiency—*less bulk.*

The F-W-D principle of construction makes possible its 56-inch tread front and rear—*its steering with front wheels only*—rear wheels always in track—its small turning circle, 25 ft. 3 in. radius —shaft drive—full floating axles.

Results: Easiest steering—quickest and safest handling in crowded traffic—unusual economies, 40% saving in upkeep, 21% on tire equipment. Full details given in our literature.

THE FOUR WHEEL DRIVE AUTO CO.
Clintonville, Wisconsin

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

(Concluded from Page 34)

the lumber business and prepared himself for a business adventure in an organization that embarked in the carriage-building industry. The total capital of this little concern known as the Durant-Dort Carriage Company was $2000. The product the new company proposed to turn out was a little two-wheeled runabout designed to satisfy the needs of the farmers of the Middle West. Mr. Durant's business prospered and it was not long until his plant was producing 100,000 buggies a year, a success so sensational of its kind that it should have forecast the probable later achievements of this remarkable man.

With his clear vision of the future, however, Mr. Durant early perceived that the horse-drawn vehicle was destined to be superseded by the automobile and he was one of the first to enter the field of manufacture of motor cars, founding a company that started the production of a now well-known automobile. In its production he progressed so fast that by 1907 he was employing 13,000 men in a single plant. Perceiving the advantages in cooperation and amalgamation of interests, he formed the General Motors Company in 1908, using this large corporation to procure control of five motor companies, all in addition to a large number of concerns that produced automobile accessories.

The new company's business expanded rapidly and in 1909 the concern showed a profit of nearly ten million dollars. The expansion was so rapid, however, that in 1910 the company needed twelve million dollars to pay for enormous stocks of raw materials that had been accumulated to satisfy the needs of a rapidly growing business. Wall Street bankers decided to loan the money, but made the deal a costly one to Mr. Durant. Under the conditions imposed he was reduced to the position of a mere member of the voting trust that took charge of the company's affairs under a five-year agreement. Patience proved to be a virtue in his case, however, and he not only held on to his personal holdings of stock but accumulated all the additional shares he was able to purchase during the trying days that followed. In the meantime he organized another motor company and this concern grew so fast that within a few years the company had increased its output of cars from a trifling beginning to more than 200,000 cars annually.

A bit later, when the money lenders found they had a good thing in General Motors, these people decided that on the expiration of the voting trust they would hold on and go ahead with the company's development. But this was not in exact accordance with Mr. Durant's plans, and when the meeting was held it was found that he and his friends controlled the stock; so a new board of directors was chosen for General Motors and the big company again passed into the hands of the man who had retained his faith in the great organization he had created.

During the early years of its existence the automobile industry did not stand high as an investment in the minds of the nation's leading financiers. It was in 1908, as the story runs, that Mr. Durant had a chat with Henry Ford at a New York hotel. Mr. Ford had not developed his car then to what it is to-day. He was not very well and, believing that he had enough money, was thinking seriously of retiring from business. He offered to sell his whole plant to Mr. Durant for $8,000,000. When Durant approached a number of his banker friends in the hope that they would join him in the purchase of the Ford establishment he was met with a flat refusal. The financiers pointed out that they didn't have any faith in the automobile industry and that they considered it was their duty to discourage the whole motor-car business.

At present there are more than eighty operating divisions and subsidiaries under the General Motors wing. The capitalization now is considerably in excess of $1,000,000,000. Production of passenger cars and trucks by all of the General Motors units in 1914 was 68,900. The capacity of the same company in the fiscal year to end July 31, 1920, is more than 500,000 passenger cars, 44,000 trucks, 75,000 farm implements and 18,000 tractors. The gross earnings of this monster new concern in 1918 totaled $326,000,000. In 1919 the gross earnings were approximately $400,000,000.

It is not necessary to call further attention to the marvelous success that has attended Mr. Durant's activities in building the greatest industrial corporation in the world. The chief question is: "How has he succeeded in bringing about this accomplishment?" It is not my purpose to write merely a biographical sketch of a successful man. The point of value in every such case is concerned with the methods that have been employed. What we all desire is information that may be applied to the regulation of our own lives. We are all seeking success of one kind or another and most of us assume that there is something more than mere opportunity back of the rise of any man who has attained to a high position of leadership.

No man who is not a dreamer or who lacks in imagination could ever succeed in building such a large organization as is the General Motors Corporation to-day. Therefore, first of all he is a dreamer of big dreams. People who do not know have sometimes referred to Mr. Durant as one who is chiefly a financier; but this is not true, for the greater part of his attention is given to the mechanical details of the products he manufactures. Those who know him best have had occasion to discover that he can pick out the technical fault in a piece of machinery quicker than most mechanics who devote practically all of their time to the building of motor cars and allied products. Many are the stories that are told of how he has ordered changes in various shop designs following a hasty visit to one of his numerous plants.

There is no bluff or bluster about the man. One of his close associates tells me that in all of his years of intimate acquaintanceship he has never heard Mr. Durant raise his voice in anger or argument. He is finicky to an extreme. Everything must be flawless. This applies to his own clothes as well as to his business plans. He acknowledged to me that he had not mastered the art of delegating all detail to others. It is for this reason that he remains in such close touch with every part of his wide business, no matter how remote. Frequently he is found working away with a ruler and pencil, laying out an advertisement or preparing a form for some special type of report. Though a man of only medium height and physique, he possesses great driving power and is able to work long hours without seeming to dissipate either his strength or his enthusiasm.

One of his friends inquired of him the secret of his success.

"I try never to make the same mistake twice," was his reply.

When asked if he ever worried he said: "Never!" And then added: "In the daytime I'm too busy and at night I'm too sleepy."

But as I sat chatting with him and discussing current events it appeared clear to me that the chief business assets of this automobile wizard were two in number and were his smile and his sympathy. To succeed one must have friends, and this man has them by the hundred. Whether acquired or natural, it is nevertheless true that the Durant smile is perpetual. No matter how serious the subject, you are always aware that there's a twinkle in his eye and a laugh just under the surface ready to break forth.

He believes that men were made to listen as well as talk and the observance of this truth has helped him immeasurably in his contact with others. The Durant plan is first to bend every effort to having his associates settle their differences among themselves; for, as he says, then the scheme agreed upon is all their own. But if they don't settle the matter in dispute, then the General Motors president accepts the responsibility and makes the decision for them. No one has ever accused Durant of any lack of boldness in conception or nerve in execution. His modesty and mildness are inherent and personal. In the management of his business there is no lack of force. Once he has made a decision, his entire effort and all the resources of his concern are thrown into the enterprise.

In the management of his company he is not surrounded by a kitchen cabinet, which pernicious circle of parasites more often disrupts a corporation and breeds disloyalty than any other single cause. Durant can't see all the people who want to reach him with their grievances, for his interests are so numerous and so wide that he must exercise to an extreme degree the conservation of his time. Yet in his personal contacts the man is more democratic than most of the great industrial leaders who have attained a high position in the nation's affairs.

His grandfather was H. H. Crapo, governor of Michigan during the Civil War. It was in Governor Crapo's lumber mills that he earned his first dollars. Some of his friends maintain that since these early days Mr. Durant has created more millionaries than even Carnegie could boast. It is a credit to him that with all of his success he is less known throughout the country than any of our other very rich men.

Space will not permit me to tell of the long conversation I had with Mr. Durant concerning labor matters and his ideas thereon. I found him going to the very basis of the whole matter, and in his mind he follows the workman in the early morning from his home into the crowded cars that carry the employee to the plant where he is engaged. He feels that no one can understand our American workmen unless that person has mingled with them. In his own words: "You can't gather sympathy out of a book. No manager can be successful in his contact with workmen unless he understands human nature, and you can't do this unless you have experienced personal associations."

Mr. Durant explained to me that the most valuable experiences of his life had been accumulated during the days when he was occupied as a traveling salesman. He says: "Too many people expect to find 100-per-cent men and when these folks fail in such a search they proceed to lose a good part of their faith in all of mankind. There are no perfect people and the only way to secure the highest efficiency out of those we employ is to place responsibility on them, show confidence in them—do this for the man and not the company—and finally encourage and reward pride in accomplishment more than pride in profit."

In attempting to meet the present situation in the labor world Mr. Durant has put into effect a rather elaborate bonus plan and also an employees' savings and investment scheme. The bonus fund is credited yearly with an amount equal to ten per cent of the net earnings of the corporation after deducting six per cent on the capital employed in the business of the company, it being intended that this fund shall be invested in stock of the corporation. At the end of each year lists of employees entitled to bonuses are prepared in accordance with a classification of the workmen with respect to merit and salaries earned. As a general rule no employee is permitted to share in the company's bonus fund unless the worker has been with the corporation for one year.

Additional bonuses—called royalty bonuses—payable in stock of the company, are awarded to workmen for inventions, suggestions, ideas or improvements of value to the corporation. Each case is determined on its merits.

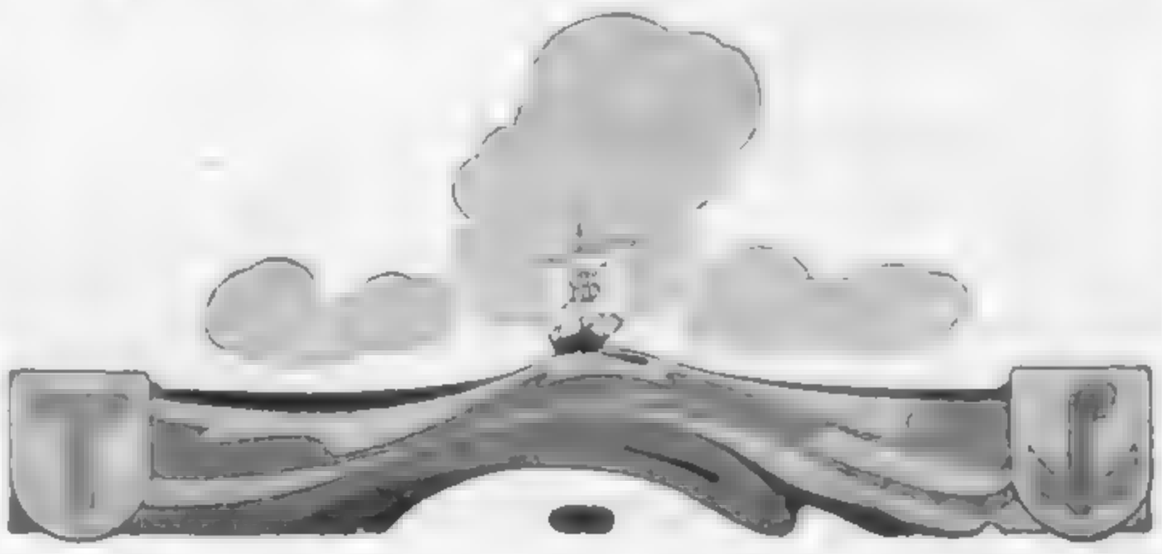
As to the savings and investment plan, all workers who have been in the employ of the company for three months or more are eligible to participate in the scheme. Each employee has the right to pay into the savings fund each year an amount not to exceed ten per cent of the person's wage or salary, but in no event shall the amount so paid in exceed $300 a year. Payments must be made in amounts of five dollars or multiples thereof. The corporation has also established an investment fund into which it pays an amount equal to the total net payments that are made by the employees. In other words, the corporation duplicates dollar for dollar the total amount of the employees' savings. The company agrees to credit interest at the rate of six per cent per annum upon all amounts paid into the savings and investment fund. Such interest accrues from the first day of the calendar month following the date of deposit and is credited semiannually.

In the working out of this plan it is a fact that at the end of the five-year participation period the employee has to his credit twice as much money as he put in, with interest besides. The workmen are permitted to withdraw all or part of their contributions to the savings fund, but if they do so they forfeit whatever share of the investment fund has not been credited to their account. The forfeitures are invested for the benefit of the employees who stick. At the end of a participation period an employee may withdraw, if he desires, his cash and stock or he may leave the cash with the company to draw six per cent interest. The worker may also enter another participation class and keep on saving with the aid of the corporation.

In addition to the foregoing investment and savings plan, which is designed so that the employee who sticks will get twenty-six per cent interest a year, the various subsidiaries of the General Motors Corporation have inaugurated free hospital treatment and dental clinics where the workers may have their teeth attended to without cost. At one plant not far from New York the company has employed a chiropodist to look after its employees' feet and a lawyer to serve as a sort of adviser in matters of both a business and a domestic nature. The task of this counselor is to keep the workmen out of litigation, eliminate their difficulties and render them more fit for their jobs.

Such are the plans that have been initiated by William C. Durant in order to render a square deal and provide a favorable opportunity for the 70,000 men who are in his employ. If a fellow is as young as he feels and looks, then the present head of the General Motors Corporation certainly has a decade or so remaining in which to build a still higher and wider industrial structure than the one already created. Whereas only a few years ago the automobile was looked upon as a sort of unnecessary luxury, the situation to-day has so changed that we are compelled to wonder whether or not the rest of the world will be able to keep up with the pace being set by Durant and the other leaders in this youthful but giant industry. In 1909 we were producing in this country approximately 13,000,000 barrels of gasoline; during the past year the production of gasoline reached a total of upward of 90,000,000 barrels, a gain of more than 592 per cent. During this same period the production of crude oil has increased less than 100 per cent, while the number of motor cars and trucks has increased more than 1700 per cent. All of which indicates that unless we are careful and take steps to develop other sources of petroleum supply there will come a day before long when the automobile industry will be suddenly checked through a shortage in the supply of motor fuel.

Of course we have material supplies of oil shale, and then there is the probability that we can use very much larger quantities of alcohol for motor fuel. In addition we may expect an increasing production of gasoline or, rather, substitutes for gasoline, from our coal-tar distillates. However, the possibilities of relief from all of these sources are quite limited, so that it may be up to the engineer and inventor to produce motors so effective in action that we get two or three times the efficiency that is now obtained in automobile practice. Perhaps Mr. Durant and his able associates in the motor-car field will be able to find a way out of this possible difficulty without undue complications. It would be a shame to stop fellows who are traveling at such a fast and furious pace.



THE BACHELOR

(Continued from Page 7)

and overtook the runaway in a dozen jumps. It was mechanical, all of it; the quick pursuit, the deft flick of the rope—he and Roadrunner had been doing it for so many years. But when the young rider came up Johnny was fighting mad.

"Here's your blooming c-cow!" he said, stuttering in his rage. "But when you speak to me again, young feller, you smooth out your tongue a whole lot! You get that—and get it good! For if you don't you'll maybe get your nose spread all over your face like a pie."

"So far," said the other, "I been able to take good care of my nose. And if it comes to that, why there's no time like the present. You climb down off your horse and see what luck you'll have."

Johnny opened his mouth, then closed it again. He was looking into a flushed, angry face; a boyish face, blue-eyed, cheeks that would have been pink if they had not been tanned; a firm chin and ——

"Say," Johnny said, and turned a deep red, "I—I thought you was a man."

"And I thought you was a man too," shot back the girl. "Curious we both made the same mistake, wasn't it?"

Johnny Christmas went pale at the insult. He flung off his rope and started the yearling along the trail.

"You can go as far as you like, of course," he said, his throat constricted with fury. "I can't fight a lady."

"I got it on you then," mocked the angry girl. "I ain't got any such handicap. What I just said goes. You climb down off your horse and I'll ——"

The crazy yearling broke again and endeavored to get away on the back trail. Coincidentally the rest of the bawling bunch stampeded and scattered through the brush. Again Johnny Christmas and faithful little Roadrunner acted according to the instincts of the cow country. For half an hour they whirled and crashed about through the brush; and when at last the half-wild brutes had been bunched and started down the trail again Johnny had very nearly forgotten his wrath. The girl, too, had lost her white-faced rage. The two reined in as they came up and both grinned, wiping away the grimy sweat.

"I got to beg pardon, ma'am," said Johnny. "I'm mighty quick-tempered when I'm spoken to thataway. I wouldn't have said it if I'd known you was a lady."

"That's all right," said the girl. "You're a smooth hand with the rope—and that's some little cow horse you got there."

Whereupon Johnny swelled proudly and forgot even the memory of his recent wrath. For to the cowman his horse is as the firstborn to a doting parent.

"I'm Johnny Christmas," he said. "I been workin' down in the valley for fifteen years—Thatcher & Paulson. But for the last two years I been runnin' my own stock."

"I'm Kirby Medlin," said the girl. "I live down here in the Apajanti. What you aimin' to do up here in the hills, Johnny?"

"Why," said Johnny, "I been thinkin' of buyin' a little ranch and settlin' down. I'm gettin' old, Kirby."

The girl looked him over gravely, noting the athletic slouch and the suggestion of latent power in the virile figure that sat so carelessly in the saddle.

"Well," she said at length, "I reckon I can't blame you. A man ought to settle down somewhere in a nice place where people won't step on him because he's too darned old to get out of the way."

"Yes, I figure it that way," said Johnny uneasily.

"But you carry your age well, old-timer."

"Oh, I'm still able to totter round a little," said Johnny.

"Still I don't know about your settlin' down up here," continued Kirby soberly. "This hull country is hell on old men."

"Well, I'm not so old as all that." Johnny was nettled. It's all right for a man to say he is old, but it doesn't sound well for somebody else to agree with him too cordially. "What I'm tryin' to get over is this: There's a time when a man realizes that he has gone past the age of dancin' and love makin' and gettin' married and all that stuff. Time comes to every man."

"Oh, sure!"

"Time to settle down and have a home. A dog layin' on the doorstep and a cat to keep down the deer mice. Maybe a few chickens—a garden—and a barn for the little horse."

"And no wife?"

"Not on your life! That's why I came up here—to be free. When a man's married he's sentenced for life. But as long as he's single, why, he's just like that old bald eagle you see hangin' in the air up yonder above that peak—see him?"

The girl's eyes followed the outstretched finger and came back to a serious contemplation of the young man's face.

"I see him," she said.

"He's free," said Johnny Christmas. "Free to go anywhere. Free as the air he lives in."

"And you're bound to be like him?"

"You bet! It'd be easy to coax me into matrimony—just as easy as coaxin' that old bald eagle into a cage."

The girl leaned from the saddle and held out her hand.

"Shake, old-timer," she said warmly. "You said it all for me. We're two of a kind. Freedom forever—and no weddin' bells for us!"

Johnny Christmas shook the gauntleted hand—a firm strong hand it was—that gripped his. The two smiled at each other.

"Say," said Johnny, "it's fine to meet a girl like you." He contemplated for a moment the boyish face framed against the tousled brown hair that was cut squarely across at the collar like an Indian's; the lithe graceful figure that sat in the saddle as though it belonged there. "I wonder why it is that nearly every girl a fellow meets wants to get married?"

"Do they?"

"Well, most all of 'em that I've met acted that way. Not satisfied to be pals with a fellow; to chum along, quarrel sometimes and maybe swap a wallop or two now and then and make up again—just like two boy friends. But no, they got to start in figurin' right away on gettin' married. Get to schemin' how they can rope a feller by the hind laig and drag him to the altar. Sentence him for life to buyin' three square meals a day—— Aw, shucks, I'm glad I had sense enough to steer clear of it!"

"But you're safe now."

"Sure I'm safe now!" Johnny drew a long breath of contentment.

"Shake again, Johnny! Say, I'm glad I met you. I like you."

"Same here, Kirby! You're the right kind of a girl. More like a boy than a girl!"

So these two untamed young creatures shook hands again and jogged on down the mountain side by side, for here the trail had been widened into a sled road for the convenience of the woodchoppers who brought down to the ranch house the wood for the winter. The cattle were tired and submissive by this time. They no longer tried to bolt into the brush, but were hurrying wearily along the trail far ahead, remembering now the corral and the possible feed of dry alfalfa there. A quarter of a mile from the bottom the trail doubled out and crossed the point of an open ridge and from this point the whole Apajanti Valley lay spread out before the gaze. Johnny Christmas stopped his horse and looked, admiration showing in every line of his attitude.

It was well worth admiration. The whole valley floor, hundreds of acres of level land, was one solid mass of green alfalfa. Beneath their feet was the old ranch house and near by the huge hay barns and corrals. Ringing this fertile valley the hills swung round with their different green of evergreen fir and pine. All over the hills rose the cheerful tankle-tankle of bells.

"This where you live?" asked Johnny. The girl nodded.

"Daddy came here forty years ago," she said. "He got it for little or nothing. Land wasn't valuable then. Times have changed."

"Your dad—is he livin' yet?"

The girl shook her head.

"No, dad he died—a year ago. I been runnin' the ranch—I and the boys. Then there's Carmencita. She cooked for dad forty years ago. I reckon she's boss of the ranch now." She flashed a smile at Johnny Christmas. "You know, when somebody gets your goat when you're a kid, why, that one still has it after you've grown up. You may not be afraid of anybody else in the whole world, but when that particular person is about, why, you feel small and scared. You can't help it. Say, you thinkin' of buyin' a ranch round here some place?"

"I sure am!" said Johnny. "This country looks good to me."

"All right; when you get ready to stock up, why you come over and see me. I reckon we can make a trade."

"Sure, Kirby! What you got to trade?"

"Oh, most anything you need. Cows—and I suppose you'll want a few buttermilk calves to start with along with the cows?"

"Sure! Yes, I'll come over as soon as I've found a ranch that suits me. Besides, I like to talk to you. You're the only girl I ever found that could talk like a boy and not want to get married right off."

Johnny helped turn the cattle into the corral. From the opposite side of the little valley a great clattering rose and two horsemen came plunging down out of the forest and headed up toward

"Gimme a Shot at That Knot Hole, You Selfish Old Tester Snipe," He Said

the corral, making a furious scrambling as they hit the level floor and straightened out in a cloud of dust.

"They're just my boys," said Kirby, "coming in to supper."

"Boys!" ejaculated Johnny Christmas. "Look at the whiskers!"

"They're the same boys my dad brought in with him forty years ago," explained the girl. "They've been with us ever since. Gettin' pretty old and stiff—but I wouldn't trade 'em for younger men at that."

The horsemen came up and reined in, grinning at the girl. They were indeed far from young. Perhaps they would average close to seventy. Kirby introduced them to the young man and they started on toward the barn.

"Come up to the house and have supper," invited the girl. "Carmencita's going to have roast venison. You can stay all night and the boys will be glad to talk ranches and things with you. They're good boys."

"Say, I'd like to do that," said Johnny wistfully. He was a trifle lonely.

Out in the bunk house after supper Johnny was talking to the foreman. His name was Benijah McKee and he wore chin whiskers of the 1849 model.

"Say, Johnny," said the ancient cowboy, "what you in such a hurry to buy a ranch for? Why don't you stay here and help us out this season? My rheumatism is givin' me hell this summer; and besides we're goin' to be short-handed—with an extra-heavy crop of alfalfa comin' on. You stay, Johnny. After a summer here you'll know the country better. It's always well to get pretty well acquainted with a country before you buy a piece of land."

"There's a lot in that, Mac," conceded Johnny. "Besides, I like the Apajanti Valley. And if you're sure Kirby ——"

"Kirby leaves it all to me," said old Benijah with dignity. "I'm foreman of the Medlin ranch. More'n that, she likes you. She told me so. She said you was the only man that ever come to the Apajanti and didn't start out bein' fresh. She don't want to get married, you see, and these fresh tenderfeet shorely get on her nerves. You stay and help us, Johnny."

"I'll do it," said Johnny Christmas.

III

THERE is no knowing how long Johnny Christmas might have gone on working for the Medlin ranch, for the Apajanti was very beautiful and Johnny was tremendously happy. In fact he did not realize just how happy he was. But he seemed to have forgotten that he intended to buy a ranch for himself. Really he did not want a ranch now, for he had found the land of his dreams.

Gradually the superannuated cowboys relinquished the hard riding and they now nodded at each other, smiling wise old smiles as they watched Kirby and Johnny Christmas go dashing recklessly over the rough ridges—for the old men knew good horsemanship when they saw it. Gradually, too, they turned to the more sober work of getting the hay into the barns, overseeing mostly and directing the work of the transient laborers who were brought up from the valley for the haying season. However, old Benijah McKee still clung stoutly to his foremanship, for such things are like the titles granted by royalty and are not to be laid down except for death. But Benijah exercised the functions of his important office from easier paths than those along which the two younger people harried the bawling herds. For Benijah's rheumatism was pretty bad, what with the approach of winter and another added year of age.

Johnny had found a girl that suited him exactly. Nothing silly about Kirby. She was a sublimated boy; a girl free from femininities, yet wearing the mysterious charm of another sex. There is something in men that longs for the companionship of a woman in the wild country; a companionship free from the complexities of love, marriage and their attendant problems. Just why this wistfulness in the man's heart nobody knows. Perhaps it is an atavistic thing; a heritage handed down from the days when our hairy ancestors traveled the wild places with their mates by their sides, fierce women who partook of none of the softer femininities of to-day but who rather were more like men. Perhaps. But the yearning is in the hearts of all present-day men who love the wilderness.

Johnny Christmas had it. And here in the Apajanti he had found the girl who answered all the requirements, so why should he not be satisfied? Together he and Kirby rode the range day after day, growing lean and tanned as the summer crept on toward autumn; camping at noon in the far-off gulches, sometimes in company, sometimes miles apart, but always riding home together in the evening when the sun was sinking into the Pacific beyond the gloomy Coast Range, wrapping itself in its rich warm blanket of crimson afterglow. And always it was the frank joyous intimacy of boyish comradeship.

"Kirby, she's found somebody that can keep up with her," grinned old Benijah one evening, watching the two young people racing homeward from the green hills. The other old cowboy straightened up from mending a stirrup leather and looked at the approaching dust cloud with speculation growing in his dim old eyes.

"Say, Mac," he said musingly, "d'you reckon ——"

"You stop right there, Sam Pelly!" said the old foreman with dignity. "Kirby ain't a marryin' girl. She's got too much responsibility here."

"I didn't say anything," protested old Sam peevishly.

"You was goin' to say something," insisted old Benijah. "Besides, Johnny Christmas wouldn't marry the Queen of England.

(Continued on Page 40)

The Die is Cast!

IRREVOCABLE! Your mind can't change in the United States mails. Have you said anything you wish unsaid? How about the *tone* of your letter? How about that important *first impression* it will make?

Systems Bond makes a splendid first impression. It's a virile bond—a rag-content, loft-seasoned bond—a business man's bond all through. It's the kind of letterhead paper that actually seems *meant* to carry convincing matter and terse expression. Nor is Systems Bond a high-priced paper. The manufacturers own not only paper mills, but their own pulp mills and timberlands. You can get Systems from any printer—and it is uniform and standard everywhere. Have your next order of letterheads printed on Systems Bond.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
501 Fifth Avenue New York, New York
Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 38)

I got it figured out that he's a woman hater. He come up here into the hills because every girl he met wanted to get married. I've heard him say so."

"He, he, he!" cackled old Sam Pelly, and wagged his prehistoric chin whiskers. "He, he, he!"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Benijah.

"Nothin'! He, he, he!"

The old foreman grinned too.

"Well," he said, "maybe you're right at that."

"Johnny Christmas thinks he's an old bachelor," cackled old Sam. "He's come up here to settle down and let the younger men have their day." He strangled and coughed. "And him and Kirby—both of 'em down on marryin'—both of 'em man and woman haters. He, he!"

Old Benijah started to join in with his own cackle, remembered suddenly and frowned all over his good-humored old face, which was seamed and wrinkled by the range weather of forty long years.

"Remember, I'm foreman of this ranch," he said austerely. "You shut up now and quit gossipin' about the family!"

"You go to ——!" wheezed old Sam weakly, wiping the tears out of his eyes. "He, he, he!"

Early in the spring a little bald-headed hornet went questing for a home wherein to raise its family. There were plenty of places along the warm edge of the Apajanti Valley, but it was a fastidious little hornet and hard to please. It buzzed up the gulch trail, clear up to the Indian Ridge schoolhouse, six miles from the Medlin ranch. The schoolhouse stood in a grove of oak and fir and madrona, with manzanita in the open places where the sun got through; and from the level bench upon which the schoolhouse stood one could look back down the trail and see the little Apajanti lying below like a yard of green baize that had been spread upon the ground. Lifting the eyes one could look away to the west to where of evenings the fog banks rolled to the tops of the gloomy Coast Range.

This was pretty good, and the little hornet hesitated for a while. However, it wanted to be sure. So it continued its quest, following the trail clear over to the Chuta Valley, where the men are big rough-hewn half-breeds, good-hearted when sober, devils when drunk—combining in the latter unfortunate condition the evil of the white man with the fierceness of the Indian.

For some reason or another the hornet did not like the Chuta. It came back to the grove at the schoolhouse. That mysterious instinct which in the lower kingdom often surpasses our own reason told it that here was the place for its future home. So it went to work and presently there hung from the tip of an oak bough an ash-gray house about the size and shape of a football. Soon, too, the football was populated by a fine large family of hornet children—each individual as husky and bald-headed and truculent as the solitary individual who but a few short weeks before had pioneered up the long gulch and settled upon the little grove by the schoolhouse as the place for its home.

Yes, Johnny Christmas might have stayed on indefinitely at the Medlin ranch if the little hornet had chosen some other place for its nest. But a chain of events started from the hornet's humble home. Strange, isn't it, how often the whole trend of our lives turns upon some trifling incident of which perhaps we are entirely unaware? Johnny and Kirby had seen this hornet's nest many times as they passed the Indian Ridge schoolhouse. Indeed they had been tempted often to send a shot through it, but had always refrained lest they rouse the inmates and bring distress upon some other passer-by.

Old Sam Pelly got up and carried the mended saddle into the harness house where presently old Benijah followed him.

"You goin' to the dance to-morrow night?" asked Sam Pelly.

"Up to the Indian Ridge schoolhouse? I—what does Carmencita say?"

"She says we're goin'."

"Shorely I'm goin' to the dance."

The old foreman went out to meet Kirby and Johnny, his ancient legs bowed from forty years of the saddle.

"I hear the Chuta Valley boys are comin' over," said Sam Pelly, tagging along.

"Well, I hope they don't bring no whisky with them. Givin' a drink of whisky to a half-breed is exactly like feedin' a chaw of tobacco to a wild elephant. It drives 'em ravin' crazy."

IV

LIKE the two antiquated cowboys, Carmencita Lopez had come to the Apajanti with Big Jim Medlin and his wife forty years ago. She was the cook at that time—a Spanish Indian half-breed, massive of frame, massive of features, with a high hawk nose that made her resemble some strong-minded queen of ancient history. And like the cowboys she had stayed after Big Jim and his wife died and went to their places up on the green shoulder of the South Ridge. She had stayed—and no mother could have loved Kirby more.

More than ever Carmencita reminded one of some ancient queen as she rode up the gulch in the vivid moonlight, her high hawk nose and strong features accentuated by the white mantilla she wore upon her head. Behind her Kirby rode dutifully—dressed in skirts. Kirby Medlin in skirts! As usual there had been argument and as usual Carmencita had won. Skirts it must be, for this was a social event and the amenities must be observed. However, Kirby compromised the matter. She slipped the skirt on over her chaps, but Carmencita did not know this.

Behind Kirby followed Johnny Christmas, jogging soberly along upon Roadrunner, the two old cowboys bringing up the rear. As they approached the schoolhouse they saw that the building was illuminated and there came to their ears the sounds of a screaming fiddle with the rhythmic thump, thump, thump of dancing hobnailed feet.

"Quite a crowd here," said old Benijah as they entered the grove and saw many horses standing about tied to trees.

"It's the Chuta Valley boys," said old Sam Pelly.

They tied their own horses in the grove and went on to the schoolhouse. As they stepped inside Carmencita sniffed with her capable nose.

"Drinkin' already," she said. "We'll not stay long."

For half an hour nothing much happened, though it was plain that the Chuta Valley half-breeds were getting ugly. Suddenly she looked across and saw Johnny Christmas surrounded by half a dozen arguing men. She beckoned Benijah McKee to her side.

"If we stay here any longer," she said, "there's going to be trouble. You get Johnny Christmas and we'll ramble."

As he started across the room on his mission old Benijah saw the unmistakable signs of an argument that was ripe for the finish with fists—perhaps with guns. Old Sam Pelly joined him and the two old men thrust in between the disputants.

"Kirby wants to see you, Johnny," said the old foreman.

Reluctantly Johnny Christmas allowed himself to be urged over toward the door.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Outside," said Benijah.

"Run home, li'l' boy!" said a sneering voice.

Johnny Christmas looked back over his shoulder into the loose-lipped face of the big Chuta man who had been crowding him for a fight. But before he could lunge backward the two tough old men executed a little teamwork and crowded him outside.

"Come on, Johnny," said old Benijah cheerfully, "we're goin' home."

"Maybe you are—but I'm not," said Johnny. "Not right now." He turned, but Benijah and Sam Pelly got mysteriously in the road.

"I'm foreman of the Medlin ranch," piped Benijah severely, "and I order you to come on home."

"Order your head off!" said Johnny furiously, and made another effort to get past, but Kirby caught his arm.

"He's right, Johnny," she said. "I know how you feel—but there's too many of 'em in there. You and I could lick three or four, but we can't handle a dozen. Besides, if we start anything it'll wind up in a shootin'—and I don't want any of 'em shot. They're good fellows when they're sober—good friends of mine. It's their whisky talkin' now. Don't you mind 'em, Johnny."

"But he hinted that I was a coward!" raged Johnny. "That loose-lipped Sime Turner!"

"All right, you wait, Johnny. Some day you'll catch Sime Turner out on the trail and take him apart. He's a bad one. But to-night"—she was urging him on toward the horses, where the mantilla showed white in the patches of moonlight—"to-night I want you to come on home. I ask it as a favor, Johnny."

Johnny relaxed suddenly.

"That's different," he said, looking into the girl's eyes, which were almost level with his. He started on with her. Presently he laughed.

"What you laughin' at?" asked Kirby, relieved at the change in the young man's mood.

"I just thought of something funny," said Johnny. "Let's hurry home."

He glanced at the hornet's nest as they passed and laughed again. Kirby followed the glance and her eyes came back to Johnny's eyes. She sprang into the saddle and galloped down the trail after the white mantilla. Johnny Christmas mounted Roadrunner and followed. Behind them the fiddle scraped and the hobnails thumped the floor.

Occasionally a screech cut the thin night air, for the Chuta Valley boys had just started going good.

They were nearly home when Sam Pelly began to sing. The horses had steadied to a walk. Thin and quavery, old Sam's voice rose through the night, singing a song popular fifty years ago:

Eyes like a morning star, cheek a-like a rose;
Lora was a pretty girl, Goddamighty knows!
Weep, oh, ye little rain! Wail, wind, wail
All the lonely way along the Colorado trail!

And old Benijah joined in the refrain with his cracked voice:

Weep, oh, ye little rain! Wail, wind, wail
All the lonely way along the Colorado trail!

Johnny Christmas swung down off his horse and opened the ranch gate. Carmencita spurred on toward the house, for she was sleepy. Kirby lingered a moment.

"You ain't mad at me for spoilin' your fight, Johnny?" she asked.

"Sure not!" Johnny smiled up at her good-humoredly. "You maybe saved me from gettin' my nose spread all over my face like a pie—same as I threatened you the first time we met. Remember that time?"

Kirby smiled, looking down at him. The moon struck slantwise upon her face. Why is it that a pretty girl looks absolutely supernaturally beautiful by moonlight?

"Sure, Johnny," she laughed, "I remember!"

The two old cowboys ambled past and went on toward the barn, singing together softly:

Sun time and storm time—all the same to me.
Earth has no joy since I lost my Lora Lee.
Look for my heart and you'll find it 'neath the snow,
Where they laid my lost love forty years ago!

The two young people were silent, listening.

"Terrible sad songs they sing," said Johnny.

"They're good boys," said Kirby dreamily, looking into the night. "They've been good to Kirby."

"Yes," said Johnny cordially, "they're good boys."

For several minutes they stood there saying nothing, but enjoying the silence—neither knew why. Johnny woke presently from his sweet abstraction, glancing up at the stars.

"Well, good night, Kirby."

"Good night, Johnny."

Johnny waited until Kirby had gone in the house after putting her horse away. Directly he heard the door close he turned Roadrunner and rode quietly back on the Indian Ridge trail. When he was out of hearing he put the little horse into a gallop. He was within half a mile of the schoolhouse when he heard a horse following him. He stopped and waited, looking back. Almost immediately Kirby Medlin loped up the trail, dressed in sombrero and chaps and spurs—her regular week-day apparel.

"Say," grinned Johnny, "how did you know?"

"I guessed it," said Kirby. "All the way home I could feel you fixing it up in your mind to sneak back here, so I waited until Carmencita was asleep; then I climbed out of the window and followed you."

They laughed silently together like mischievous children.

"Come on then," said Johnny.

Together they rode up and looked cautiously in at the open window. The old fiddle still scraped away erratically, but the fiddler was too far gone to follow a tune. All the feminine part of the Chuta crowd had gone home, but still the convivialists scuffled about over the floor.

Johnny led the way back to the grove and dismounted. He led Roadrunner far out into the woods and tied him to a tree. Kirby followed and did the same with her own horse. There were no words, but there was a mutual understanding. Together the two went back to the grove and took the rope from Sime Turner's saddle, tying it from tree to tree across the road at the proper height to catch a mounted man about the middle.

"If you laugh," said Johnny, "I reckon I'll half kill you."

"I won't laugh," promised Kirby.

They untied one of the horses and Kirby stood holding it, quirt in hand. Johnny Christmas went up to the hornet's nest and carefully—very, very carefully—amputated the bough from which it was suspended. Still going carefully so as not to waken the sleeping occupants of the big ash-gray football, he stole up to the open window, through which still came sounds of revelry by night. Deftly he tossed the football through and ran for his life. Kirby saw him coming. She turned the nervous horse loose with his head pointed down the Apajanti trail, giving him a keen cut with the quirt to start him off well. Then the two conspirators ran back into the deep shadows and sat quietly down. Coincidentally the schoolhouse door burst open and the Chuta Valley roisterers came forth. They were very angry. Perhaps they had caught it from the hornets. At any rate hearing the horse clattering down the trail toward the Apajanti they jumped to the conclusion that it was Johnny Christmas flying homeward after having come back and done his worst. They scrambled upon their horses and started in pursuit. Sime Turner was first to get under way. From their comfortable seats back in the darkness Johnny and Kirby saw the waiting rope gather the bully out of the saddle and set him down in the hard stony road with a mighty thump. Six other unfortunates met the same fate, for their wits moved slowly, what with the darkness and the booze.

Big Sime Turner was first to sit up and look about him, dazed by the shock.

"I been shot!" he wailed. "In the stummick!" He looked about him again and saw Chuta Valley men strewing the ground like ripe plums after a heavy frost. "Ev'body been shot!" he moaned. "Oh, my Lawd!"

And presently Kirby and Johnny rose silently, stole out into the woods, mounted their horses and made a wide circuit over the hills. Along about midnight they struck a stock trail that they knew and went home under the stars.

V

ON THE second day after the dance at the Indian Ridge schoolhouse Johnny Christmas was crossing the divide between the Chuta Valley and Big Bear Gulch when he met old Graney Phillips. Graney was reputed to be a hundred years old and the greatest news gatherer in the state of California. He borrowed the makin's, rolled a cigarette and stuck it jauntily between his sunken lips.

"Hear you was at the dance night afore last, Johnny," he grinned. "Hear you cut up real playful."

"Yes," said Johnny, "I was there."

"You better look out for Sime Turner, Johnny. All the rest of the Chuta boys took it as a big joke—after they was sobered up, but Sime he's makin' war medicine a heap zealous. He's a bad Injun, Johnny. You better watch him."

"I'll watch him," said Johnny carelessly.

But he was not thinking of the war medicine that Sime Turner was making; he was recalling the way the big half-breed looked when the rope flicked him out of the saddle and sat him down in the road. He smiled in retrospect, but old Graney's next remark chased the smile away from his face as though it had been wiped off by a hurried hand.

"Sime he says Kirby ain't got any business allowin' you to hang round the ranch," went on the old gossip, smacking his lips on his cigarette. "Sime says he reckons you're tryin' to marry the Medlin ranch."

Johnny did not answer. The old man looked up from his cigarette, but did not at first note the expression on Johnny's face.

"I met Kirby couple three hours ago," he went on, "over on the Chuta side of the divide. She was chasin' some fool calves out of the brush. I told her what Sime said—he, he, he! I told her how Sime

(Continued on Page 42)

IT is easy to see why our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world, is so widely shared by others.

For example, *The Comfort Car* is held at a considerably *higher* cash value, in any used-car market.

The fact is that these valuations are basically *sound.*

They go right back to long life, noteworthy economy, satisfactory service, and conspicuous performance—the sound and substantial foundation stones on which the good name of the Hupmobile has been built.

PAUL'S JAMS
Made of Ripe,
Fresh-Picked Berries
Did you ever go down on the farm —And learn the full flavor that the corn, the peas, the berries and everything else has when it "comes right out of the garden"? —And come to appreciate how much of the richness of taste is from those last few hours of ripening in the sunshine?
Only in that way can you know how much you lose when you buy from your grocer berries that never had a natural flavor because they were picked when still green.
Only in that way can you fully understand why Paul's Jams are so different from all other jams.
Because Paul takes berries when full-ripe and preserves all the richness of their flavor in a film of pure sugar in Kitchens in the berry fields.
Ask your dealer for your favorite berry.
Puyallup & Sumner
Fruit Growers Canning Co.
Puyallup, Wash.
PAUL'S

PIPE-THREADING

Have you ever tried the spring-scale test to find the die stock -- with the -- easiest pull?

Ask your supply-house about the Oster-Matchless

The Oster Mfg. Company
CLEVELAND

OSTER
MATCHLESS
DIE-STOCKS

(Continued from Page 40)

thought you was tryin' to marry the Medlin ranch. And Lord, but when I looked at her eyes there was big Fightin' Jim Medlin lookin' out of 'em! He, he, he! You better step high and speak low when you get back to the ranch to-night or Kirby'll maybe scratch you plenty. He, he!"

Without a word Johnny Christmas gave Roadrunner the spur and vanished along the ridge trail. Old Graney blinked after him, forgetting his cigarette.

"Now I gone and done it!" he said. "Me, I talk too much! Johnny Christmas he's goin' hell-bent down to the Chuta, and gosh darn it, I bet that my rattlin' old tongue has started a killin'! What'n blazes did I have to go an' tell him for? He's exactly as hot-tempered and high-strung as Kirby Medlin—and that's sayin' a heap." He wagged his bald head sorrowfully. "Always did talk too much. Well," he sighed as he kicked his bony steed in the ribs, "I feel sorry for Sime Turner if Johnny Christmas gets the draw on him."

Two hours later Johnny Christmas halted the sweating little Roadrunner at Sime Turner's cabin. Three or four Chuta Valley boys sat on the front-yard fence whittling and smoking. They grinned as Johnny came up, for they had been part of the gang at the schoolhouse the night of the dance.

"Hello, Johnny!" they said.

"Hello!" said Johnny Christmas. "Where's Sime?"

One of the boys jerked his head backward toward the cabin.

"In there," he said.

"Tell him to come out, will you?" said Johnny. "I want to see him."

"You can't see him," said the other, not moving from his seat on the fence.

"Why can't I see him?" demanded Johnny, his anger rising higher with every moment.

"Because he's hurt. He's in bed—and I reckon he'll stay there for maybe a week or two."

"Aw, shucks!" Johnny had a feeling of keen disappointment, for he had been looking forward to this meeting with Sime Turner with lively anticipation. "What hurt him?"

"Kirby Medlin. She met Sime up on the ridge trail this mornin'. Sime was on the ground pickin' a rock out of his horse's foot. Kirby stopped her horse, got off and come up to Sime.

"'Put up your hands and fight!' she says.

"Now Johnny, no decent man will fight a lady, no matter if she begs him with tears in her eyes. Most men'll run first. But Sime he ain't built that-a-way. He didn't even put up his hands as she invited him to. No, sir! He swung at her before she was ready—hard enough to have knocked a steer down. But Kirby went under it and as she straightened up she hit him—just once. Then she got on her horse and rode back up the divide the way she'd come. That's the way it happened, Johnny. I was right there and saw it all. She didn't say anything else—just, 'Put up your hands and fight!' Then—zam!"

"Did she knock him down?"

"Sure! Broke his jaw too. Doc Peters is in there settin' his jaw now. Sime got his all right. And I reckon it was comin' to him at that—fightin' with a lady."

Johnny Christmas turned Roadrunner about and started back

"Well," he said, "so long."

"So long. And say, Johnny, ain't no hard feelin's here—about that dance scrap, you know."

"Same here," said Johnny, grinning faintly. "All a joke."

"Sure! All a big joke."

Johnny Christmas went on. But something seemed to have struck him in the chest. A dull heavy ache persisted there and the light had somehow gone out of the sky. For suddenly it had come to him that continually seeking the society of some one woman means prospective marriage in the eyes of the world. He had thought it so easy to go on in the beautiful satisfactory way of boyish comradeship. But alas, he did not know that the god of love has sentinels all over the earth—sentinels in every eye that looks from the face of society. Nor did he realize that these sentinels may not be ignored or laughed at.

Now he would have to go! His wonderful dream was ended! Of course their association could not continue, now that people were beginning to think that he was "going with" Kirby Medlin. He might talk until Judgment Day, explaining that theirs was but the ideal association of two superior beings who loved the wilderness—and loved it better because they could love it together. He knew in his heart that society never would believe. He paused as he topped the crest of the divide and looked down upon the green little Apajanti spread out below him.

Here he had passed the happiest days of his life. He wondered why. Of course the Apajanti was beautiful, but then there had been other beautiful spots that he had visited. Why? He gave it up.

It was long after dark when he came dragging into the barnyard. Old Benijah came out to meet him, a lantern shining most absurdly against the white light of the moon.

"That you, Johnny!" inquired the old foreman.

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"I'm mighty glad!"

Again a pang went through Johnny's heart at the warm solicitude in the old man's voice. Sam Pelly came up then, his bowlegs thin seen outside of their daily bearskin chaps—for Sam had been in bed.

"I'm might glad, Johnny," went on old Benijah. "We was gettin' uneasy about you. Hop down now and Sam and me—we'll put Roadrunner to bed for you."

The next day was Sunday. Usually they did not work on Sunday at the Medlin ranch—though it was quite proper to mend saddles or break a casual colt or attend to any of the other chores outside the regular business of the ranch.

Johnny Christmas packed his few belongings and tied them on the saddle. Then he rode up to the ranch house to say good-by. Carmencita was sorry to see him go. She even allowed her black Egyptian-queen eyes to mist a trifle, but Carmencita was built of stern stuff. She shook hands and wished Johnny good luck. Kirby walked with him down to the front-yard stile, wearing her everyday chaps, sombrero, blue flannel shirt and red neckerchief.

"I'm sure sorry you got to go, Johnny," said the girl. Her tone was casual, though an expert might have caught a tremor lying below the friendly words. "You not goin' to buy a ranch round here somewheres?"

"No," said Johnny, "I guess not." Something was in his throat choking him. "You see, I'd always be comparin' it to the Medlin ranch. The Medlin ranch has sort of spoiled me, I guess. I'm going to be mighty hard to please after this. I got to thinkin' it over last night," he went on. "Winter's comin' on. We got all the hay in the barns and the cattle gathered up and all. I—I reckon the boys can attend to gettin' the winter wood down?"

"Yes," said Kirby, "sure, Johnny. Well, if you got to leave us you go see Benijah. He'll give you your time."

Still Johnny hesitated, looking wistfully at the boyish figure he had been riding with so joyously all summer. It had seemed to him that the ideal companionship never would end. That was only twenty-four hours ago! And to-day

"You folks have been mighty good to me, Kirby," said Johnny huskily.

Something got into his throat again and hurt him. He swallowed and swallowed, but it would not go down—not entirely.

"We tried to be, Johnny. We like you. If we hadn't liked you we wouldn't have been good to you. No, sir, we'd have chased you off the ranch."

They shook hands. Johnny climbed aboard the tough little cow horse and turned about.

"Well," he said, "g-good-by, Kirby."

"Good-by, Johnny! Good luck!"

That was all. Johnny Christmas went down to the barn, got his time, shook hands with the two old cowboys and went on. Roadrunner seemed to know that he was beginning a long journey, for he dropped into the Mexican trot—a gait which endures from rising sun to setting sun and leaves long miles behind it at the end of a day. As they entered the forest on the Big Bear trail Johnny looked back. Kirby sat on the stile watching him. He flung a hand into the air and the girl answered it with her own gauntleted hand. Johnny entered the forest and the forest shut behind him. In that one moment the Apajanti became a thing of the past.

And if the little hornet had not chosen the schoolhouse yard as his dwelling place Johnny would not have thrown the ash-gray football among the Chuta Valley roisterers. Sime Turner would not have

(Concluded on Page 44)

A Government Resolution

"BE it resolved that it is the sense of the Joint Committee on Education of the United States Senate and House of Representatives that the motion picture industry of the United States be requested to do all that is within its power to upbuild and strengthen the spirit of Americanism within our people." *Adopted on Dec. 15, 1919 by the Joint Committee on Education of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives*

THE greatest motion picture of its kind ever seen, "The Copperhead", had just been made by Paramount when the above Resolution was passed.

"The Copperhead" is a faithful screen reproduction of Augustus Thomas' greatest stage play. Lionel Barrymore's matchless acting in the title rôle can now be seen by the entire country.

To see "The Copperhead" is to be born again as an *American*.

This motion picture will thrill millions of people as entertainment, but it will do more—it will show you that Love of Country is not simply a duty but the deepest root of personal happiness, lifting you above your own weaknesses, charging you with a strange new purpose in life.

"The Copperhead" shows why Paramount is supreme. You are entertained—but there's *something more.*

ADOLPH ZUKOR presents

The COPPERHEAD

WITH LIONEL BARRYMORE

Founded on the play of the same name by Augustus Thomas, from a story by Frederick Landis

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice-Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK

Adapted and directed by Charles Maigne

A Paramount Artcraft Picture

A Wonderful Traveling Convenience

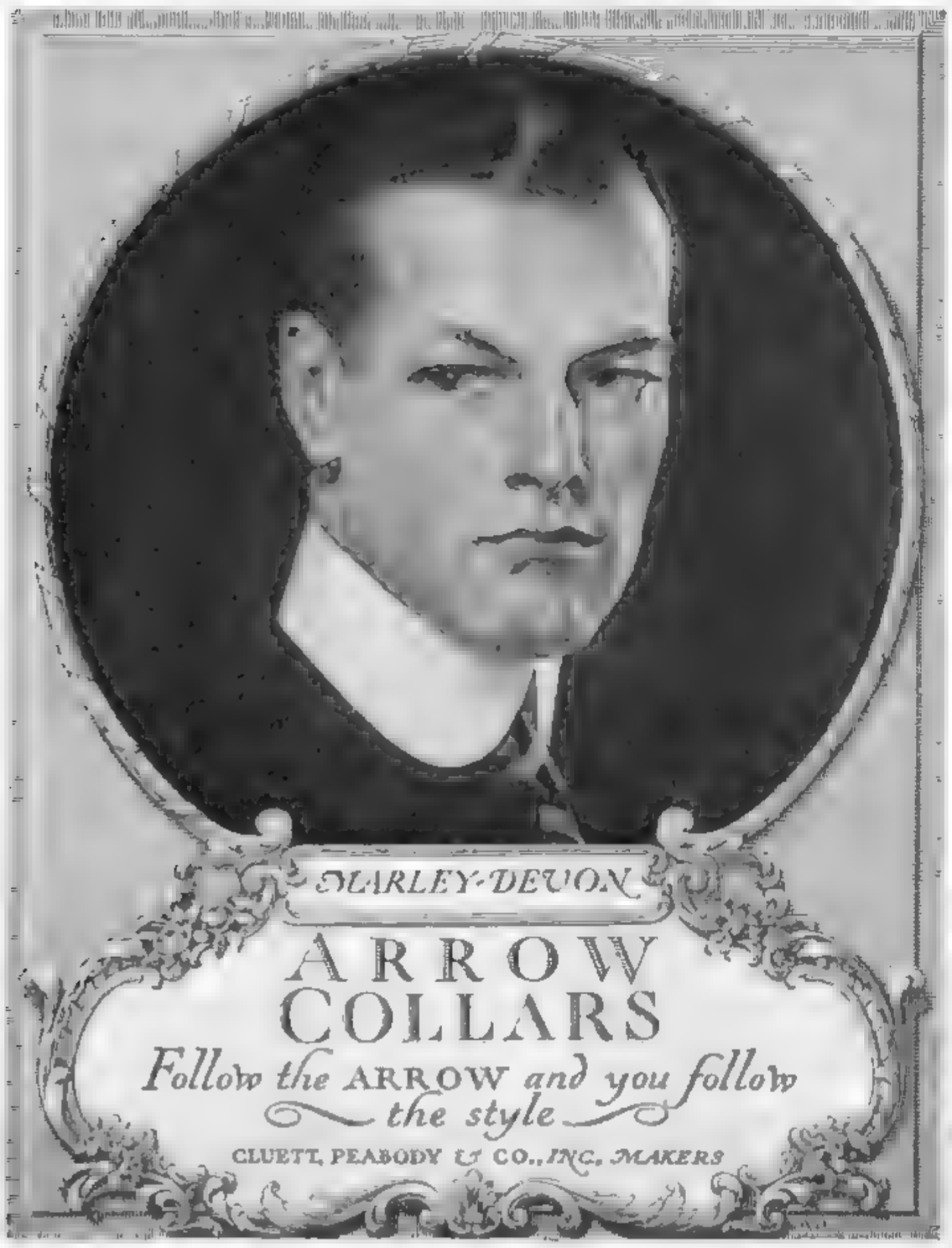
THE FITALL is an adjustable traveling kit which will hold your complete toilet outfit as if made to order for your individual requirements. The straps can be easily adjusted to hold any toilet article, be it a safety razor or a nail file, and once fitted no further adjustment is required.

The FITALL folds into small, compact shape and takes up very little space in your grip. It holds all toilet articles needed, so you don't have to carry a cumbersome bag or suit case into congested Pullman washrooms.

Ask any of the million FITALL users what they think of this wonderful traveling convenience and you'll not be long without one. Styles for men and women in flexible leathers or attractive waterproofed fabrics, as low as $2.00.

But be sure to look for the FITALL label, if you wish to secure the genuine, with its exclusive, patented, satisfaction giving features. Your dealer will supply you—if not, write for free descriptive booklet.

Chicago **EISEMAN, KAYE CO., Mfrs.** *New York*
Registered U. S. Pat. Off. *Mfrs. EKCO Make Leather Goods* *FITALL Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries*



(Concluded from Page 42)

cherished a grudge. He would not have made the nasty remark and Johnny would perhaps have stayed on at the Medlin ranch forever, riding the range with Kirby, happy beyond mere words—and free. Perhaps!

One by one as he climbed the trail to the Big Bear divide he passed places which brought vividly to his mind the lithe boyish figure he had left sitting upon the stile. Here it was the old salt log where a crazy maverick had once chased Johnny up a tree, Kirby laughing until she cried. Again it was the spring where frequently they met to eat the midday meal together. The dead ashes of their camp fire were there yet, and an old tin can in which they had made coffee. Farther on he noticed a bit of red cloth lying by the trail. Kirby had torn up her neckerchief to bind about Johnny's finger, which had been lacerated by the rope.

But as he got farther away the familiar spots grew fewer. At last he rode out upon the very crest of the Big Bear divide and looked away to the north over a world of rolling mountains. That way was his future—and freedom.

For fully five minutes he sat there, while something welled higher and higher in his heart and finally overflowed from his eyes. Suddenly he knew that freedom was a desolate thing—unless he had Kirby to share it with him. It was not a matter of reason; neither did he have to argue it with himself. It was as though a shutter had snapped back from before his eyes, letting him see into his own heart.

He turned Roadrunner so swiftly that the little horse came round on one hind leg. Next moment he was going back down the mountain side on a keen run. The eagle had just looked out upon a world of freedom and it did not look good to him.

Johnny Christmas drew a long sobbing breath when he galloped down out of the forest and glimpsed the ranch house. A figure still sat upon the stile, idly, carelessly looking down the valley. He flung up a joyous hand and the figure sitting on the stile returned the salutation and waited. As Johnny plunged to a stop before her Kirby rose.

"Hello, Johnny!" she said, and smiled. And again an expert in such matters might have noted the merest waver of her voice—and perhaps a slight misting of the undaunted eyes. "You forget something, Johnny?"

"Yes!" Johnny was on the ground now. He walked straight up to her. "I wish you'd forgive me, Kirby. I don't want to be free. Maybe the eagle can go anywheres he wants to, Kirby—but he's damn lonesome while he's doin' it. No, sir, I don't want to be free—not without you, Kirby. And if you'll marry me, why I'll let 'em say I married the Medlin ranch—and I won't say a word. For you'll know better—and you're the only one that counts. I—I love you, Kirby—I love you."

Kirby's strong boyish young arms went round the poor fellow's neck and tightened there.

"Say, did you just find that out, Johnny?" she asked, laughing and crying down his neck. "Why, Johnny—I knowed it all the time!"

It was but a few minutes later, but it might have been years so far as Johnny Christmas was concerned. They sat together upon the top step of the stile, not caring or thinking of the observing world, for they were very happy.

"And Johnny, let's get started right," said Kirby after a while. "You remember, you said you liked me because I didn't want to get married?"

"Sure, I remember, Kirby!"

"I fooled you, Johnny. All girls are alike, Johnny. I was layin' for you—from the first day I met you—up on the mountain. Don't you blame me! Different girls have different ways of goin' about it. Me, I was after an eagle. And Johnny, you can't coax an eagle into the cage. You—you got to fly with him."

There was a long silence.

"I'm glad," said Johnny Christmas simply.

Inside the old hay barn Benijah pawed peevishly at old Sam Pelly.

"Gimme a shot at that knot hole, you selfish old teeter snipe," he said. Old Sam reluctantly complied.

"They just kissed!" he announced triumphantly. "I saw 'em!"

The old foreman took a long look, then straightened up and dragged his eyes from the knot hole.

"It ain't right for us to spy on 'em," he said. "You come with me round behind the barn."

Once behind the barn, old Sam lifted a flat rock, scrabbled in the dirt beneath it and brought up a long black bottle.

"Now Sam Pelly," remonstrated Benijah McKee, but old Sam interrupted him.

"I know—I know!" he said. "But that was fifteen years ago! And ——"

"But Carmencita—we promised her not to dig it up except—except ——"

"On very special occasions," old Sam finished for him triumphantly. "This here's one."

He held out the bottle to old Benijah McKee. Benijah hesitated wistfully—was lost. He pointed the bottle toward high noon, closing his eyes, and old Sam stood by watching him with increasing anxiety.

"Happy days!" said old Benijah, smacking his withered lips.

"Down the same old alley!" said Sam, and duplicated the old foreman's achievement.

"Now put her back under the rock," commanded the old foreman. Sam Pelly complied.

"I'll bet we'll be diggin' her up again in—say, about a year," said old Sam slyly. "He, he, he!"

Old Benijah cackled with him, remembered suddenly and frowned.

"I'm foreman of this ranch," he said severely. "Sam Pelly, you put that rock down on that bottle and stop gossipin' about the family! Hear me?"

"You go to ——!" yipped old Sam, rocking with his mirth. "I'll bet you I'm right!"

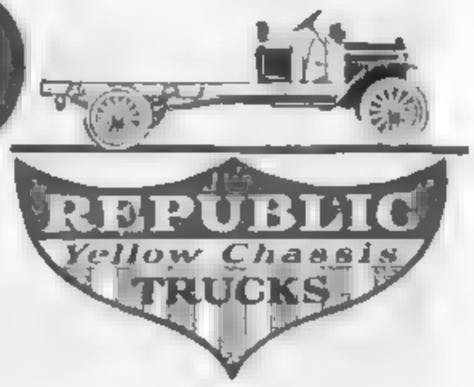
The old foreman's good-humored face relaxed. He grinned.

"Maybe you're right—maybe you're right," he said.

Some say the bottle stayed where it was put; others say not. But in any event, when the sun went down and the stars came out, showering the sky with scattered silver, round behind the barn two cracked old voices sang happily to the rising moon:

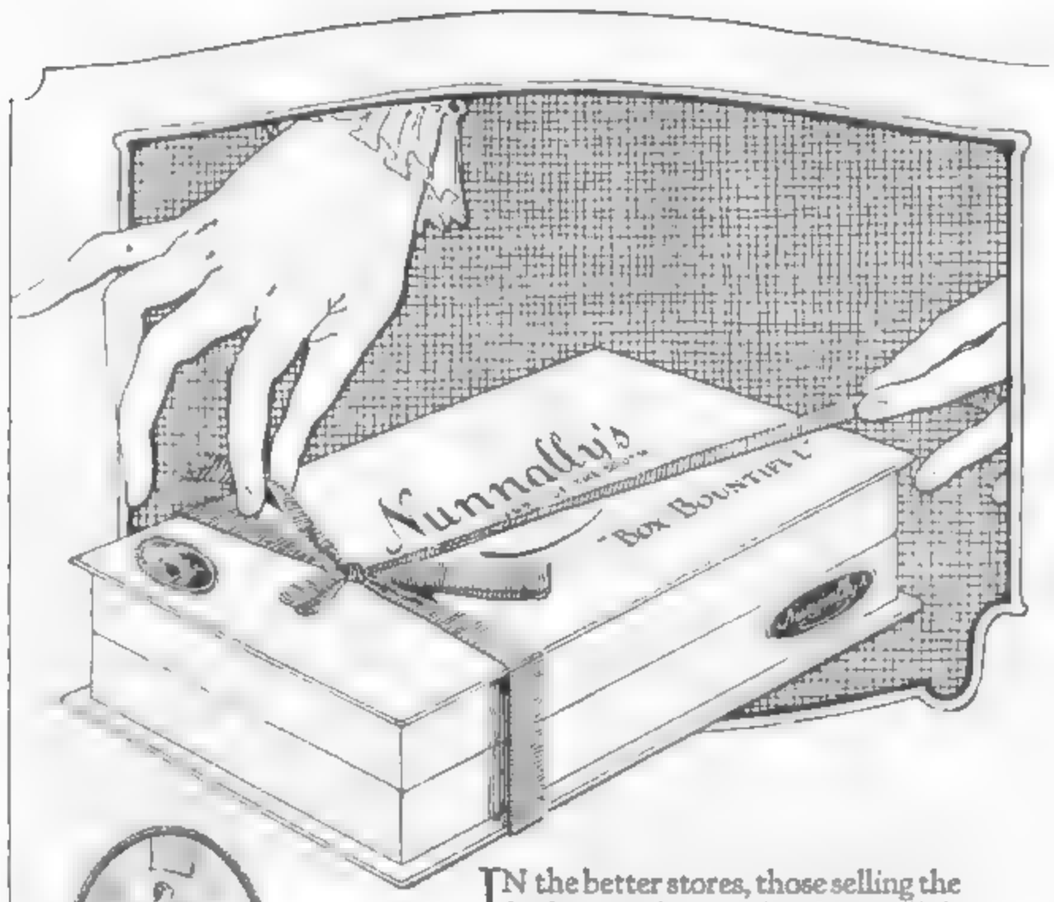
Eyes like a morning star, cheek a-like a rose;
Lora was a pretty girl, Goda'mighty knows!
Weep, oh, ye little rain! Wail, wind, wail
All the lonely way along the Colorado trail!

REPUBLIC TRUCKS



By far the most significant truck evidence in the world today is the fact that more than 60,000 business men are now using Republic Trucks. It means, of course, that the Republic is the largest-selling truck in America. It means also, that Republic has been singled out because it has *proved*, beyond any doubt, to be *definitely superior* in performance, in rugged soundness, and therefore in low haulage cost.

Republic Motor Truck Co. Inc., Alma, Michigan



IN the better stores, those selling the highest quality candies, Nunnally's has become immensely popular. Readily distinguished by the famous NUNNALLY GREY box. There are imitations of this box now, but only the genuine Nunnally's has the trademark below—

Nunnally's

THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

Entries made in 1803 with a Steel Pen

No. 322

A fine pointed, smooth writing, especially firm pen.

Esterbrook Inflexible

Accountants find this pen gives them fine service—carries plenty of ink safely—ink flows evenly and smoothly to the paper—no need to use a blotter.

The first steel pens were used in 1803, and entries made then are perfectly legible today. R. Esterbrook & Co. have been making pens of uniform standard excellence for 61 years.

Send or telephone to your nearest dealer, asking for samples. 15c a dozen, assorted or of your favorite pen.

THE ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO.

72–100 DELAWARE AVENUE CAMDEN, N. J.

CANADIAN AGENTS: BROWN BROS., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

61st Year

Esterbrook Pens

NO STATEMENT, NO CREDIT

(Continued from Page 10)

"Next morning I went into Bissell's store. It was a nice-looking establishment on the principal business street, the show windows well trimmed and the stock kept in attractive shape. Whatever else was the trouble with the business it wasn't neglect. I estimated that there was about forty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise in the place. Miles Bissell himself was a pleasant-looking man in the fifties, already on duty, though it was only eight o'clock in the morning.

"'I have been expecting this,' he said submissively when I told him who I was, 'and I guess it is just as well for the end to come now as later. But please come back into the office; I hate to have the clerks know what is going on just yet.'

"In all my years of handling delinquent debtors I had never had one act just like that. I have had them get mad and offer to throw me out of their place, and I have had others become hysterical and pleading, but none who had given up without some kind of a struggle. I followed Bissell back to the office; there was a little slump to his shoulders as if he were tired, and as he went along he looked sort of regretfully at the goods on the shelves as if he were saying good-by. I noticed that the heels of his shoes were run over and he needed a haircut.

"'I haven't necessarily come down here to close you up,' I said to him reassuringly after we had sat down in his office. 'Very likely we can find some way out of it.'

"'I don't believe there is any way out of it,' he answered evenly. 'I owe a lot of money. I haven't been able to send my creditors any money. I have had to let notes go to protest. And to think this is the end of thirty years' hard work!'

"He was beginning to get excited, and that is an obstacle in the way of getting information.

"'Oh, I guess it is not so bad as all that,' I said cheerfully. 'A business can be awfully sick and yet get well again. Let's get right down to work and see just how you stand. Suppose you get out your stock book and we'll find out how much merchandise you have on hand.'

"He hesitated a moment and then brought me a thick book with a lot of bills pasted on its pages. 'I guess this is what you mean, isn't it?' he asked doubtfully.

"'Why, no,' I answered. 'Those are only the bills for goods which you have received from wholesale houses. I want the book in which you write down all your purchases. We will see how much you have bought this year, and then by subtracting the amount you have sold we can find out how much you have on hand now.'".

How Not to Run a Business

"He twisted round in his chair a little and looked out of the window a moment before he answered: 'I guess I have not got a book like that.'

"I had known plenty of retailers who did not keep a stock book, so I was not very much surprised; I would have to go after the information in some other way. It was to my interest to keep him from getting rattled and so I said easily: 'Oh, well, then, we'll get along without the stock book. I presume you took an invoice of everything in the store the first of the year and we can start from that. Suppose you bring me those figures.'

"There was another moment of embarrassment before he began to explain: 'Well, you see, I didn't take any invoice the first of this year. We were awfully busy about that time ——'

"'You didn't take any invoice last year, either, did you?' I asked him.

"'To tell the truth, I didn't.'

"'And you have never taken an invoice during all the years you have been in business?'

"I had guessed right; he admitted he had never known exactly how much goods he had in the store since he first opened up, thirty years before.

"'That is a kind of careless way to do business, Mr. Bissell,' I said. 'Suppose your store should burn up some night; you would have a hard time to collect your insurance unless you could prove how much stock you had on hand.'

"He weakly agreed with me; in fact his agreement was so weak that I chanced another guess: 'You haven't got any fire insurance either?' I asked.

"'No, I haven't,' he answered, looking at me sort of miserably.

"Both Miles Bissell and his creditors had certainly been lucky all these years. There had never been a moment during his business career when he might not have been wiped out completely; he would have nothing with which to pay his debts or to make a fresh start. I sat considering what to do; Bissell got up from his chair and fussed unhappily round the little office, aimlessly reading old letters, sharpening the same lead pencil half a dozen times or pretending to look for something among the piles of paper on the tall desk. Evidently he was trying to make up his mind to confide in me. After a while he sat down opposite me again.

"'I am going to tell you something,' he said, 'that I have never told anyone before.' His voice was sort of halting and hard to manage, but he went on doggedly: 'The trouble with me is that I am a coward. I am afraid to stand up and look things in the face. The reason I have never counted up my stock and found out how much I owed was because I was afraid I wouldn't be so well off as I thought I was. I started to do it once a few years ago, but the debts bade fair to add up to such a large amount that I got cold feet and burned up the figures rather than find how much the debts really amounted to.'"

A Bashful Boy Grown Up

"'I guess I have never really grown up. I am past fifty-five years old; people see me round here with wrinkles and whiskers and think I am a strong and rugged character, as a man of that age ought to be. They don't know that down in my heart I am afraid to stand up to the facts of life.

"'So near as I can figure out, my cowardice comes from having been terribly bashful as a boy, and never getting over it. I was born on a farm and the family did not move to town until I was fourteen. A little while after that I was invited to a party. I was tickled to death at the idea of getting into society with the town crowd, and got myself all fixed up with a new suit of clothes, patent-leather shoes and even a gold scarf-pin. I put perfumery on my silk handkerchief. It was dark when I got to the house of festivity and from across the street I could see a lot of boys and girls inside, with the front door opening every minute or so to let in more. I felt sort of shy about busting right in amongst them, and so I thought I would stand behind a tree in the front yard and wait until they got to playing some game so my entrance wouldn't be quite so conspicuous.

"'Every once in a while I would think a favorable time had come for me to make my entrance into society and I would sidle over toward the front door, only to lose courage and decide to wait a little longer. The end of it was that I never went in at all. I never told anyone about it. When my folks asked me about the party I said I had a pretty good time; and the next day at school when the girl who gave the party asked me why I hadn't come I told her I was sick.

"'All that seems mighty childish, doesn't it, and too trifling to remember for more than forty years. But listen: Not six months ago when I was terribly hard pressed for ready cash, the wholesalers writing me sharp letters and threatening to bring suit unless I sent some money, I decided to try to get a loan from the bank. I thought I would ask for it when I went down to make my deposit. When I first got there the president was talking with a couple of men and I stood round a little while waiting my turn. Then it occurred to me that everyone would know what I was after, standing about so conspicuously, and I thought I would go across the street and wait until the president was at leisure. From the doorway of a drug store I could look into the bank; pretty soon I saw the two men come out and I started across. I think I would have done it that time except that a couple of farm wagons in the street held me up and when they got past I saw that another man was engaged with the president.

"'I went back to the doorway of the drug store, determined to make the break at the first opportunity, but some of my courage had gone. I would make up my

(Continued on Page 49)

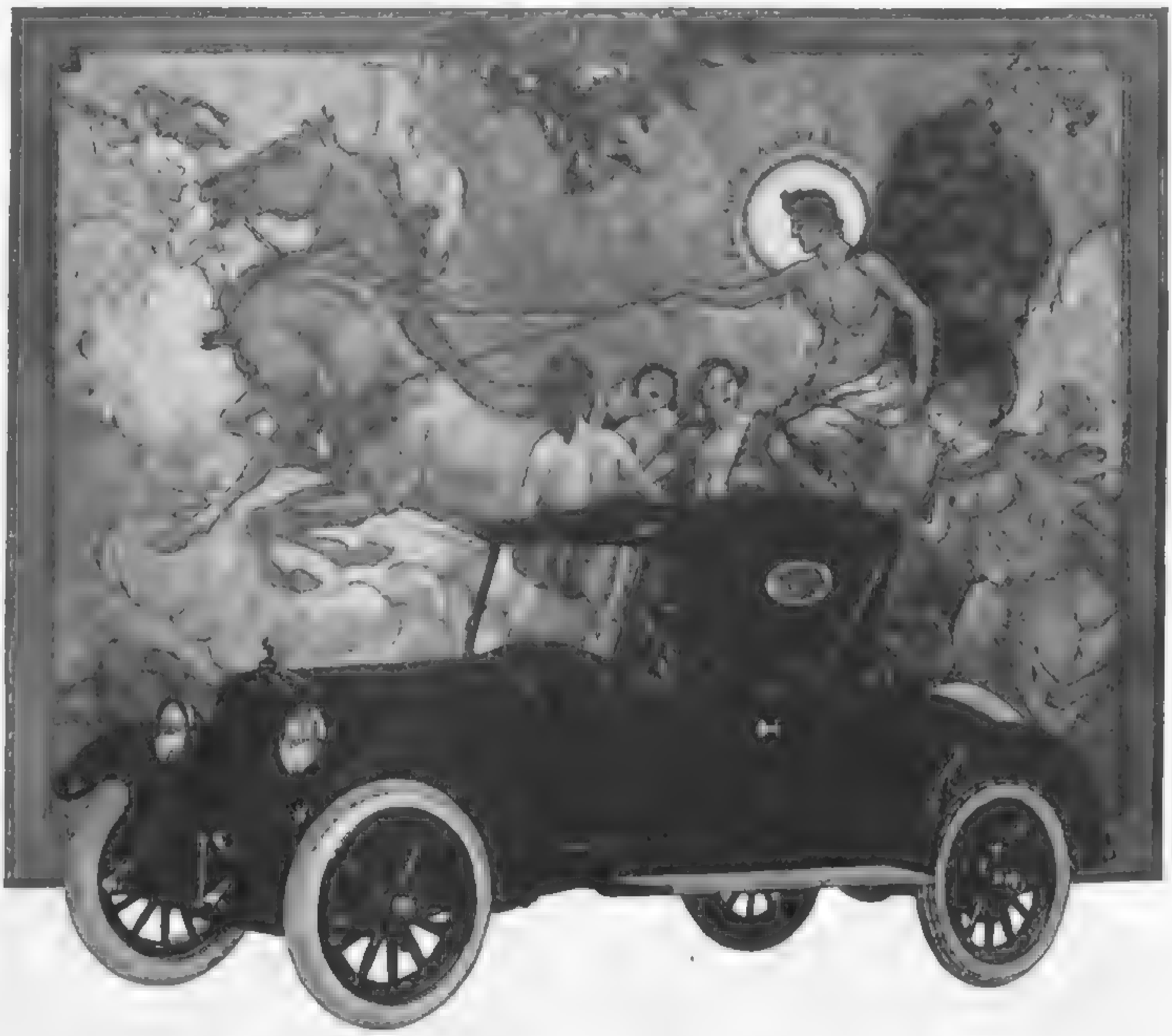
© 1920 The General Tire and Rubber Co

The General Tire has made so many friends that they have kept its ever-expanding factories running 24 hours every day for the past three years. In 1919, production was doubled—and now another large factory building will soon be adding its output to this great Akron success.

The fact that one of the first successful cord tires was a General Tire—undoubtedly has had something to do with the present position that the General holds in the tire world—but the main reason is that *every* General Tire—Cord or Fabric—Truck or Passenger Type—for small cars or large—has gone a longer way to make friends than its price promised.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Company.

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE



GRANT SIX

Few new models have ever evoked such enthusiastic appreciation as the Grant Touring Roadster

The Grant Roadster instantly appeals to those who enjoy the thrill of motoring and the open road. The long wheel base and low hung frame, the extra long springs and the wide deep seat, give utmost riding comfort under all conditions.

The body lines and low rakish top are suggestive of the fleet suppleness of the car and the six cylinder engine with overhead valves delivers a surplus of power that takes the car anywhere—quickly, quietly and economically.

Unusual thought and attention have been given to locker and storage space. There is a deep wide compartment back of the seat cushions for wraps and robes and under the rear deck is ample space for luggage.

The Grant Roadster is upholstered in genuine leather, French pleated, and like all Grant models is beautifully finished and exceptionally equipped, including a Boyce motometer.

The new Grant Six models are essentially fine cars—finer mechanically, finer looking, finer finished, more carefully refined in details of construction than you are accustomed to expect and get in a car of such moderate price.

It is really impossible to appreciate how much finer and smarter all four body styles are until you have seen and ridden in them.

Five-passenger Touring Car. Two-passenger Roadster. Five-passenger four-door Sedan. Four-passenger Coupé. All mounted on the same sturdy chassis.

Back of these cars is a history of five years of successful motor car building and a splendid record of thousands of Grants in use.

Descriptive literature and name of local dealer mailed on request.

GRANT MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 46)

mind to start when the hands on the clock in the drug store should reach a certain position; I would see an automobile coming up the street and resolve to go the minute it passed the cigar store; I would surely move as soon as the West Main Street trolley car came by. I took my observation post at half past one and when the bank closed at three I was still there. I never did ask for the loan.

"'I sometimes wonder if I am the only man in town who is so terribly bashful. At our chamber-of-commerce meetings and other gatherings I never get through admiring the men who can get right up on their feet at any time and talk on any subject. They seem to like to do it. We fellows who are afraid to stand up on our feet and say something before an audience are always planning how we will conquer our weakness, but we never do it. Once I even went so far as to take private lessons from a teacher of oratory. I got so I could stand right up before the professor and speak out boldly, even making gestures; but a little later when there was a chamber-of-commerce banquet and I was appointed to respond to a toast I sent word at the last minute that there was sickness in my family and I couldn't come.

"'It was the same way in my business. I suppose if I had begun right when I first became a merchant this cowardice about looking things in the face wouldn't have grown on me as it has. If the wholesalers had insisted on my telling them just how my affairs stood before they would sell me anything I would have been obliged to keep a set of books; then I would have known how much money I owed whether I wanted to or not.

"'But the wholesalers didn't insist on anything in particular. When I went up to the city to buy my opening bill I told the firm that I had a thousand dollars; on the strength of that they sold me about two thousand dollars' worth of goods, letting me owe for half. I hadn't been opened up a week before a traveler for another house came in my store and asked me to buy his line. I supposed he would ask me to pay cash in advance, and not having the cash I told him I guessed I didn't need any of his goods just then. But he looked round my store a little, said I had a nice place and ought to handle his line; he said his regular terms were sixty days, but as I was a new concern he would give me three months on the first bill. I figured I could sell all his goods before I had to pay for them, so I accepted his proposition and bought a few hundred dollars' worth. Other traveling men came along, offering to sell me on credit, and almost before I knew it I was owing several thousand dollars.'"

Worthless Book Accounts

"'That was when I began to be afraid to look my affairs in the face. I knew I was owing more money than I ought, for my capital; it worried me a good deal, but I was afraid it would worry me more if I knew exactly how much it was. So I got in the habit of sort of letting things slide. None of my creditors ever insisted on knowing just how much I was worth; credit was so easy that whenever business got dull I would buy more goods, on the theory that a bigger stock might stimulate business. I always looked forward to the time when I would have all my stock paid for and wouldn't owe anybody. Then I would keep a fine set of books and run everything on system.

"'Mind you, I am not blaming anyone. I have been weak and careless. But if the wholesalers had been more strict about selling goods on credit I wouldn't have got into such sloppy ways. If they had made me tell exactly how I stood before they would sell me any goods, then I would have had to look things in the face whether I wanted to or not.'

"Bissell's affairs were indeed in bad shape. I stayed in his store a week, trying to make up a report that I could take back to his creditors. I made him carefully invoice his stock while I dug through the miscellaneous mass of bills and statements in his office to find out how much he owed. The only record he had kept was a memorandum book showing the amounts which people in the community owed him; and even this was not a cheerful matter, for fully half the accounts were assets in name only. Some of the people whose names appeared on the book were dead, some had moved away and others were deadbeats.

"There were many leaks in his business. He would not have known a cash discount it he had met one in the street. I found he had frequently overpaid his bills by not keeping any records. Customers sensed his lack of system and took their trade to more businesslike firms.

"I grew to be quite fond of old man Miles Bissell. In spite of all the worrying he had done he was still sweet tempered and cheerful. He had never opened up to anyone before and as it seemed to do him good to talk I encouraged him to pour it all out.

"His business career had really been a tragedy. There had never been a day in which he was not oppressed by his load of debt and the uncertainty as to where it might lead him. For twenty years he had nervously glanced at the face of every person who came into the front door of his store, apprehensive that it might be a court officer with papers to serve. Every letter bearing the imprint of a wholesale house was something to be opened with a little thrill of fear. But even his wife and two daughters knew nothing of his troubles; they supposed he was comfortably well off and he never told them anything different. One member of a family thoroughly unhappy was enough, he said. He was a lonely man, dumbly carrying his load of trouble.

"When I had got everything checked up I found the old man had about forty thousand dollars in merchandise and good accounts, against which stood nearly thirty thousand dollars' worth of debts. If his affairs had to be liquidated all at once the creditors would get about twenty-five cents on the dollar. And this was the concern that credit men in the city thought so solid and dependable!"

The Creditors' Meeting

"There was one big asset which did not figure in the statement that I prepared, but which might pull the whole thing out of the mess—old man Bissell himself. He was, to be sure, more than fifty-five years old. And so far in life he was a business failure. But even at fifty-five he had ten or fifteen good years ahead of him, perhaps more; the big war has certainly sent old-man stock up. Besides his ability for work Miles Bissell would have been an asset for any business, particularly in a small community where everyone knows everyone else. Like a great many other unhappy persons Bissell had a feeling for people; being lonely he liked to come close to other lives. Hardly a day passed but that someone came to him to pour out a story of business trouble or blighted young love; to ask his advice about building an addition onto the house or to inquire whether or not he thought it maidenly for a girl to allow a young man to escort her home from Endeavor meeting when said young man had not bothered to take her there. All these consultations took up a lot of his time, but Miles Bissell was always interested and sympathetic. If he had been a good business man along with this capacity for friendliness he would have been worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars. As it was, people would say that Miles Bissell was the most reliable merchant in the county and then spend their money with his competitors.

"I went back to the city with my report and next day called a meeting of Bissell's creditors. There were some long faces when they saw the figures. Opinions were divided; one credit man was for closing Bissell up at once, getting whatever the wreck would bring. 'Let's take our loss now and forget it,' he said.

"One of the other creditors thought it would be a good idea to let the matter string along the way it was, trusting that Bissell might have a good season or two and eventually get in better shape. But after carefully going over the figures the majority were in favor of letting Bissell settle at fifty cents on the dollar. It was pointed out that with his debts cut in half he would probably be able to pay out, and whatever he needed meantime he could buy for cash. Before the motion was put I asked to be heard on the subject.

"'I don't believe any of these suggestions is right,' I said. 'The idea of letting him settle his present debts for fifty cents on the dollar might work out and then again it might not. Miles Bissell is not much of a business man; in a couple of years he would likely be in the same fix again. Besides you would be doing him an injustice. It is not right to make an honest man like him go

The future of your boy

Give your boy every chance to get ahead in life. Choose his toys wisely and you can develop his constructive side to a remarkable degree while he is having the best of fun.

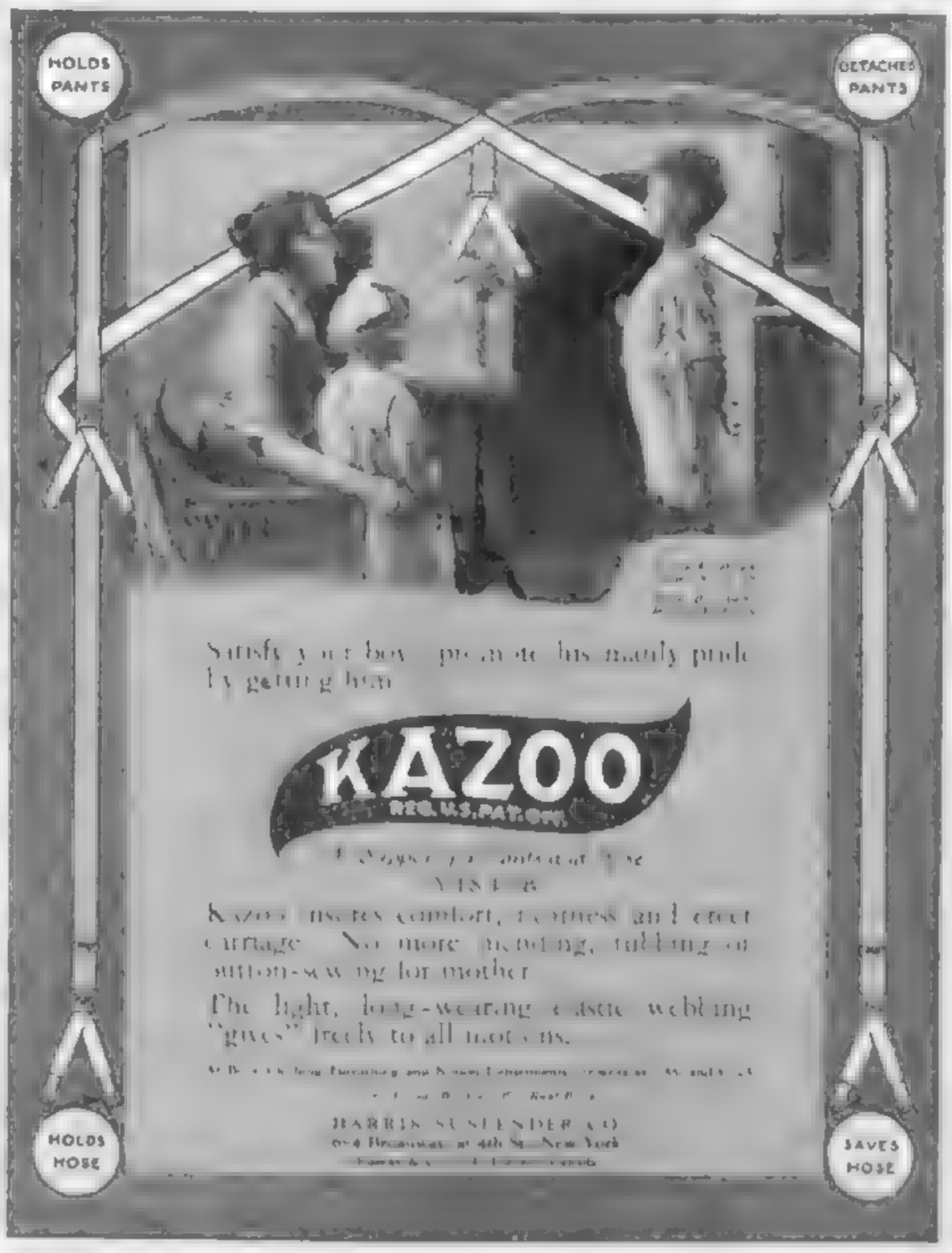
Gilbert toys are boy teachers—boy helpers. Yet they are chuck full of boy interest. Each is designed to prepare a boy for the big things of later life—to point the way to a successful future. There is more than mere money-making to this great toy manufacturing business.

The Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys was founded to encourage originality in the use of constructive and scientific toys. It awards degrees, diplomas and worth-while rewards. And I am now running a big free prize contest for boys, with a buckboard automobile or Shetland pony as first prize, and a hundred other prizes. I'll gladly send you information about the Institute and the prize contest and a copy of the complete catalog of Gilbert Toys. Write today.

Alfred C. Gilbert Pres.

The A. C. Gilbert Company, 119 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.

In Canada: The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, Toronto.
In England: The A. C. Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.



Satisfy your boy—promote his manly pride by getting him

KAZOO

Kazoo insures comfort, trimness and erect carriage. No more mending, rubbing or button-sewing for mother.

The light, long-wearing elastic webbing "gives" freely to all movements.

HARRIS SUSPENDER CO.
944 Broadway at 44th St., New York

Regal
CAPS
$2.00 to $5.00

WE MAKE CAPS
that are entirely worthy of the confidence we ask you to place in them. New Spring models in wonderful variety are now being shown at more than 18,000 good stores in all parts of the U.S. It will pay you to specify "Regal" in buying a Cap.

THE REGAL HAT CO., 643 to 651 S. Wells St., CHICAGO
Largest Cloth Headwear House in the World

$200.00 a Month Extra

Since Mr. Harry E. Hutchinson of New Jersey began his work with THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, more than five years ago, he has often been able to earn more than $200.00 for his spare time *in a single* month. We asked him how he goes about his work. "As to the *how*," was his laconic reply, "they seem to sell themselves." His experience is repeated with hundreds of others, who are making their spare hours pay.

Harry E. Hutchinson, N. J.

Mr. Hutchinson spends only a small part of his time in securing orders for the three Curtis publications. "During my biggest months," he writes, "three hours each evening, after my regular working hours, and Saturday afternoons do the business." You too have evenings to spare and they will readily bring you big, easy profits if you will follow Mr. Hutchinson's example. When so many others can do it, surely you can too.

What are YOUR spare hours worth?

They are worth whatever you have the ambition to ask for them. As our subscription representative, you will receive payment in commissions and monthly salaries of such liberality that there is no limit to the amount you can reasonably expect to earn—it depends entirely on the time and effort you spend in this pleasant work. Profits are permanent and ever increasing. No experience is required. Here's your chance!

Clip Here Now

The Curtis Publishing Company,
687 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please rush me full details of your best offer for my spare hours.

Name_____ Street_____

Town_____ State_____

through all the rest of his life haunted by the fact that he has lain down on half his debts. He is unhappy enough already without that.

"'The suggestion to let him rock along the way he is, giving him more time on his accounts and trusting he will eventually pay out, sounds liberal, but it would not do any good; his stock will pay twenty-five cents on the dollar now, but a year from now it might pay only ten cents.

"'Now as to closing him out at once, taking the loss and forgetting it—in the first place it would about break old man Bissell's heart to stand before his community as a bankrupt. He would probably get some kind of a job and try to save enough out of his wages to pay the old debts, which would be very commendable, and quite practical if he had about forty years of work left in him, which he hasn't. Besides, all this mess is your own fault. You got him into it and you ought to help him out of it.

"'You don't see how you are responsible for old man Bissell's troubles? All right, then, I will tell you. It was because you made credit too easy. Not one of you here knew anything about Bissell's affairs except that he had always paid pretty well and never made any kicks. You shipped him all the goods he ordered and never asked any questions.

"'Of course this office sends out blanks the first of every year to all the merchants in our trade territory, asking them to mail in statements as to their financial affairs; about half of them pay attention to the request. But do any of you refuse to ship goods to a merchant who fails to make out this statement? You do not. Maybe you use that as an excuse for holding up a merchant's orders if he is getting too slow, but if a merchant is paying promptly he gets his orders shipped, statement or no statement.

"'In all the years old man Bissell has been in business he has never made a statement of his affairs. He couldn't make one, because he didn't know how he stood himself and he was afraid to find out for fear he might have to face some unpleasant facts. So he just let things drift until at last he got in his present fix.'"

Taking a Sporting Chance

"'Now suppose all the wholesalers here had agreed years ago that none of them would sell goods on credit to any merchant who did not make a regular statement of his affairs at least once a year. Then old man Miles Bissell and all the others like him would have to be more businesslike whether they wanted to or not. If they were running things the wrong way and getting behind, then the figures would be there to show it. We wouldn't be holding meetings like this to consider a merchant's case after he is down and out and his assets worth twenty-five cents on the dollar.

"'I heard a couple of wholesalers talking recently and complaining that most of the small-town merchants were sloppy and unbusinesslike. The man who did most of the talking is at the head of a concern which has a reputation for its thorough organization. It advertises that every order coming into the house is filled the same day; there is a well-trained force of bookkeepers; twice a year its books are audited by expert accountants; the merchandise manager can tell any day just how much of any particular line of merchandise is in stock and how much more is ordered.

"'I wanted some information about a certain retailer a few days ago and went to this wholesale concern to get it. The credit man looked up the account in the big ledger and studied some figures on a piece of pasteboard taken out of his card-index file.

"'"Oh, I guess he's all right," the credit man said; "he has never given us a statement as to his net worth, but he pays pretty well. He has owed us as high as two thousand dollars."

"'This wholesale concern spends several thousand dollars a year to keep its own records in correct shape; but it had a retailer on its books for two thousand dollars without knowing how much he was worth, and the chances are that the retailer himself didn't know how much he was worth.

"'Now let's get back to old man Miles Bissell. You creditors have sort of lured him on to his ruin. You haven't been any more businesslike with him than he has been with you.

"'Don't put him out of business, and don't make him settle for fifty cents on the dollar. Organize his business into a stock company and each of you take stock in it for the amount he owes you. Then send a good man down there to handle the financial end of the business and let Bissell run the selling part. The financial man will know the meaning of cash discounts, and with everything in good shape there will be no trouble in getting money from the bank to increase the stock of merchandise.

"'I know what this will mean to the old man himself. With the burden of debt and uncertainty off his shoulders he is going to come back like a schoolboy. His main trouble is that in some things he has never grown up; but in that he is no different from the rest of us, only it has taken him in a different way. Everybody in town likes him, and when people see that the business is being rejuvenated the trade will come back to him fast.'

"It took a lot of hard talking to convince the wholesalers that the best thing to do was to swap their accounts against him for an interest in his store. My main argument was to the effect that their accounts were only worth twenty-five cents on the dollar and it would take several months to sell out the stock and get even that much cash; so why not take a sporting chance on waiting longer and maybe getting a hundred cents on the dollar? Eventually all agreed, a corporation was formed with Miles Bissell as president, and the best financial man we could hire was sent to the town to take care of the books and look after the banking end of the business."

Bissell on His Feet

"The results were better than we had dared to hope. Miles Bissell with his feet on solid ground was a different man from the Miles Bissell who had gone apprehensively round for years, never knowing how he stood or where he was going to end up. Now he could put all his energy into selling goods instead of worrying about renewing notes or wondering whether or not an insistent creditor would stand for another ten days' delay. He began to take a great interest in the statements which the financial man made out each month and mailed to interested wholesalers. If a month's business showed a good profit he had a feeling of elation that made him more efficient, and if the report was a poor one he worked harder to catch up. At the end of the first year of reconstruction he began to buy out the interests of his wholesaler stockholders, and before three years had passed he was again the sole owner of his business.

"He had at last lost the boyish bashfulness that had handicapped him all his life. He was not afraid to look his own business in the face, and other fears had dropped away at the same time.

"He got into the habit of coming up to the city frequently to buy goods, and on such occasions usually made his headquarters at the wholesale house of Halff & Frank. One day he was sitting in their office talking to Henry Frank. 'I know what I would do if I were in the wholesale business,' he said. 'I wouldn't sell one darn cent's worth of goods on credit to any merchant who did not keep an accurate set of books and make a statement of his affairs at least once a year.

"'And this wouldn't be from a selfish standpoint either,' he continued. 'It would save many a good man from worrying his heart out. It is the drifting along in miserable uncertainty that wrecks lives as well as business. Just think how much more I should have got out of life if someone had made me be businesslike twenty years ago. If a man is too scared or too lazy to find out just how his business stands he certainly ought not to be encouraged in his evil ways. Believe me, if I were in the wholesale business my motto would be "No Statement, No Credit."'

"'By golly, you have said something,' shouted Henry Frank. 'That is just the motto we want for our credit association. I'll spring it on them at the next meeting.'

"Which he did. There was a lot of discussion and some of the members objected, but a resolution was adopted pledging the members of our wholesale association not to sell goods on credit to any retailer who does not keep an adequate set of books and make a statement at least once a year.

"That is the explanation of those 'No Statement, No Credit' signs which you see in every wholesale office in this city. And incidentally it is the reason why our trade territory showed less retail failures last year than any other spot in the United States."

Three Days' Work Done in Three Hours

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY gets trial balance 2½ days quicker; saves time and money in accounting with Elliott-Fisher System

IN the Bookkeeping Department of the National Cash Register Company, seven bookkeepers used to spend most of their time posting the Sales Agents Ledgers by hand. Now five bookkeepers and two Elliott-Fisher Machines do the work so much faster and better that two of the original seven bookkeepers can devote all their time to important tasks which formerly had to be neglected.

When the posting was done by hand, it usually took three to four days a month to secure a trial balance, and an additional day to make letter-press statements. When statements were late in going out, a good deal of extra correspondence between the home office and the sales agents was necessary.

Now a trial balance is obtained in three hours instead of three days. And, since statements are sent out twice a month, the sales agents have no more letters of complaint to write. Checks to sales agents, made up from balances shown on accounts, are sent out weekly, and the information for the Treasurer's Department is always ready.

Any office—large or small—can get proportionately good results with the Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed System of Accounting, Bookkeeping, Billing, and Recording. *You can.*

What is the main business of your bookkeeping department? Is it billing or recording? Is it bookkeeping with sewed-volume journals and ledgers, or with the usual loose-leaf forms? Is it complex accounting or keen sales analysis work?

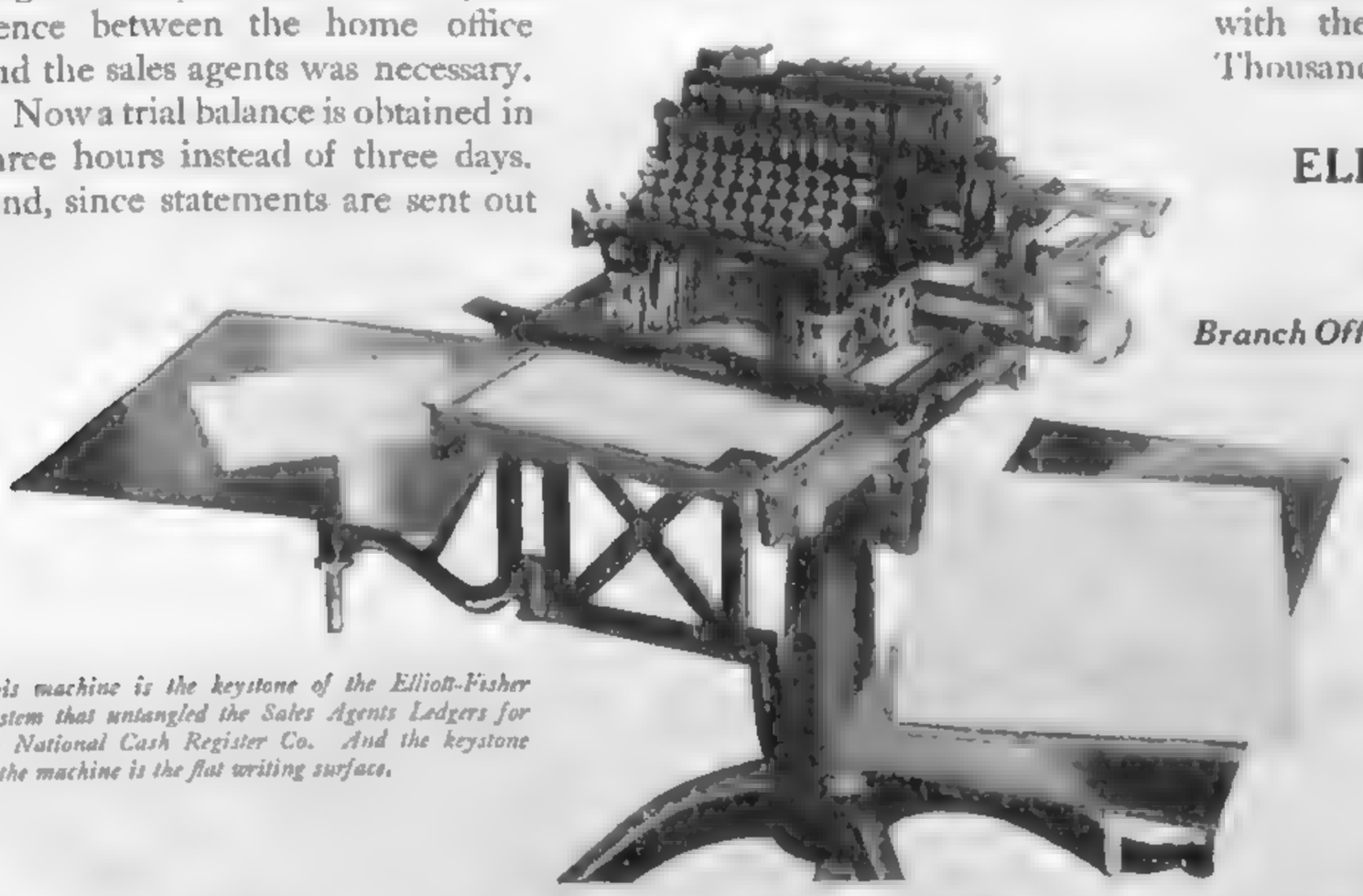
No matter what it is, there is an Elliott-Fisher Machine with a flat writing surface which will precisely fit your requirements and give you the greatest known speed, accuracy, and convenience in all work which has to do with the addition, subtraction, posting, checking, balancing, or analysis of figures.

For Elliott-Fisher is not one machine, but a system which is scientifically installed and made to meet the needs of the modern office.

Thousands of firms in every line of business are already equipped with the Elliott-Fisher System. Thousands more will be.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
Harrisburg, Pa.

Branch Offices in 100 Principal Cities



This machine is the keystone of the Elliott-Fisher System that untangled the Sales Agents Ledgers for the National Cash Register Co. And the keystone of the machine is the flat writing surface.

Let us send you the booklet on the application of the Elliott-Fisher System to your business, or have our nearest representative call to talk it over with you. There is no obligation—just give us an opportunity to show you what Elliott-Fisher can do.

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

PAIGE

BEAUTY is very largely a matter of harmony and proportion. It is impossible to conceive of a pleasing effect in harsh, unrelated lines or color schemes which conflict.

Therefore, the first law of art is Unity, and the principle applies in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture or the more popular forms of commercial design.

The Paige Designers—men of true artistic taste—have achieved their effects through strict conformation with this law. Their open and enclosed vehicles are supremely beautiful because they are studies in perfect harmony and proportion.

Such is the theory behind "The Most Beautiful Car in America." A mere glance at the long, graceful seven passenger model will convince you that this distinction is justified by all artistic standards.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

CON

(Continued from Page 23)

thousand dollars. I don't want you to go in unless you're satisfied with the heater and I want you to think over the possibilities before you invest."

"Well, what's your idea?"

"The only way to test this thing," said I, "is to try it out on a car. You can run my car for a week or I'll install the device on one of yours and you can try it out."

Before I suggested this I had taken the natural precaution to put into my car an expensive extra-cell battery, capable of running the heater and still furnishing electricity for the lights and motor. I pointed out to the dentist that my car was already equipped and there was no need of spending extra money on one of his.

We swapped cars for a week. My heater stood up, as I knew it would. Why not—having cost about three hundred dollars to equip it?

My man was more than satisfied. Now he wanted to know only what the device was and how costly it would be to manufacture. He didn't ask about installing or equipping or about larger batteries—and I somehow forgot to explain these matters. Instead I showed him the simple porcelain device and explained how it was merely hooked up to the battery and engendered heat by establishing a resistance. It was patent to any eye that such a thing could not cost much—a dollar or two at the outside. My dental friend was not slow to let his greedy mind grasp the supposed situation. Here was a cheap and simple device which did away with an almost universal cause of annoyance and expense to motorists. And we had it under patent. *Ergo*, we could manufacture it and sell for whatever price we liked.

I did not try to close a deal with this man then. Instead I sent him off to consider again. When a man put his money into patents he was taking a risk, I warned him, though none too insistently. Of course, I went on, in a case like this the chance of loss was small. It seemed here was a thing in constant general demand, a thing for which there was really a crying need, and with the millions of cars in use there ought to be no lack of a market.

Three evenings later I went to see the tooth surgeon in his office. I found him sitting at his desk with a newspaper almanac before him. From this valuable compendium he had learned that there were then close to four million cars in the country. On this total the doctor had based some interesting if pathetic calculations.

"Crosby," said he with a wave of enthusiasm as I sat down near him, "I've got this figured out and I don't see how we can lose."

"I don't myself," said I—with a mental emphasis on the last word.

"Why, there are four million cars in the country and every car will have one of these heaters! We can certainly make them in quantities for less than a dollar apiece and sell them for ten or twelve."

"Easy," said I.

"That means we ought to clean up millions," he went on.

"If it's handled right," said I—always the conservative.

"We'll handle it right, don't worry."

"Well, you'll never have to complain of me on that score," I assured him. "If you come in I'll put the thing into your hands."

Dangerous Knowledge

I walked out of the place with the check in my pocket, and the bank seemed a long time in opening the next day. Then there were delays. I came up against small problems. My second model did not seem to work so well. I put off leasing a factory till I might experiment further toward a perfect device. Then my health got bad. I had to go away for the summer. In order that all might seem correct I turned over the full rights, with my models and dies, before I went away. I wanted the dentist to be in full possession, so that whatever happened to me he would be protected. He thought it highly honorable of me at the time, though I fear he later changed his opinion—which I regret.

There was no glory and no credit in such a fraud as this and I put it down here only to show a typical case of self-delusion on the part of the very numerous class of men who know just too little and too much for their own good. It is this smattering of strange knowledge that undoes so many professional men and makes this class a byword with the con man who has an invention scheme.

Men with some sort of education, excellent in its own field but deficient in others, are prone to believe in the wonders of science and invention, and they are right. They have seen the distant nations brought into each others' arms by the railroads, the blue immensities of the seas dwarfed by fleet ships, the antipodes harnessed to instant responsiveness with chains of cables, the voice of man sent vibrating through thousands of empty miles, the air yielding to man-made wings and the very abysses of sidereal night glowing in the light of human eyes. These men know that nothing is impossible to the brain and the spirit of man. What they forget is that there are men and men—and con men.

But if I have laid down the general proposition that the professional man has an attraction for the inventions fraud and this fraud for the professional person it is by no means true that only this type of scheme is worked. For instance:

One hot morning last spring three substantial-looking men tricked out by Eastern tailors appeared in a certain Middle Western packing metropolis and rented an office in one of the foremost buildings. Here they installed themselves with an imposing array of furnishings and several stenographers. In a few days sheafs of letters began to go out from this office to the professional men of the city whose names had been gathered from the telephone directories. These letters called the attention of their recipients to the very high prices being paid for pork, to the alleged shortage of that meat, to the fact that swine had been almost exterminated in parts of Europe, where they would have to be replenished from the meager American supply, and to the money-making opportunities contained in the oily sides of porkers.

Hog-Raising for All

In a few days a second batch of letters went forward to the same addresses. Then followed a stream of circulars, each taking the recipient of this mail canvass a step farther in his acquaintance with a new and somewhat novel industry. Finally came to each addressee a letter which made a proposition and tempted a reply. I need not assure you that many replies were sent. And within a day or two a salesman appeared.

"Doctor," said one of these solicitors as he stepped into the office of a locally well-known physician, "I come from our company in answer to your letter. I thought it better to see you in person."

"I've been interested in your literature," said the man of medicine.

"And would like to know what our proposition is?"

"I don't mind."

The salesman took a seat, got out his sheet of calculations and began.

"Our first purpose," said he, "is to foster the growing of pork. Our literature has already made clear to you that there is a world shortage and that prices for this meat will be very much higher within the year. The average farmer is raising what hogs he can, but the situation demands that others be interested—and there is money to be made. Now what we offer is to sell you a contract for one hundred and fifty dollars which calls for the ownership of one brood sow. Of course you may buy one or as many as you like. You are, to be sure, not a stock raiser, but we are. We take the sow off your hands. In fact, you never come into contact with the beast. We give you a certificate of ownership and our contract, which liberally safeguards your interest. Then we allot to you as many sows as you may buy. We keep them on our farm, breed them, raise the pigs, sell what we think best, as the market happens to be up or down, and we turn over to you one-half of the profits. The rest we retain for our services in the matter. In this way you can become a stock raiser without any of the inconvenience, and you get in on the big money that is bound to be made in hogs."

The glib canvasser paused to catch his breath, while the doctor reeled.

"But," objected the latter, "I don't know anything about stock raising. How can I tell if this is a good investment?"

More Almonds Better Chocolate

These 4 words tell why my Almond Bar Business within six months became one of the greatest in the world

And growing H.B.D. 1/3/20

Harry B. Duane PRESIDENT

THE TOURAINE COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO CLEVELAND

Never Too Old To Earn

Mr. C. E. Norbeck, of Minnesota, is seventy-five years old. Yet in a single month he has earned in his spare time alone

$160.00

acting as representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. A few spare hours, picked up here and there in a busy, energetic life, have enabled him to send in over 1500 subscriptions a year and earn the generous commissions and the liberal salaries that are paid to him for his work.

Nineteen to Ninety

Men of all ages, with or without experience, can find in Curtis work the maximum of profit for their time and effort. We need more representation everywhere, and we will pay you as high as $100.00 a week to act for us locally.

Hundreds of thousands of Curtis subscriptions will be placed in the next few months. Why not share in the profits?

Apply at once, using the coupon below.

The CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
686 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: I should like to know about your spare-time openings. If I like your offer, you can depend upon me to make good.

Name

Street

Town State

From cathedral portal *to* garden gate—HINGES *serve*

MASSIVE portals, heavy industrial doors, the humble garden gate and little box lid—*All swing on Hinges!*

Stop and think! How many times each day do *you* use hinges? In building after building, house after house, on cupboard, box or cabinet, hinges continually and quietly mark your progress.

To last indefinitely, to swing back and forth day after day, without sagging, repairs or even a squeak—that is the creed of every McKinney Hinge.

For half a century the McKinney Manufacturing Company has been making hinges and butts. Harmoniously their products have been made to blend with every known architectural design. Unnoticed and unassisted they have effectively and noiselessly served.

In your plans for building or repairs consider the little hinge item seriously. While at first it may seem small, your careful consideration will later be rewarded by years of unfailing usefulness.

See that the name McKinney is stamped on the hinges or butts you buy. Hinge consideration *is* important.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh

Western office, State-Lake Bldg., Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts

Also manufacturers of McKinney garage and farm building door-hardware, furniture hardware and McKinney One-Man Trucks.

"You evidently didn't do our letters and circulars the honor to read them," said the salesman, sailing in anew. "It is self-demonstrating that hogs will pay big money at twenty-two cents on the hoof when the farmer formerly got rich out of them at five and six cents; that's common good sense. Also it isn't hard to see what class has been getting rich through the war; not the doctors and lawyers"—to which the prospect readily agreed. "The farmers have been getting undreamed-of prices and piling up money as never before. The bank balances in rural states like Kansas have never been so high. Never have there been such sales of automobiles in the farming districts of Iowa and Missouri and Illinois. The farmer is at the highest point of prosperity, and mainly through wheat and hogs. Now what I offer you is a chance to share these riches with him."

"Show me," demanded the physician.

"Easy," responded the salesman. "You know, I suppose, that a brood sow bears two litters a year and that the average litter for good swine is eight. Thus a sow will bring sixteen pigs into the world in a year. Let us reckon that half of these pigs are males. These are fattened for the market and sold. Half of what they bring goes to you. You then have left the original brood sow and her eight female offspring. I speak in terms of averages. In other words, you will likely have nine brood sows the second year.

"Carrying our calculations a little further, each one of these sows should bring forth about sixteen pigs in the year. Thus at the end of the second year you should have nine adult sows and one hundred and fifty-four baby pigs and pigs of six months. Now we can discount this for losses through disease. It's always best to be conservative. Let's say that we have a total of one hundred swine at the end of two years. We have now already sold eight young male pigs and on the same average we would now sell fifty more. Thus we would go into the third year with fifty sows. I need not go further. With any kind of pig bringing from eighty to one hundred dollars in the market, you can see that by that time you will have sold from four thousand to five thousand dollars' worth of pork and still have fifty sows left, which should give you eight hundred pigs in the fourth year. And the original investment is only one hundred and fifty dollars."

In a few weeks these three schemers and a few extra salesmen, whom they employed when trade warranted it, took in three hundred and fifty residents of this town, nearly all of them professional men and women, who seldom are close calculators.

The business had been started without an acre of farming land or a single sow. With the money pouring in it was necessary to rent a farm and acquire at least some swine. This was done at no great outlay. Forty or fifty sows were more than enough. The men who had paid for contracts covering the ownership of sows were not stockholders in the company and had no access to the books. As long as there was any sort of farm and a single sow on it this animal could be passed off on any number of contract holders as the sow purchased. More than that, what was to prevent the cholera from sweeping away the sows and broods? Who was to keep books on the feed used and the upkeep expenses of the farm?

Women Confidence Workers

When six months or a little more rolled round each purchaser of a sow was to be informed, according to the plan, that he was the owner of a brood of seven or eight or ten pigs, whether there were any broods or not. If he became excited and bought more sows, well and good. That was what was expected of him. If he sat tight disaster shortly overtook his stock and he was wiped out. A modern application of a very ancient type of fraud.

It wasn't long before the professional people of this city woke to the realization that they were not stockmen. At about the same time the police became convinced that the three gentlemen in their imposing office were con men. But it was too late to do much. The farm was deserted. The few sows had been sold off, the gates closed and the pork impresarios had flown. And with them the lardy dreams of many innocents.

Whoever has loitered at the great seashore and mountain resorts has seen about the hotels and pleasure pavilions certain lovely and slightly mysterious ladies. They stroll up and down the walks and the beaches, they drape themselves in the lobbies, swim about at the balls, gambol in the waves, but neither do they toil nor spin. To some they act as introducers and promoters of amenities. They do not flirt—precisely. Neither are they at all unapproachable. Usually they seem to be detached, though perhaps noticeably friendly with one or more impressive-looking men, likewise playing the *dolce far niente*. *Dames d'industrie*, I should call these sibylline ones, or—if you like—ladies confidential. Their male familiars are con men.

The employment of women in the affairs of sharpers is old as the world, I suppose. Their original function was that of attraction. To the modern schemer they act as introducers on the well-known principle that a respectable and cautious man will rebuff a strange man and pursue a strange woman. These ladies are taken to various resorts where men of position and consequence and women with means spend their leisure. They pick up the acquaintance of both men and women and shortly introduce to their promising new acquaintances the polished rogues who are lurking in the background. Then the game is on.

The standard type of fraud then perpetrated is nothing more ingenious than a crooked gamble. I know a dozen or twenty of the most skillful card manipulators, faro swindlers and poker sharpers in the country who long since deserted gambling in its older form in an established house of chance for crooked gaming at the resorts, with respectable persons lured into the play by means of these women. Palm Beach, Atlantic City, Miami, Saratoga, the Southern California resorts, and even religious Asbury Park, smiling under the priestly adjacence of Ocean Grove, are patronized and victimized by these schemers in their seasons of frivol.

Ashamed to Squeal

Wherever the scheme is not a gambling trick, some such stale device as the sick-engineer game is employed. No one at all familiar with such trickery will have forgotten what havoc was played up and down the Atlantic Seaboard some years ago by Chappie Moran, Larry Summerfield and Sam Giroux, abetted by several charmers. When these gay picaroons met—through their women—a man or woman of substance they unfolded the tale of the sick engineer owning stock in a certain mine and soon induced their dupe to buy the stock under the pretense that it was highly valuable or immediately salable at a high figure.

Neither is New York likely soon to forget the St. Louis pawnbroker who was gambled out of nearly a hundred thousand dollars at a specially fitted club, where the victim believed he was playing a fixed poker game against five or six of the most notable millionaires in New York. These other players were, to be sure, only con men dressed and disguised to look like well-known rich men.

The professional man of substance is the ideal dupe in all these games employing women. In many ways he is the most careful of all his fellows when it comes to questions of his good repute. If he can be compromised even slightly—a thing which these plotters always manage to bring about—he is certain to keep his counsel. No squeal results. But this is usually not even necessary. The physician or especially the lawyer cannot afford to advertise himself as a fool. Such rashness would cost him much more than the conspirators have taken. He throws up his hands and decides he will be wiser next time. But con games are various and often bear no visible similarity to each other, so that the same man has often enough taken the venomed apple twice.

A few years ago a wealthy man from one of the Eastern cities went down to Palm Beach for the winter. This man was a widower with grown and married daughters. He was experienced, worldly, something of a vivant and to his own mind a connoisseur. He never spoke of an incident in his earlier life that had to do with his deception through one of the crude old mining-stock games. Few men remembered the incident, but a certain confidential person of my acquaintance did. Long and accurate memories are desirable in our picaresque profession. My friend decided that this man could be duped again and he followed him south—a hawk in the wake of the goose.

In his rococo hotel at Palm Beach this man soon set his eye upon the person of a

(Continued on Page 57)

Your Faithful Servant - the Printed Form

Do you ever hesitate to spend money for printing?

Then think what it means, the next time the boy comes to your desk, and places in your "incoming" tray his collection of letters, reports, memoranda.

A pink slip attached to a letter bears a list of names. You check yours, and put the letter in your "outgoing" tray. A bit of green paper attached to a clipping—"for your attention." A blue "pending file" carbon requiring attention today. A salmon-colored slip—telephone call, while you were out.

And so on. Every form means time saved, steps saved, mistakes avoided. Printed forms perform vital functions in all departments of any business.

The more forms you use, the more intelligence used in planning them, the higher the degree of standardization in the carrying on of your business.

The man who understands and appreciates the work of printed forms orders them as a help to his business, and as a further help he standardizes his business printing on one dependable, watermarked paper. This saves time, and avoids the expensive mistakes that continually occur when paper is selected separately for each order of printing.

Ask your printer to standardize your printing on Hammermill Bond. It is the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market. It is uniform in quality, offers a pleasing variety of finishes, and its twelve colors besides white enable you to give distinctive colors to your different forms, so that they are identified quickly, routed and filed with fewest errors.

Write us, and we will send you a portfolio of helpful forms, printed on Hammermill Bond.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

Pianissimo
the tell-tale test of touch

"Royal" touch is an *individual* touch—swift, responsive—tuned in a few seconds by one simple thumb-screw. This personal adjustment means more speed—more comfort—less strain on both operator and machine.

The "Royal" is the machine of clear-cut work. The type faces can not chip—the carriage can skip no spaces. Efficient, rugged—it's the logical choice of big business, for it ends the trading-out evil.

Let a demonstration decide the matter.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-366 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over
Chief European Office: 75 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

ROYAL

COMPARE THE WORK

(Continued from Page 54)

decidedly elegant woman whom he encountered in the dining room, the elevators, the lounge, on the beach—everywhere. She was a tallish, dark, distinguished-looking person, past thirty perhaps, but still very youthful and beautiful. Her manner was always correct, her dress costly, her look invariably a little melancholy. She was alone, save for a maid, and the elderly gentleman judged that she was recently widowed. After a week he managed to have himself introduced by one of the genial guests in the hotel, whom he never stopped to suspect of being a confederate in any machination against him. Indeed, he had gone to so many subterfuges before he succeeded that he never could be convinced of the truth.

Mrs. —— permitted the attentions of the mature gentleman. He asked her to dine with him, as she was alone and looked lonely, and she accepted. He took her motoring and she decorously brought her maid along. When he asked her to make a fishing trip with him she was happy to be one of a party. He decided after several exhibitions of this circumspectness that the lady was a person of breeding and position. She had not told him so. Indeed, she had told him nothing of herself. In the main it was not necessary. He had eyes and perception.

In the beginning the victim was inclined to rush his familiarities a little, but a series of the gentlest and most tactful rebuffs soon enlightened him. Next he tried extracting confidences from the aloof Mrs. ——. She smiled sadly into his eyes and begged him not to speak of her affairs—for the present. He respected what he considered her grief. With the flight of the weeks, however, the man felt himself slowly growing into the woman's graces and confidence. He did not perceive that she was sending roots into his middle-aged heart.

One night when they sat at the end of the long pavilion watching the great lamp of the Southern moon stream upward out of the mighty phosphorescence of the sea the wonder and witchery of the provocative South got hold of him.

"Won't you tell me who you are at least?" he urged, idling with the fringe of her wrap.

"Just a lonely and unhappy woman," she said softly.

"You are much too young and lovely to be either."

She sighed, looked into his eyes and away into the flaming ocean.

"You know I am too old a man to be sentimental," he resumed, "but something about you touches me. I think whenever I see you this way that somebody should do something for you. I suppose it's natural to tell myself that I'm the right person."

"I'm afraid no one can help me much," she said. "Let's not talk of it. Let's just be happy—or pretend to be."

The moon rose fuller and higher, the breath of the Gulf made warm murmurs in the palms, the sea played on the sands its amorous arpeggios. The staid and careful gentleman was caught in a resurgence of his dead youth. He declared himself.

The lady sat with him late into the night, listening to his pleading, holding him off, verging on tears. At last she kissed him lightly and turned away.

On Dangerous Ground

"I should never have let you speak," she told him. "I did not know things were going so far. I have a husband."

The man was silent as they walked back toward their hotel. He considered, hesitated and plunged.

"Does that matter if you are unhappy with him?" he asked.

She looked at him with a little start of surprise.

"You mean ——"

"Marriages are not indissoluble."

She left him on the veranda without an answer. Half the night he walked up and down the sands, feeling himself a lover and wondering if he might not be a great fool.

The next day Mrs. —— was very tender and sadder than ever. Her husband would arrive in a day or two. That was why she had been more depressed lately. When he came perhaps she would not be able to see her friend at all, but she would try. They must be careful.

"Did what I said last night offend you?" he asked, again under her spell.

"Offend me!" she purred. "I wish I were free to talk."

The husband came, a rather sharp-faced, blustery person, but still a man who looked as though he might amount to something. He spent very little time with his wife, treated her shabbily, even seemed to be quarreling with her under his breath in public. His attentions seemed to center rather on several young New York actresses who were showily disposed on the beach every day. And at night he was off gambling or somewhere else. His wife confided her suspicions to her ardent friend, who urged her to get evidence for her divorce then and there. She demurred. She would not take such an advantage of a man she had once loved.

The thing wore on and the delay made the intended victim wild to have something done. The more he saw of Mrs. —— the more he was determined to win her. He found out that her husband was a promoter, often of questionable enterprises. The wife said her husband's manner of making money was one of the causes of their unhappiness. Little by little she revealed the story to her admirer and slowly guided him toward the climax.

One night at the end of the same pavilion, with the same moon swimming overhead, she confessed that she loved the aging wooer. At the end of an ecstatic evening she unfolded a plan for being rid of her spouse. He was even then promoting a fraudulent oil company. The thing was going slowly and he was hard up. He would likely enough try to get her new friend into his scheme. Wouldn't it be a good idea to put a sum of money into the venture with the purpose of exposing the scheming husband, catching him foul of the law and thus forcing him to permit a divorce?

Fast in the Net

The idea struck the Northerner as brilliant. How had she thought of it? But that was a silly question. Since when had women not known how to achieve their desires?

The husband now began to lay his snares, and his victim—smilingly—played his part and hurried the game along wherever he could. He was not a little perturbed one night when the supposed promoter came past the end of the pier which had come to be the lovers' retreat and caught him and Mrs. —— in a tender tableau. It was innocent, but the widower trembled a little. The promoter greeted them, passed a cynical remark or two and went on.

"I think he knows," she said. "But he is bad—thoroughly bad. He will gladly sell me if he can get what he thinks I'm worth."

The old gentleman was a little frightened. Something warned him to desist, but he was too tight caught. He continued to deal with the promoter. Finally it came down to the amount he was to invest. He hoped to get off for a few thousands, but was coolly told that it would take one hundred thousand dollars to start the oil business going. It was too strong a blow to his resources and he refused.

That night Mrs. ——wept on his shoulder.

"Take me away! Get me out of his hands somehow!" she pleaded. "What does the price matter? We can go away and be happy. You will have plenty left and can make more."

Finally, infatuated out of all senses, he agreed to put sixty thousand dollars into the oil promotion. He drew on his home banks, got the money to Palm Beach and was ready to pay. But once again his caution stopped him. At the last moment he drew back and refused to close.

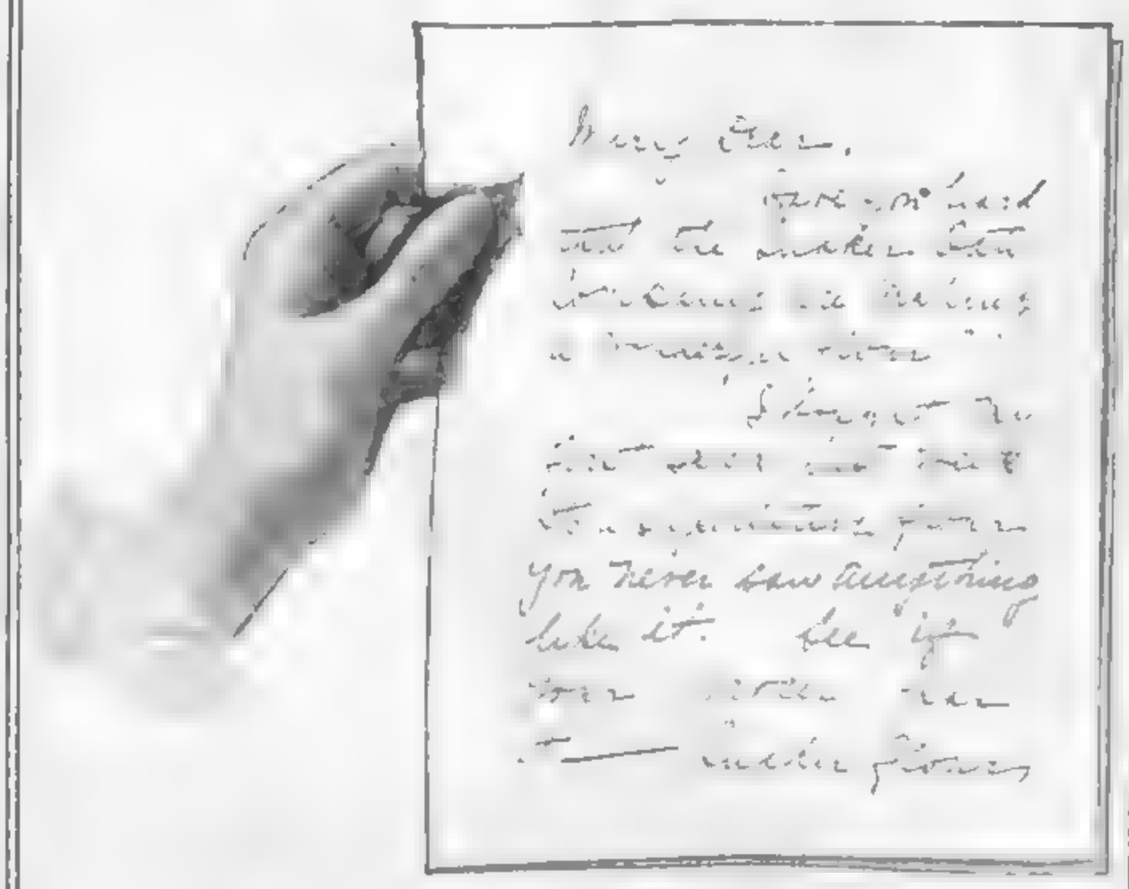
The promoter immediately came the hurrah on him. He announced that he was about to leave Palm Beach and take his wife with him. That night at the end of the pier Mrs. —— bade her chaste and aging lover a tearful and reproachful good-by. She would never see him again. He did not want her enough to take her when she could have been his. She thanked him for the little while of hope and happiness and went back to the hotel.

In the morning the dupe waylaid the oil promoter as he descended in the elevator. The man had lain awake all night. He could not break from the woman. In ten minutes he had paid the demanded price.

The promoter departed without delay, but not until he had hinted, unmistakably, that he understood what had been done to him. The aged widower sent him off with defiance and the promoter went with a cynical smile.

Quaker Flour

Women Everywhere Discuss It



How a Million

Came to Use It—10,000 Barrels Daily

Do you know that a million people are using a new-grade Flour? You may have never heard of it—millions have never seen it. Yet countless women, by word and by letter, are urging other women to get it.

It is made by The Quaker Oats Company, for the lovers of Quaker cereals. Just the choicest, whitest bits of the wheat kernel go into it.

Only the Choicest

of the wheat kernel goes into Quaker Flour. That's one reason for its super-quality.

It is constantly analyzed and tested—right in the mills—so the quality cannot vary.

Not Advertised

Until lately, Quaker Flour was never advertised. The Quaker brand led quality lovers to buy it.

Then users told others. Our capacity was quickly oversold. More mills were built, and now four mills make this superlative Flour, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

Now we are telling other people about it. It is for those who want an exceptional Flour—the finest Flour that science can produce. But, like all Quaker products, it costs no fancy price.

Get a sack and see it—see how white and fine it is. Your grocer has it or will get it. It will change your whole conception of white flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian Mills we conform to government requirements as to the percentage of wheat kernel used

3291

Quaker Biscuit and Pancake Flour

This is a special flour made from special wheat for dainties. It is the right flour—better than bread flour—for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc.

The flour is self-raising. And it comes in sealed, round packages with tops to keep it ever-fresh.

Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat—just the choicest, sweetest, whitest bits of wheat. The granulated form adds enticements to the foods.

Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc. A finer grade of farina is impossible, yet this costs no extra price.

Here is the ordinary braided cablecovering. Note the open and porous construction, easily cut, stretched or unraveled. Compare it in detail with Duracord
This is Duracord. Thick, heavy strands, woven like a piece of fire hose, not braided. Picture shows outside covering only with impregnating compound removed.
You judge its strength
THE outside covering of a portable cable gives it its mechanical strength. Underwriters demand that the electrical strength, the copper and the insulation meet their requirements—but you must decide whether the covering makes the cord as strong as it should be where the wear comes—on the outside. You must decide between braided covering and woven covering. Economy demands the decision.
DURACORD
TRADE MARK
is protected by a covering of thick heavy strands woven like fire hose. It can be battered and pounded and abused, and stands up as no other cord will. The illustrations tell part of the story.
No wonder Duracord resisted the pounding of heavy test hammers twenty times longer than braided cord. No wonder it withstood abrasion tests fifteen times longer than cord with ordinary covering. Field tests are even more convincing of its unusual strength. Made in all sizes for every purpose.
Let us send samples of Duracord and ordinary cord. Show them to your purchasing agent. Get your engineer's opinion. Test and compare them yourself. We'll rely on your judgment.
Ask your electrical jobber about Duracord, or write us.
TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.
Pawtucket, R. I.
Makers of Duraduct Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit.

At the end of a week Mrs. —— was ready to travel north, where she was to arrange matters for the coming exposure of her husband. It was deemed better that she be at a distance, for the sake of appearances, when the victim of her duplicity came with his demand on the promoter. There was a farewell at the end of the pier under a gibbous moon, one is prone to fancy. The next morning he found a long letter from the charmer in his hotel box. It had not come through the mail.

When the astute Northerner had finished reading this remarkable letter he went out and spat helplessly into the sea. The woman told him with regret that she had duped him. She was under an almost hypnotic sway. She did whatever her husband commanded. Could he be a little sorry for her? She was so unhappy. But perhaps it was better so after all. A man of his character would never be happy after he had deliberately bought the wife of another man.

The last words sank painfully into his brain. That was what he had been doing. He was helpless to complain or prosecute. He walked up and down slowly on the sand, wondering whether two months of bootless flirtation might be worth sixty thousand dollars.

But it probably is true that professional men are less subject to romantic attacks than many other types. If such games as the foregoing are often designed against them it is because they are known as close-mouthed fellows and give less trouble than the run of humanity. The invention remains the ideal overpersuader for the technical man, as I shall show.

Three or four years ago I completed a number of experiments with the selenium cell as applied to the phonographic motion picture. The idea is an old one and persistent. If one could only hook up the picture reel with the talking machine the complete mechanical drama would ensue. The possibilities of money-making in such a thing are so great that many men have lent their brains and energies to the idea. To date every plan has failed, mainly because of the inability to synchronize. If the words of the screen actors are to come from a talking machine they must come at the right instant or all is ridicule.

To this problem I applied myself. I tried to solve it by recording sound waves on the edge of the film with the aid of photography. The record would appear in the form of successive long or short linear shadows. With the aid of a selenium cell I now energized a bi-polar magnet or magnets, which vibrated a diaphragm and set sound waves in motion, reproducing the human voice in correct time with the picture. Perhaps it is well to explain that selenium is a chemical element which is highly sensitive to the force of light waves. It is a conductor of electromotor force and its conductivity varies according to the amount of light played upon it. Some authorities say that the conductivity of selenium may be decreased or augmented five hundred times. It will be seen how this substance figured in my invention.

A Wonderful Failure

After long and quite costly experiments with this device I came to the stopping place. I perfected it as far as human ingenuity could bring it. Then I came up against a physical fact, as men will. I managed to record the voice on the edge of the film and I reproduced it perfectly and in exact time with the picture, but —— the sound was not reproduced with sufficient energy to be of any use. It could be heard close at hand, but when it came to amplifying the sound I discovered that the force was too weak. Extra-powerful amplification resulted merely in loud words without tone shading. I was simply up against it. My wonder was a flivver.

However, my experiments had cost me several thousand dollars. And in those days I had the bad habit of getting my money out of things one way or the other. I looked about for a likely way of exploiting my burst bubble and soon discovered in a large city lying on one of the lines between New York and Chicago a physician who was a specialist in electrotherapeutics. I knew from other men in my line that he was a sucker buyer; in other words, he had money and often took flyers in the most dubious of stocks. No sooner discovered than approached.

I moved my apparatus and a confederate to the home city of this medical gentleman, established myself in a couple of modest rooms and went off to consult the physician about my left foot. I had suffered from gout a few years before, owing no doubt to early trials and denials. It was true I had not felt an enemy twinge for a number of years, but the gout was as good an excuse as any. I told the physician that I had heard of his wonderful cures and wanted him to do something for my gout. It was not bothering me just then, but it did make trouble at times.

He had quite an establishment, with a great array of electrical equipment. All this I admired and talked about with glib familiarity. He was a stiff and pompous man, distant and ponderous, but he was for all that the more susceptible to flattery. By my third visit and third cash payment of his heavy fee I had disarmed him and he talked electricity with me. I gauged him carefully, for it is bitterly uncomfortable to catch a tartar who knows too much. He knew electricity from the medical side only.

Each time I went to see him I talked more and more freely about electricity, and he followed, a little piqued at my knowledge, but glad to talk with a man who knew something of his hobby. The doctor was, to be sure, taking my money and treating me right along for an ailment I didn't have, but that was part of his game and I believe every man has the right to play his cards. I meant to play mine.

An Excited Physician

One morning I sailed into the therapeutician's office brimming with delight. I had just had great news. The doctor was sympathetic and curious and I unfolded my yarn. I had for some time been financing in a modest way a man who had a wonderful electrical invention under way. This very morning we had evidently hit success. I explained my talking movies to the doctor and he was delighted with the idea.

"Think what a thing like this means!" said I rapturously. "It will knock out all the cheap movie dramas where there is nothing but crude physical action interspersed with idiotic captions. It will mean that as good plays can be had on the screen as on the stage."

"That's true," said the physician.

"But that's only one field," I went on rapidly. "Think of the value of such a thing for disseminating clinical lectures! It will now be possible to photograph an operation or a chemical or physical experiment and at the same time to record the words of the lecturer. By this means university extension work can be magnified to an undreamed-of point."

The physician stared at me in amazement.

"Remarkable!" he said. "No telling what changes such a thing will bring."

"And think of the personal appeal of such a thing!" I enthused. "What is to keep people from making complete records of their children by this device, recording not only their appearance in moving pictures but their voices, from the prattle of the baby to the wheezing of the old man?"

"And you mean to say you have got such a thing perfected?"

"All but the final details."

"By heaven, I'd like to see it!" he said, warming.

Here was the heading-in point—that invariable piece of con technic. I had to seem unable or unwilling to show the thing in order to set at rest any suspicion that I might have an object in telling my doctor friend of this marvel.

I temporized. The inventor was one of those peculiar taciturn Germans, suspicious of everyone, even of me. But I would see what could be done.

I now rented a little workshop for my confederate, who was in fact just enough a German to play the part successfully. Here we set up the talking movie, scattered about a lot of grimy tools, put in two kinds of electric current, set up a workbench, a lathe and other appurtenances of an inventor's shop and were ready to demonstrate. To the victim I pleaded that my inventor was obstinate. The more I delayed the more the physician's curiosity was roused. Finally, when he had heated himself to the proper temperature, I took him to the "factory."

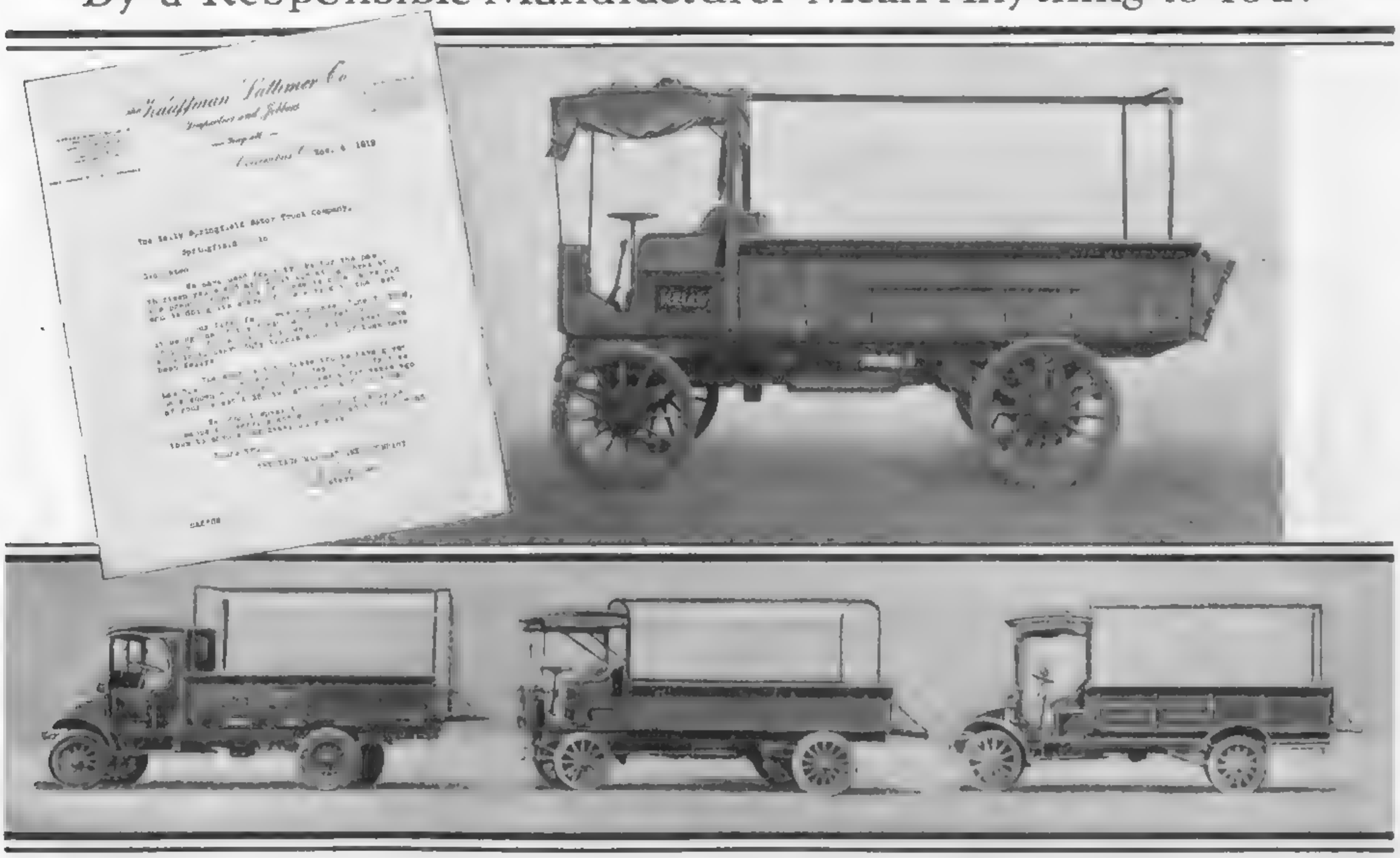
We had, as I have indicated, a short dramatic reel on whose edges I had recorded the supposed voices of the actors in the manner explained. This part of the thing was perfectly honest and correct.

(Continued on Page 60)

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

The Big Brother to the Railroads

Does Constant Service and a Dependable Guarantee By a Responsible Manufacturer Mean Anything to You?



The slow depreciation and the constant service of

Kelly Trucks make them a sound investment

EXCLUSIVE features of Kelly design—the special three-point suspension, location and method of radiator hanging, greater engine accessibility, the selected final drive, and constant reserve of excess power—are responsible for that vital and outstanding Kelly superiority, its slow depreciation and constant service. The experience of the Kauffman-Lattimer Company related above is only one of the many Kelly records.

Theirs is a record of less and of slower depreciation which every truck owner will appreciate and will want to duplicate in his own experience.

Kelly trucks are designed by Kelly engineers, and are built complete in Kelly-Springfield shops. They are guaranteed by one responsible manufacturer whose efficient service stations reach every locality and further insure Kelly dependability.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks

Quality always costs more

Dealers in Toys

Distributors
Proprietors of Stores
Large and Small

ATTENTION!

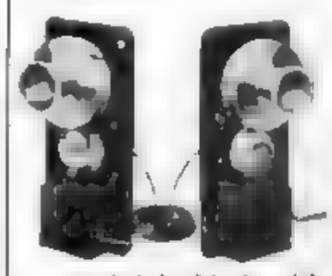
YOUNG America has manifested his approval of the FEDERAL-BUSTER Line of quality toys. And what the American youngster to-day approves—and demands—he usually gets. It is taxing our abilities to fill orders.

The steel shortage and scarcity of labor are still further complicating our problem. We urge every jobber and dealer to place his order as soon as possible to secure deliveries.

Our full line will be on display at the Toy Fair, Hotel Imperial, New York, February 2nd, to March 13th, inclusive.

Buster Desk Phone

Made of pressed steel; beaded and pressed joints. Transmitter and receiver used alternately for "sending" and "receiving" messages.



Buster Wall Phone

Actual sound-transmitting phones. Made of pressed steel enameled in black with bright nickeled trimmings.

Buster Marble Incline Plane

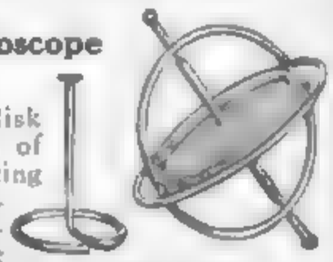
A gravity toy that sells on sight. Attractively finished in colors; very substantially constructed.

Federal Safety Pistol

The greatest rapid-fire (repeater) pistol on the market. Absolutely safe.

Buster Gyroscope Top

Made with disk wheel instead of spoked, reducing the air resistance and making it one of the longest-spinning tops on the market.



Buster Bike

The most practical of all riding toys. Well made; attractively finished. Accommodates child's growth from 1½ to 6 years. Pedal equipped.

The Federal-Buster Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued from Page 58)

The doctor sat down in the darkened shop, I took a place near him and my partner ran off the reel. As the scenes flashed on the screen the voices of the actors could be heard. One had to listen carefully, but there was no mistaking the fact. The picture talked in perfect synchrony with the action and the effect was not short of astounding.

"Now," I said to the doctor when the demonstration was at an end, "this thing is not yet quite complete. You noticed, no doubt, that the voices were not loud enough for ordinary purposes. You understand, being a man of science, that this is merely a matter of amplification, just as in all talking machines."

"Of course," said the accommodating gentleman. "Don't you remember the first phonographs—how almost inaudible they were at any distance?"

"And to-day they've got to the point where they drive you out of a neighborhood," I laughed.

"All a question of perfecting the amplifier," said he.

The physician wanted to inspect the machine and go carefully into the scientific principle, but my alleged German inventor immediately showed signs of displeasure. I nudged the doctor and took him away.

"Don't ever make a break like that again!" I whispered as we went out the door. "That crazy Dutchman will think we want to steal his machine."

The doctor laughed and then grew thoughtful. At his invitation I drove out to his home and spent an evening explaining the technical principles of the thing in detail. He was enchanted. I visited him almost every day for a week and each time I talked more about the invention. He was a little silent and I fancied I knew what was going on in his head. Sure enough, when I was about to take the plunge myself he came to the point. Did we have enough money to develop this thing as it should be done?

"No," I said frankly, "but that Dutch ape thinks we have. He doesn't want to let anyone in."

The doctor again was thoughtful. And I left him to his own mental yeasting. Though my treatments were at an end I ran in often to see him—with nothing special on my mind, it seemed. The man was restive and I saw to it that he didn't recover. He saw profits coming and wanted to share in them. One day he came at me out of a clear sky.

"Do you need that inventor?"

"No-o-o," I considered. "He's got it to the point now where I can probably do all that needs to be done."

"Then why don't we find some way of getting him out?"

"It's really his property, I think."

"What of it? Inventors always stand in the way of their own good."

I went away, promising to give the matter some thought. The next day I called on the doctor and made a suggestion.

The Biter Bitten

"Doctor," said I, "this German is really a decent fellow and he has put in five years on this thing. I'm not willing to defraud him, but I know he is standing in his own light. Now I've thought of a way to get him out of the road and you into the thing. If you are willing I'll try it."

"If you can do that I'll do my part," said he.

"Can I speak confidentially?"

"A doctor keeps secrets."

"If that German continues to believe that his machine is a success," said I, "no one will be able to buy him out—not for a million dollars, and a buy-out is the only thing I'm willing to consider. But if I can tamper with his device just enough to keep him in the air he'll soon get discouraged. You know how the Germans are. They lose heart and go into the dumps. Then we can probably talk reason to him."

I have often wondered at the moral and ethical point of view of so many respectable men I have duped. These men were nearly all persons of substance and standing. They had the reputation of being absolutely upright; no breath of scandal ever touched them, and yet whenever and however I have encountered them they have invariably been ready to go in for sharp practices of this sort. For many years I have noted, and I have heard other con men say that they seldom regretted their coups, for the victim invariably thought he was getting the better of them or of someone else. This is, to be sure, the motivation that makes con games possible.

The doctor was enthusiastic about my proposition. If I could trick the German into a receptive frame of mind the doctor would do his share. He would buy the man out.

Weeks and months had now to elapse—to give my man time to develop his discouragement. Meantime I had to keep the doctor boiling. This I did by means of periodic sneaking visits to the shop in the dead of night, when I showed the physician the latest attempts and failures of the German and revealed to him my invariable subtle sabotage.

The doctor grew more and more impatient as I built him up, brought various convincers into play and prepared him for the hurrah. But my German somehow didn't discourage very easily. Finally I despaired of him. He was an incurable optimist, I told the doctor. We must buy him out or he might yet strike the right thing or discover my duplicity. I suggested that the physician approach him with a proposition. He did, and my confederate demanded an exorbitant price, which the physician naturally declined to pay. Then followed the usual series of conferences and the gradual lowering of price and raising of the offer. The doctor would not go above fifteen thousand dollars and my German shrewdly refused less than fifty thousand dollars.

Then came the hurrah. One morning I went to the physician in great perturbation. The German had either caught me at my tricks or he was disgusted with the dickering. He was threatening to throw me over and leave town with his invention. It meant we might both lose our hold on him. I was vastly excited and upset. The doctor considered and appraised me coldly. Then he put on his hat and we drove over to the shop. Sure enough the inventor was dismantling the place and packing up the machine. We stopped him and held a final conference. He was stubborn and truculent. The doctor finally offered twenty-five thousand dollars. After much pleading and urging from me the German threw up his hands, called us both pirates and skinflints and went off to sign over his rights. The next night he was able to depart with the money.

Dividing the Doctor's Money

There had never been any written agreement between the doctor and myself, but the understanding was that we were to be equal owners of the invention. Here again human nature, that restless hungry stuff, asserted itself. He flatly refused to do business with me on an equal-partnership basis. One-fifth was the best he would allow. We quarreled bitterly and I left town. My pseudo-German, who had so glibly spurned everything up to twenty-five thousand dollars, took five thousand from me as his share and turned over the rest.

And the movies still move in silence.

In the dusty top story of a storage warehouse in a certain city stands a grand piano. Closer inspection of it would reveal several strange-looking attachments and a curious tangle of wires bursting from its interior. The spiders are spinning their webs among the strings of this piano and the mice nesting in its vitals.

Eight or nine years ago I became interested through my constant electrical experimentation in the idea of an automatic piano controlled by a phonographic record. That was the original form of the idea, which later was elaborated. The general scheme involved a piano with a specially constructed magnet under each of the eighty-eight keys. The second part of the outfit was a phonograph in which the usual mica diaphragm had been displaced by a metallic diaphragm like those used in the telephone. By this change the talking machine is silenced so far as the human ear is concerned. Instead of sound it emits vibrations from the diaphragm which exert certain modulated pressures in the circuits of the magnets placed beneath the piano keys. In this device again the selenium cell is used, but to explain the entire arrangement would lead me into technical abstractions both needless and wearisome. My idea was the substitution of electromotive force for the physical effort of the player, plus the control of the instrument by means of recorded and retransmitted sound waves.

You may wonder what the use might have been of both a phonograph and a piano. The talking machine had then never been able to reproduce satisfactorily the playing of a piano. Only the fundamental notes were recorded and reproduced. All the partials were lost, with all fine tones and expressions. But if you might control a piano with this recorded music you would bring its beauty back to life. I assure you that with a proper synchronizing device the thing is entirely practical. And I can also assert that I never worked toward achieving this with any honest intention. I have simply been describing a thing which interested me and the idea of which I palmed off.

All I ever really had was something far short of this excellent but unachieved invention. But I must ask you to wait and see wherein the difference lay. I knew I had a splendid and demonstrable idea and I understood how to make things seem what they are not. So I was ready to levy on the credulity of mankind again.

In one of the large cities of the Northwest, which I happened to visit on other business, I discovered a lawyer politician of a type familiar to all of us—a shrewd, hard, ruthless fellow, not much on law, but long on worldliness and chicane. This man interested me, because I knew he was fox bitten, serpentine, crafty. A man who lives by his wits wearies of dull bait. He longs for a foeman worthy of his armament. He takes a devilish delight in humiliating those who deem themselves proof against their fellows. In doing so he breaks some laws—and teaches some humility. Everything has compensations.

As soon as I had found this man I moved up my batteries. The grand piano which stands moldering in the storage house was bought in the East and sent to the city in question. A complete assortment of rather unfamiliar electrical equipment went with it. And I followed in a few days, accompanied by a young woman who has aided me in several of my intricate devisings. She is an actress rather than a woman of the con world and a business person rather more than either—a versatile, capable girl who has suffered some things at the hands of the world and knows its crannies.

Arrived at the scene of our adventure, I rented a modest house and furnished it. One of the rooms I reserved as my workshop; another as a secret chamber into which no one ever stepped saving myself and my girl confederate. I now set up my piano in the workroom and put in several weeks on the task of equipping it for a demonstration. When I was done and had made the proper tests I went to see the lawyer. He received me sourly until I told him that I had come to have him incorporate my invention. Then he was interested. I wanted to form a one-hundred-thousand-dollar company for the purpose of building and selling my automatic piano. Some details of my idea and instrument had naturally to be given, but I was careful to be reserved.

The Lawyer Is Interested

There were the usual delays and return visits to the lawyer's office. I could see after the second call that my man was allowing his curiosity to gather momentum. So I was extra-cautious and reticent. I managed to seem full of hope and confidence without bubbling over or telling any secrets. My prospect didn't like it at all. He was not used to being in the dark about things and soon enough he began to ply me with questions. Naturally, once he had openly taken the initiative, I was glad enough to explain, and I did. He was deeply interested and wanted to see the machine. I could do no less than invite him out for a demonstration. He was impressed, but dubious. Wherein was this thing any better than any other good electrical piano? I sailed in, for here was my cue.

The trouble with mechanical pianos generally was that they operated on a mechanical principle. That meant, no matter how excellent the mechanism, a deadly precision, a woodenness, an absence of character in the playing. Here on the other hand we employed electricity, an enormously subtle form of energy capable of recording and reproducing the finest shades of sound emotion, able to catch and reproduce sound waves which left no impression on the human ear. All of this, I may remark, was quite true. Nor was I romancing when I called my visitor's attention to the huge business that has been done in automatic or semiautomatic pianos. I gave him some staggering figures and

(Concluded on Page 63)

Personal Charm

A clear complexion is the first essential to personal charm—it creates that self-confidence so necessary to popularity and success in social affairs.

CREMEOIL Soap is a toilet requisite in high favor among thoughtful women everywhere. Its rich, creamy lather cleanses and refreshes and is a great aid in keeping the skin clear, soft and colorful.

Ask your dealer for CREMEOIL
—10c the cake.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO

CREME OIL
THE CREAM OF OLIVE OIL SOAPS

CREME OIL
THE CREAM OF
OLIVE OIL SOAPS

Inlands and the smoke test

A car equipped with Inland Piston Rings seldom leaves behind it a trail of grayish-blue smoke.

Smoke of this color indicates that oil is getting into the firing chamber and is interfering with combustion.

In order to be proof against leakage of oil, piston rings must fit the cylinder with absolute tightness.

But the ring too must be solid, without gaps at the ends.

The Inland Piston Ring with the spiral cut safeguards against leakage.

Because it is made in one piece and cut spirally, it is gas-tight and oil-tight.

And its tension makes possible a snug fit against the walls of the cylinder.

Whenever your car puffs out grayish-blue smoke, look to your piston rings.

Inland Machine Works
1635 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

INLAND
ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

(Concluded from Page 60)

sent him away by no means easy in his greed, I fancy.

After I had purposely remained away from my attorney's office for more than a week he wrote me to command my presence, and I called.

"I've been thinking about your pyanna," said he.

"Yes?" quoth I carelessly.

"How are you fixed to finance the thing?"

"That's what I'm forming the company for."

"With a hundred thousand in stock!" he exploded. "What do you expect to do with that?"

"It's enough."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, what do you advise?"

"What you must do is to incorporate for half a million and put the thing on its feet at once."

"But I have no way of placing a capital like that. I have to do the thing modestly," said I.

Then and there my lawyer declared himself in on the deal. Before I left him he had the whole scheme worked out to his own satisfaction. And who was I to stop him? Incorporation was for five hundred thousand dollars and the lawyer promised to procure the capital and manage the whole affair. I was to have fifty thousand dollars in cash out of the stock sales in payment for my invention. In addition I was to receive one hundred thousand dollars, par value, of the stock. In return for his control of things—and certain very liberal slices of the stock—this gentleman was to put up money for experiments and the taking of patents, and he was further bound to build a factory. These things were going to cost him about twenty thousand dollars, but since he was taking about five times that amount in stock for his trouble his liberality was not all it seemed.

I wondered as I walked home from this highly satisfactory and yet puzzling meeting what was moving in the crafty brain of this man. He was impressed with the piano, but was he such an enthusiast as all this? He did not know me. He knew nothing of electricity. He knew nothing of music. Did he mean to put up the money and the factory? Just what was I getting into? Fortunately there was time to puzzle out all this. I must confess that just at this point the con man did not know whether he was conning or being conned.

A Grasping Backer

But it was the beginning of winter and no factory could be built till spring in that frigid part of the country. Meantime I could proceed with my experiments and get my patents. This I did. Without going into tiresome detail, I applied for eight different patents on electrical apparatus for the playing of a piano according to the theoretical plan I have already explained. My lawyer handled all of the legal end and saw to his satisfaction that all eight claims were allowed. He was not a patent attorney and did not appreciate the significant fact that none of these patents was in any sense basic.

The man had by this time put up considerable sums of cash and given his services in return for stock. He meant business—so much was certain—but still he had me puzzled. Spring came and ground was broken on the first warm day for a factory whose plans I had myself drawn. In eight weeks it stood there in a populous part of the city, all of concrete and steel. I had purposely planned it for conversion into a garage. Frugal soul that I am, I wanted the building to be some sort of asset after the great blow up so sure to ensue.

This factory had cost twelve thousand dollars, which the attorney had put up out of his own money. Now there could no longer be any doubt as to the man's seriousness, but I was more than ever puzzled and thoughtful. Finally one night it all came to me. The man was really taken in. He had not been sure at first, but he had risked the first money to find out. The eight patent grants had convinced him, along with my constant building up and my enthusiastic claims. Once feeling certain of his ground, he had built the factory for me and taken a lien on the stock of the company for the purpose of getting the corporation involved. Subtle reasoner that he was, he had found a means to put himself in the way of seizing the whole thing. Now I understood the game. The rest would be easy.

Things began to hum in the factory. My piano was moved from the house to the new plant, and with it all the mysterious mechanism. In one end of the big factory room I set up the instrument. It stood free from the wall so that all might walk round it and inspect it for wiring. Each leg rested on a porcelain disk, ostensibly an insulator. But here was the deception. One of these disks and one of the legs were perforated—bored from top to bottom with a one-inch bit—and through this channel ran a cable containing eighty-eight wires, each one of which connected with a magnet under a piano key. The cable was led through the floor and thence between the floor and the basement ceiling to a room nearly a hundred feet away—a small dark cellar room. If anyone asked, it was used for electrical experiments of a secret nature.

Hard by the piano, deftly concealed in the metal work of the wall, was a set of microphones whose wires also ran down under the floor and back to this secret chamber. And from the phonograph still another wire made the trip back to the room of mystery. This was connected with an electric light, which flashed when I pulled the lever, starting the talking machine. At the other end of the microphone wires was a dictating-machine receiving instrument. But the marvels of this hidden room lay in a device with which the eighty-eight-wire cable was connected. This was nothing more than the electrical-player device of a well-known make of automatic piano. Instead of attaching it directly to the musical instrument I had connected it by wires. It played the piano from a distance, that was all. Simple, when you come to understand, wasn't it?

Final Preparations

The next step was to provide myself with twenty or thirty piano records for the talking machine. I selected a variety of pieces played by pianists who also made rolls for the particular make of mechanical piano I was employing and immediately bought the corresponding rolls. So when a visitor picked out, let us say, a Chopin sonata played by Paderewski I had the roll to supply the music.

Now began my tests. My girl confederate took up her place in the secret room with the piano rolls at hand. I took my stand by the distant piano. In an ordinary voice I called for one of the selections. In her hidden room she heard me perfectly and instantly put the roll into the player. At the same time I placed the corresponding record on the phonograph. When I was ready I pulled the starting lever. Instantly the light flashed in the hidden room and my confederate threw the switch on the player. The phonograph at my side was silent, as I have explained. But the piano leaped suddenly into harmonic life. Only one thing caused me a little trouble: I had to do considerable experimenting and practicing before I found the correct speed at which to operate the talking machine for each of the records. It would have been an absurd piece of blundering had the piano ever continued playing after the record was played out. But time and a little practice solved all this.

My sanguine attorney came hurrying to the factory as soon as I told him we were ready to demonstrate.

Everything went off beautifully. He was more than satisfied.

"Now then," said he, "we are ready for the fireworks. To-morrow night I want to bring about two dozen friends in here and knock them dead. I'll send up some folding chairs and we'll arrange for some refreshments. We'll pull off a stunt here that will bring in all the money we need in twenty-four hours."

That was all well and good, but I had still some schemes to perfect and some groundwork to lay. I put him off. Though the thing seemed all right to him, it was not yet perfect. Some slight changes had yet to be made, for I desired when he gave the public demonstration that he bring in some musicians and—if he liked—a few electrical experts. He was impatient at the delay, but the idea of musical and electrical people pleased him, so he gave in.

I was intensely busy about the factory for a week or ten days—or I seemed to be. Then I went to my friend with some money troubles. I was heavily in debt. I told him a story of recent marital misfortunes, a demanding ex-wife and her constant harassments. In short, I was in need of cash. I got it by pledging some of my stock. I got only two thousand dollars, but it was a starter. I neither needed nor wanted any such sum, but I had an end in view which had better be explained. According to our agreement I was to receive fifty thousand dollars in cash out of the first one hundred thousand dollars of stock sold. In addition I was to have one hundred thousand dollars in stock. Now fifty thousand dollars when one hundred thousand dollars in stock is sold is an indefinite sort of promise. There was the possibility that so much might never be subscribed, in which case I was tied down with a fake invention and no proceeds. Therefore I had to plan the hypothecating of my one hundred thousand dollars in stock.

This would come to me as soon as officers were elected. So much was certain. The rest was problematical.

I therefore spent more than a month building up my attorney toward the objective of heavy stock loans. I had, to work on, his enthusiasm over the invention and his hungry desire to get hold of a controlling share of the stock. He wanted of course not only to get his stock more cheaply than anyone else, but he had in the back of his mind the old idea of involving the company, squeezing me out and taking complete possession. And that was what I wanted him to do, but he must pay. Before long I had explained to this gentleman that when my fifty thousand dollars was paid me—if ever it was—I should have to turn it over immediately to persons who had claims on me.

"Well," said he, "you'll still have your stock."

"Yes, I will have to borrow heavily on it," said I.

"When the time comes," he considered, "I guess that can be arranged."

He saw the company already in his hands, poor avaricious man. Now I was ready.

A few nights later there was a distinguished gathering in my factory. About sixty people came, including the head of the local electric company, three or four music teachers, a bank director with whom my lawyer did much business, several other lawyers with their wives, half a dozen local physicians, a dozen business men with their wives—all of them friends of my man and all prepared in advance by him. These were the people who were to buy the stock in the wonderful piano—wireless pyanna, he insisted on calling it.

A Wonderful Demonstration

There was a great deal of bowing and milling, a wearying ordeal of handshaking and an hour of gossiping before we got started. I improved the time by liberally distributing a most potent punch on whose alcoholic content I had made some improvements after my lawyer's caterer had delivered it. Finally we were ready and I took my place. I made a little speech in which I explained the marvelous electrical principles involved—or said to be involved. I dwelt on the tremendous commercial possibilities of the thing. Next I invited the electrical man to inspect the piano, which he did in a hasty embarrassed way by walking round the instrument. I then asked the musical people to listen to the fine tone shading and expression of the piano. So as to avoid confusion, I announced, I would play as many records as I had or the audience would listen to, and I would announce each selection as I put it on the machine.

I placed a record on the talking machine and stepped toward the wall and the microphones.

"Saint-Saëns' Song Without Words," I announced, "played by Paderewski."

I stepped back and pulled the lever on the phonograph—but not until I had allowed my girl time to put on the roll. Her light flashed and she threw the switch. There was just the momentary delay while the phonograph burred slightly. Then the piano broke into melody. The audience sat spellbound and open-mouthed.

For more than an hour I kept pumping music at my prospects, everything from Beethoven to ragtime. Not a man or a woman stirred. When I finally let up and called it an evening there was a round of applause. The music teachers all talked at once. Everyone had some thoroughly informed views to air. I smiled and said little. Then I took the floor again and said my say.

I called attention to the real future of this piano for the first time, I told them. Before to-night I had been unwilling to let my imagination play with me, but now I was convinced of wonderful things. With this machine once on the market there would be a complete revolution in music, I said. It would be possible to play this marvelous instrument by wireless from any reasonable distance. To be plain, within a few years we would find aërials for wireless on all fine homes and pianos such as this in all drawing-rooms. Instead of trooping off to a concert hall to hear a great pianist the music lover of the future would subscribe to a wireless musical service. It might sound grotesque, but so had the notion of talking across the sea been called absurd. Instead of packing out into the snow and cold the family of the future would sit cozily in easy-chairs by a comfortable fire, turn on the wireless attachment of the piano and listen to the playing of the greatest virtuosos of the day. The player might be a few miles away at the local musical house, or he might be in a distant city. Such were the prospective wonders of this piano. I wanted my audience to feel that this was an event that might well have historic associations in years to come.

The End of the Game

The next day just before five in the afternoon my attorney called me excitedly on the telephone and told me that the hundred thousand in stock had all been subscribed.

It was not all paid in at once, to be sure. This gave me the added time needed. I went back to my man with complaints and money troubles. After much arguing and dickering I arranged to put up my one hundred thousand dollars in stock for a loan of twenty thousand dollars, not including the two thousand dollars I had previously borrowed. I calculated that the payments on the subscribed stock would all have been made in three months and so I arranged my loan to mature in that length of time. Now there was nothing to do but to go back to the factory, begin work and wait.

In due time the subscribed stock was taken up and I received my fifty thousand dollars. Less than ten days later my loan came due and the attorney demanded payment. I begged him for an extension. He knew how I was involved. In three months more I could pay up. The man's eyes grew narrow and his mouth hard.

"You wouldn't call that business, would you?" he asked.

"There are better things than business."

"I don't know what they are. Anyhow, you've got good pay for your invention, you've had twenty-two thousand dollars for your stock and you got it when you needed it. I don't see where you have any kick."

"You mean," I asked dramatically, "that I am frozen out of my invention? You mean that you want to strip me of the thing I've put four years of work into?"

He walked off to the other end of the room and began dictating letters to his stenographer. I followed him and remonstrated with all the passion and bitterness I could put into my voice.

"I wish you wouldn't annoy me," said he.

I went out with forced tears on my cheeks. Downstairs I turned into a barroom, bought myself a long drink and burst into uncontrollable laughter. I wasted no time in selling out my furniture and closing my house. And a few hours later the inventor of the wireless piano and his girl assistant were on their way.

When I passed through this city of adventure two years afterward I stopped for a look at things and then slipped quietly away.

They were parking tin autos where once the marvelous piano had ground out its golden song.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Crosby and Mr. Smith. The next will appear in an early issue.

Wild and weird were our old delusions

We know the truth about

COFFEE

WE marvel at our old superstitions. It is hard to believe now that more than 30,000 women have been condemned as *witches!*

Frenzy and prejudice mark the development of progress in many directions. Even coffee—the most popular and beneficial of all beverages—has not wholly *escaped.*

Despite the fact that food faddists and temperamental extremists have assailed coffee, it has become the *universal* drink of this great level-headed nation.

There can be no question about the soothing, nourishing, invigorating effects of good, pure coffee. It lightens fatigue, sustains energy and aids digestion.

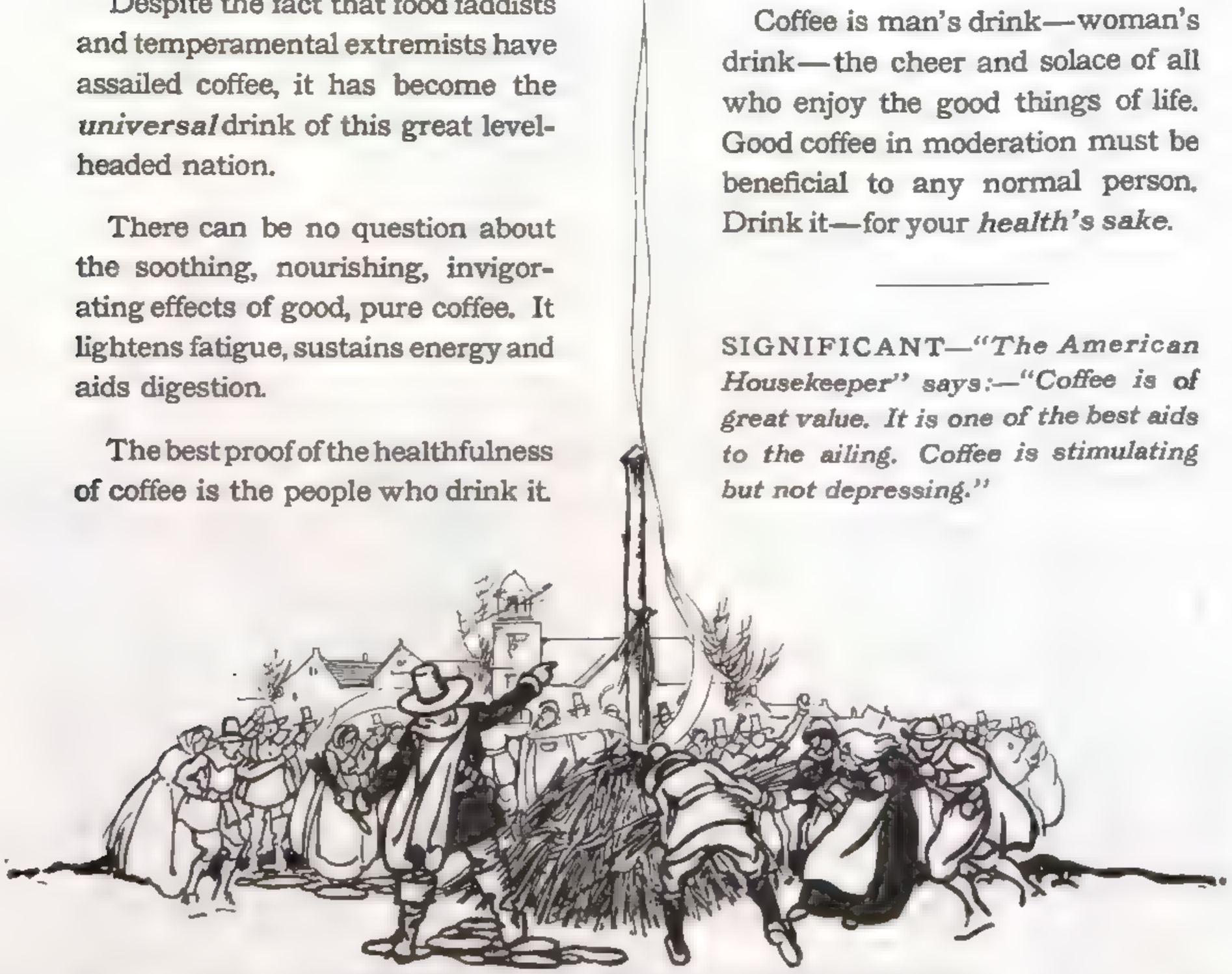
The best proof of the healthfulness of coffee is the people who drink it.

Sao Paulo, Brazil, in the greatest coffee-growing district in the world, is one of the healthiest and most progressive cities in South America.

Coffee will ever remain the preferred drink of normal minded, healthy bodied people everywhere. Be sure you drink *genuine* coffee. Its flavor cannot be *imitated.*

Coffee is man's drink—woman's drink—the cheer and solace of all who enjoy the good things of life. Good coffee in moderation must be beneficial to any normal person. Drink it—for your *health's sake.*

SIGNIFICANT—*"The American Housekeeper" says:—"Coffee is of great value. It is one of the best aids to the ailing. Coffee is stimulating but not depressing."*



Copyright 1920 by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States

GOOD COFFEE *is* Good for You!

THE PIONEER AND PATTENBURY

(Continued from Page 4)

each other out of the asylum. But—oh, dear, I forgot! I've got all my supper dishes to do."

II

WHEN Gurlaway quit his job on the Republicrat and started running a newspaper of his own T. Jefferson Fidge was not pleased. But he consoled himself with the faith that the enterprise would shortly prove abortive and that Jim would soon enough camp on his doorstep looking for restoration to his old place. T. Jefferson would know when the time came how to bargain for the renewal of the young man's services.

Jim paid Greer only a nominal amount for the controlling interest in the Pioneer. Greer confessed he had almost nothing to sell. Jim, however, guaranteed him a living for a year and ten per cent of the profits—should there be any.

"That's an asset I'd part with darn cheap," said Elly with a cheerful bitterness. "I'm telling you, Jim, you're on the wrong end of the bargain. However, if you want to gamble against a plumb certainty I don't know that I can help it. If Fate has determined to skin you I might as well be the beneficiary as a stranger. And maybe I can help you to avoid some of the more obvious mistakes. My experience ought to count. As for me, when the Pioneer's sad end comes I'll be no worse off than I am now. I doubt if I should have escaped the sheriff for a year anyhow. But I don't want you to fool yourself—I haven't a mite of confidence in your success. Only thing is, you're young yet. A year out of your life isn't a great deal and the amount of money you will lose is no more than you can afford to pay if the lesson only teaches you how much better off a fairly competent plumber or bricklayer is than a publisher."

Jim and Marcia had a nest egg, partly inherited, partly saved. It wasn't large. Certainly it couldn't be considered top-heavy capital for a publishing enterprise. Jim believed that if the paper could stagger along on an even keel the first year the turning point would be reached—or failure demonstrated. Of this latter contingency he banished the thought.

The Gurlaways knew from experience that they could by rigid—not to say painful—economy live a year on somewhere between a thousand and thirteen hundred dollars. This would leave enough for Greer's small weekly salary—more, in fact, than the Pioneer had been yielding him of late—and give them enough to keep the paper out of debt.

If you are still young and capable of enthusiasms and illusions, with perhaps just a little streak of the adventurous in your make-up, the risk assumed by the Gurlaways will not appall you. But if you have entered the season of caution, prudence and conservatism, regardless of what years are yours, you will share the horror of their friends and advisers.

At the first conference of the three concerning the future of the Pioneer, Greer asked: "What changes in policy are you going to make, Jim?"

Marcia was present, because Jim wanted her there. He felt her to be properly a partner in the concern. But she had no intention of joining in the discussion, largely because she feared Editor Greer would not welcome her intrusion. Some day he would probably alter this opinion, but this seemed not the psychological moment to begin his conversion.

"No radical changes for the present," said Jim. "People will be asking that question and we'll keep 'em guessing. I'm going to think this thing out a bit before I make any big jump. Of course we aren't afraid of anyone, and we can make our editorials as snappy as we choose. But let's not alter the appearance of the paper or anything of that sort. I rather think its present look of antiquity may be one of these days an actual asset.

"We must be as economical as we can. Marcia here has volunteered to come to the office at least a part of each day and learn to stick type. Before long she will prove quite a help and that means we can run more set matter without adding to our expense. It will also relieve you, Elly, so that you and I can take necessary time for planning."

Elly's dull eyes kindled.

"Well, well," he said with an approving glance at Mrs. Gurlaway, "that's certainly a very good idea—very good indeed. She won't have the least trouble. But isn't she going to do other things—write stuff for us?"

"Oh, sure! Marcia's been doing the Social Whirl for the Republicrat for some time. Now she'll broaden her journalistic activities."

"Jim!" protested his wife. "Don't get high-flown! You know I'm crazy to help all I can."

"You can help, all right," confirmed Elly.

It was apparent that the prospect of Marcia's presence in the Pioneer office was very agreeable to him.

"Now, Elly, I want you to go on as editor just as you've been for so long. I'll contribute all I can, besides hooking on and relieving you of the business detail, like soliciting ads and subscriptions. So you can put a lot of thought into your work. And for heaven's sake, get after some of our local abuses and abusers with a sharp stick! Don't be afraid to roast anyone who needs roasting!"

Greer groaned.

"That's what I was afraid you'd say," he complained. "Every half-baked young editor gets the fearless bug. I was like you once, James—and look at what it did to me! Take an old man's advice—be honest but don't shove your honesty down folks' throats. They won't stand for the holier-than-thou business."

Jim laughed.

"Then what'll we do about Grundy's Grinds? I suppose they're Jeff Fidge's property."

"The title is. It's a good feature, Jim. They went well in the Republicrat. Start a column in the Pioneer called Gurlaway's Gossip. You can antagonize heaps of people if that's what you're after."

Elly's pessimism amused Jim. He had penetration enough to see that it was largely pose, though, due to mental habit. The old editor was a capable man in many respects. Jim wondered if this persistent gloom hadn't militated against the Pioneer's success. Well, if the paper failed it shouldn't be charged against lack of optimism in the Gurlaway family.

"All right," he said. "That's a good name. I'll give you plenty of copy. I'll make it right to the point too."

"It's a relief to me to have you stick your name on it," ventured Elly. "Then the people you insult won't be coming in here and licking me."

This colloquy had taken place in the dingy little office of the Pioneer. The paper occupied a small once-white-painted building on Main Street next door to Kane's blacksmith shop. The conference over, the Gurlaways said good night to Elly, who turned over to Jim a key to the office door.

"What a hateful, cynical old man!" said Marcia. "Doesn't he believe in anything?"

"Oh, yes, but he's a chronic grumbler. You must remember he's had year after year of disappointment, and he's soured. But your woman's intuition ought to tell you it's mostly on the surface. Down inside his tough old hide he's capable of enthusiasms—you'll see."

"Yes, I guess I ought not to criticize him," agreed Marcia. "He has had a hard time. But we're going to make a big success, aren't we, Jamie boy!"

"You bet we are! But I didn't want to stir Elly up right at first. Of course a paper to succeed has to have something behind it—a motive, a principle, or at least an idea with vitality. And I didn't spring my idea on Elly to-night, because ——"

"Why, Jim, have you developed an idea so soon? Why haven't you told me about it?"

"Haven't had time," said Jim. "It only occurred to me as I was pulling the key out of the door. That's why I didn't tell you or Elly. I hadn't thought of it. Anyhow, you'll have to help me with the details. Now substantially it's like this."

And during the walk home and the two hours that followed their arrival there Jim and Marcia discussed the big idea with all the enthusiasm of a couple of kids working out the intricacies of a new and fascinating jig-saw puzzle.

"But," queried young Gibbs, assistant to the advertising director of Pattenbury, Inc., "why do we use that sort of medium at all? You don't call it efficiency in advertising, do you?"

The Light That Always Shines "Welcome"

Look! Isn't this a perfect picture of a happy home? What could be more inviting than the family circle gathered around the table for the evening meal—the whole room brightened by the flood of radiance that pours, steady and strong, from the Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp!

Wherever this wonderful lamp is used, there you find an atmosphere of genuine good cheer and contentment. Because this light is brilliant without being *hard*. Because it is an *all white* light—no red or yellow glare, no flicker about it. Thousands of satisfied users everywhere say there is nothing so restful and easy on the eyes, so bright and cheerful as a

Coleman Quick-Lite

"The Sunshine of the Night"

Every Quick-Lite Lamp makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline. Gives 300 candle power of pure white light—brighter than 20 old style oil lamps. Can't spill or explode even if tipped over. Carries anywhere. Can't be filled while lighted. Made of heavily nickeled brass, highly polished—an ornament in any home. Easy to keep clean—no greasy wick to trim, no dirty chimney to wash. Most economical lamp you can use—cost to operate only a "penny a night for cheerful light."

Universal Shade Holder fits many different styles of shades. Regularly supplied with art panel opal shade as shown here.

Have you wanted

and waited for the lamp that will give you plenty of brilliant, yet smooth soft light—all you need for reading easily the finest print or matching the most delicate colors? It is here—in the Coleman Quick-Lite.

See it at your dealer's

Ask him to light it for you. He will, and after you've actually seen and enjoyed this marvelous light you won't let another night pass without having a Quick-Lite in your home. 15,000 merchants sell Quick-Lites. If your store can't supply you, write nearest house.

The Coleman Lamp Company

Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Lamps in the World

Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Chicago

Lights with matches—the simplest and most practical lamp. Ideal for the country home. Great for emergency use in the city when electricity is cut off or gas pressure fails.

"Efficiency in advertising," replied his chief, "isn't always a measurable commodity. The big boss has insisted on sticking to a certain list of these country weeklies. He tries hard to justify it to me, but only partially gets away with it. I tell him it's fifty per cent sentiment, and he wags his head wisely and doesn't deny it. He pays the bills, so I guess he's entitled to indulge the notion.

"You see, J. Q. was a country boy himself and he knows country people. He says they're loyal buyers of any merchandise they have known a long time and he doesn't want to drop out of the papers he thinks they read. Of course I don't believe they do read 'em—not to the extent they used to. But J. Q. says even if their following is a diminishing one he can't bring himself to withdraw his support—or something like that. He's a funny bird, Gibbsy, when he takes a notion. You'll have to study him a long time before you're wise to his curves. New Englander to the backbone—and I often think you have to be a New Englander yourself to understand how to read one."

"I suppose so," agreed Gibbs doubtfully. He'd heard a lot about the inscrutability of some of the Eastern races, but he hadn't pictured Oriental mystery as applied to the Eastern U. S. A.

"I wish you'd look, Haskins," he piped presently. "Isn't this one a scream? Trimount Pioneer! Ye gods! Pipe the cut they use for their first-page title! I betcha some wood butcher whittled it out when Andrew Jackson was rolling hoops. And the type in the ads—ever see anything funnier?"

"Well, Gibbsy, I happen to know that old sheet was considered a real razmataz newspaper once. Yes, sir, it used to be quoted all over. Man named Godfrey edited it and he was a rip-snorter. Bet you anything it has readers to-day who haven't missed a number in fifty years. Our nice clean electrotype shows up sort of contrasty along with all that junk, eh?"

"Owns the page. Here's a hot shot. I guess old boy Godfrey's ghost is back with a trenchant pen—or an ax. Listen! 'When we, the pee-pul, get good and tired of amateur presidents maybe we will get up and assert ourselves and employ a business man to run the country for us. But we won't get him so long as we let the politicians wish our presidents on us.'"

"Ouch!" said Haskins. "Let's have a look."

The advertising director took the paper and ran his eye across its familiar columns.

"I see! New department—Gurlaway's Gossip. The lad calls a spade a government dredger, eh? Pretty savage. How's this: 'We wonder how many of the Republicrats in the state legislature will have passes on the T.X.& M. when the Government returns it to the stockholders. Happy days ahead! The grade-crossing menace needn't worry you if you treat the railroad as a philanthropic Institution.' Here, take your old paper, Gibbs. Whoever Gurlaway is, he doesn't mind making enemies."

Young Gibbs seemed reluctant to lay the Pioneer aside.

"Most entertaining stuff I've read in a dog's age," he chuckled. "Miss Keogh, I hope you'll see that I have a chance to look over that paper every week. The boy is a wonder."

Back in Trimount people were beginning to wake up to the fact that the old Pioneer had a kick or two left in it yet. But this realization didn't stimulate business.

"Son," observed old Silas Hodge, proprietor of the Popular Cash Market, "my father before me read the Pioneer in the days when old John Godfrey used to hand it out hot and sizzlin'. But times has changed. The' ain't no particular sense in gettin' people to hatin' you. Now I'm a kind of dyed-in-the-wool Republicrat. I cal'late this state's governed pretty good. 'Tain't perfect, of course. Looks to me like you was driftin' over to the opposition. That won't do. You'd ought to take sides with the old party, boy."

"We're not drifting over to the opposition. They'd be as bad as you fellows if they got the whip hand. We're going to side with the voters."

"Sounds funny to me, when the voters is all either Republicrats or Oppositions. You've got to be hay or grass in a town like this. Settin' on the fence don't git you nawthin'."

"You wait, Mr. Hodge. We're not going to sit on the fence. You watch the Pioneer for the next few weeks—that's all. Do you want me to write the copy for your advertisement this week?"

"No, Jim, I ain't a-goin' to give you any ad this week. I been figurin' for quite a spell back the old Pioneer hain't brought me any business, but I sort of hated to drop out on account of Elly. Republicrat's about all I can afford, I guess."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hodge. I hate to think you'd let a little thing like a slight political difference keep you out."

"Oh, no, no!" the marketman assured Jim hastily. "I wouldn't say that, James. Only I wouldn't advise you to be quite so outspoken. You know a feller can have his private opinions, but it don't alw'ys pay to go hollerin' of 'em from the courthouse steps. A little mite of diplomacy goes a long ways. Tell ye the truth, I was disapp'inted when you quit Fidge. He'd of done well by ye, specially if you'd wanted to try politics bime-by."

"Fidge's kind of politics? Not much!"

"He's a real successful man, Jimmy, and looked up to in this community—don't forget that."

"Maybe—by some people. Going to have a canned-goods' sale this week, Mr. Hodge? Don't you want some dodgers?"

"Gosh-a'mighty! If you'd got round early this mornin' I'd of ordered a thousand handbills. Young feller from the Republicrat office come in here and I give 'em to him. He's goin' to help me word 'em up this evenin'. Sorry, Jimmy. Better luck next time."

"Well, I hope you won't stop reading the Pioneer at least."

"Oh, no, I'll read it, I s'pose, if it's only to see what you've got to say about folks. Better be careful, boy. A word to the wise, you know."

That was the way, thought Jim, a little peeved, as he left the market. Hodge had been in the Pioneer year in and year out. So some of the politicians were going to blacklist it, were they? Let 'em! That week Gurlaway's Gossip was more scathing than ever.

Marcia became speedily proficient at the case. She could set with her capable young fingers more ems an hour than Elly himself. And not only that, she helped a great deal in other ways. Greer liked what she wrote—simple, direct, shorn of the conventional highfalutingisms of most small-town weeklies. She was popular with the women of Trimount and her column of social notes was fuller and more accurate than that of the Republicrat. Her friends dropped in with small home items that she could use. They wanted to help Marcia and they liked to see their names in print. She took pains to see that these items were not left out. Over at the Republicrat office they weren't so particular.

"That Jeff Fidge is so everlasting high and mighty," complained Mrs. Chief of Police Granger, who had painstakingly written for the Pioneer an account of a sewing-circle meeting at her house. "Everyone in his office is independent's a hog on ice."

So Marcia really did help the paper, because she made friends for it—and friends meant subscribers. And, of course, a good many, like old Si Hodge, bought it to see what outrageous thing Jim was going to say next in his column of gossip.

"They all know it's the truth," said Gurlaway. "The hit bird flutters, Elly. How's your editorial about the contract for the new schoolhouse? Give it to 'em solid! See if you can't make someone come here with a gun! Stir 'em up! They know they've got to play square or we'll call the turn. How many copies of the paper did we have left of the five hundred we ran last week?"

"I was looking for one to-day and blessed if I could find anything but the file copy."

"Better run six hundred this week."

"That's all right, Jim, but the more we run the more our paper costs. We're going to lose money unless you can bring in some advertising. We're carrying less than ever."

Jim turned to Marcia, who stood at the case in the dingy, dusty old shop.

"Pretty well up with your comp for this week?" he asked. "I wish you'd take the flivver and spend the afternoon collecting back subscriptions. We need some cash. It'll be good for you too—keep you out in the air."

Marcia assented cheerily. The flivver was a hold-over from the palmy days when Jim had had a salary. It was secondhand and made eighteen different kinds of noises. Owing to various accidents during its checkered career it had a rakish, abandoned look like the village reprobate, who managed despite the low visibility of liquor in Trimount to keep pleasantly intoxicated three or four days a week. One asked concerning both the Gurlaway flivver and the town bum, "How do they do it?"

Lately Jim and Marcia had discussed selling the flivver. One could get real money for almost anything with four wheels and a strong odor of gasoline. The Pioneer was demanding more money than they had figured and even a moth-eaten, sagging-backed flivver seemed a luxury they could ill afford.

"We ought not to keep a car," Marcia had said, and Jim had burst into unfeeling laughter.

"Keep a car!" he choked. "Say, that's rich!"

Anyhow this might be the last time she'd ever drive the poor old cripple, and in spite of its multiplied defects it actually would go. In the years of their ownership it always had gone. That was the one delightful thing about it. So she departed cheerfully.

"How much of that old wooden Gothic have we?" asked Jim.

"Oh, I guess we have plenty, for all the use we'll ever make of it," replied Elly. "Haven't set a letter of it in years. It would hardly be called for unless we had a page ad—and goodness knows it's a long time since that has happened to the Pioneer."

He fumbled among a lot of boxes on a dusty shelf at the rear of the shop.

"Here 'tis," he announced. "Can't for the life of me think what you want of it."

He looked expectantly at Jim, but Jim offered no immediate explanation. Instead he got a brass galley and began experimentally arranging the type, pawing in the box for sorts, which appeared difficult to locate.

Elly watched him moodily a moment, then shuffled off to his desk a trifle testily with the remark that Jim could go as far as he liked.

The type was aged and battle-scarred. So many of the characters were missing that Gurlaway was a long time in completing his line. Finally it was as nearly satisfactory as the limitations of the assortment of letters would permit. With infinite pains he cut and fitted the leads for letter spacing. Then he tied the form up securely with successive thicknesses of strong twine, inked it carefully, laid upon the sticky surface a sheet of blank paper and achieved shortly a hammered proof, which he held daintily by the corners.

"There," he assured himself, "I guess that'll do for a starter."

He laid the proof under the nose of Editor Greer.

"What d'you know about that?" he demanded.

Greer stared at the proof on which the fresh ink glistened wetly, puckered his lips, pulled his spectacles down toward the end of his nose and tipped his head forward so as to gaze over their tops—sniffed and read and sniffed again:

"FOR PRESIDENT: J. Q. PATTENBURY"

"You've got too much space between the T's in 'Pattenbury'; and the D in 'President' is wrong font. Aside from that I guess it's a pretty fair job. What you going to do with it?"

"Run it right across the top of the first page of the Pioneer every week from now until Pattenbury's President of the United States."

"It'll be running a damned long time after you're dead then," grunted Elly Greer.

III

"FOR the love of St. Swithin," remarked young Gibbs, of the Pattenbury advertising department, "will you look at the Pioneer!" He had been told that St. Swithin was the patron saint of shoemakers, and liked to be always in character even in his choice of expletives.

Haskins looked over from his desk and as Gibbs held up the paper he observed spanning the top of the page, in fat-faced Gothic letters of an ancient pattern, the words:

"FOR PRESIDENT: J. Q. PATTENBURY"

His mouth opened, but he didn't say a thing for a moment. Then he remarked: "Guess your friend Gurlaway's letting his gossip run away with his judgment. Wonder where he got that notion."

Gibbs crossed the room and laid the paper on his chief's desk. Together they scrutinized the page.

"Here's his dope," said Haskins, "in the editorials. Let's look."

This is what the two read:

A MAN YOU KNOW FOR PRESIDENT

"We, the American people, can pick our own President any time we make up our minds to go get him and set him at work on the job.

"When we are sick of seeing amateurs and politicians running our country's business we shall refuse to let the manipulators hand us our public officials.

"Every four years each of the two big parties decides whom it wants for President. Neither one refers the matter to the voters or asks the people's advice. They don't want advice, which would only hamper them.

"In any presidential year there are always dozens of aspirants yearning madly to become Chief Magistrate. As a class they are successful at just one thing—being politicians and keeping themselves in paying public jobs. Most of them if placed in charge of even a moderate-sized business would prove rank amateurs. Yet they yammer loudly for the opportunity to try their hands at managing what has been entitled the biggest business in the world.

"For after all running this country is a business proposition. It is not properly a job for lawyers, doctors, poets, rhetoricians, theorists, astronomers or gentlemen whose principal assets consist of leather lungs and brass-lined larynxes.

"From among the self-recommended candidates, however, the political leaders—heaven help us—select by a process of elimination the man in each party who in their opinion will swing the most votes.

"If any one asked them perchance, 'Is this man qualified by temperament and experience, to say nothing of patriotism, to make good?' they would laugh coarsely and ask in effect what that had to do with the matter.

"Or they might answer: 'Sure! Hasn't he held one nourishing political job after another for the last twenty years? Well, we rather think so.'

"So we folks with our little votes are graciously permitted to decide between two men concerning neither of whom we have any conclusive evidence that he is big enough to fill the chair of general manager of the United States. We make this decision practically blindfolded.

"Sometimes by a fortunate accident the amateur President develops some aptitude for his job, and if he does no one is half so surprised as the politicians who wished him on us. And often, as history proves, he falls down. You know, and I know, that on occasion this general managership of the biggest business in the world has been turned over to some intellectual peewee with the gift of guff.

"After a fashion, to be sure, we have a practically fool-proof form of government, so hedged about with restrictions and safeguards that even a mental defective in the White House could hardly succeed in wrecking us.

"But don't forget, when we have elected a man we have to stand for him four long years at least, whether we like him or not.

"Now why not elect by our own choice a man we all know? Why not appoint as our general manager one whose achievements as a business man and executive of success and experience are familiar not to a few but to every American citizen, a man concerning whom we can all be sure? Why experiment with an amateur?

"And again, why not have for our President a man who doesn't owe any politician the slightest debt of patronage or preferment? You know the politicians who lead us don't do it for nothing. Each one has to be rewarded for his support with something tangible, whether it be the postmastership of Cactus Crossroads, a cabinet portfolio, or something warm and nourishing somewhere between.

"Once more, how would you like a President who, instead of announcing his candidacy and running about pathetically bleating his patriotism and his aching want of the nomination, actually tried to avoid it until such time as he became convinced that we, the people, wouldn't take no for an answer; until he became convinced that his abilities, talents and experience were given him in trust by Almighty God for some great purpose; until his patriotism and his love for his fellow men and their welfare led him to sacrifice his personal interests and devote his time, his life if need be, to helping solve the problems of this blessed nation of ours?

(Continued on Page 69)

New Life for Sewing Machines

3-in-One Oil puts pep and go into old sewing machines that work hard, stick, squeak or rattle. Makes new machines run easier and stay new longer.

Sewing machines that are regularly oiled with 3-in-One fairly whiz with little effort. The dread of sewing disappears. So do the back and leg-aches that result from pumping an improperly oiled machine.

3-in-One also polishes the wooden case and painted metal beautifully; prevents rust on the nickeled parts.

3-in-One

The Universal Household Oil

is the exactly right lubricant for all light household mechanisms—washing machine, vacuum cleaner, talking machine, electric motors, tools, hinges, locks, bolts, clocks, go-carts, bicycles, roller-skates—everything that ever needs oiling.

Wonderfully penetrating, it finds its way to the very heart of every bearing. Its great viscosity keeps it in the bearing where it works out old caked grease and dirt and lubricates perfectly. Contains no grit, grease or acid. Won't become gummy, dry out or turn rancid.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1 oz., 3 oz. and 8 oz. bottles and 3 oz. Handy Oil Cans.

A Dictionary explaining 79 uses for 3-in-One in the house, for lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust, is packed with every bottle and sent with every sample.

Free Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Write for them on a postal card, or use this coupon.

Three-in-One Oil Company
165 EUP. Broadway, = = New York City

Mail This Coupon

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 EUP. Broadway, New York City.
Please send sample and Dictionary of Uses, free, to

Name_____

Street Address or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

MICHELIN Disc Wheels

7 reasons why they are SUPERIOR

1 They add distinction to every car—large or small—in perfect keeping with modern streamline design.

2 They are lighter than wood or other wheels. No heavy demountable rim, extra felloe or double hub.

3 Their strength protects against injury in skidding accidents or collisions. Michelin Wheels never break.

4 They are easier to clean and they stay clean longer. Nothing to collect dirt. They hide the car's unsightly underbody.

5 They are simplicity itself. Nothing to get loose or out of order; nothing to squeak, dry-up or break.

6 They save tires by radiating heat. The 34 x 4 wheel, for example, has over 1100 square inches of radiating surface.

7 They make tire-changing easier. You simply loosen the four or six lock-nuts and remove the wheel — that is all.

Illustrated Descriptive Book Free on Request

Manufactured and sold in the United States exclusively by the

BUDD WHEEL CORPORATION

Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 66)

"And so with all these considerations in mind I nominate for President of the United States James Q. Pattenbury, the shoe manufacturer. You know a great deal about him; perhaps you regard him almost as a personal friend. He has truly served you well for many years.

"I suppose the idea of being President has never formed any part of his wildest dreams. Let you and me and a few million other citizens see that he hears the call!

"This newspaper with its tiny circulation is perhaps the most unimportant, insignificant journal in this great country whose newspapers are the wonder of the world. Yet within its sphere of influence, such as it is, the proposition to make James Q. Pattenbury our next President is going to be set forth from now on, and if Mr. Greer and I can convince even a few of our friends that our contention is a just one, who knows how far the message may travel?

"JAMES T. GURLAWAY, Publisher."

"I'll be darned!" remarked Haskins. "Isn't that guy a corker?"

"The kid is clever," agreed Gibbs. "I'd call it a wery, wery neat little circulation dodge for a rube publisher. He's too fast for a town like Trimount. If I had his brains maybe I could think up a good idea for a new series of Pattenbury shoe advertisements. That boy would stir up quite a buzz if he wasn't locked in the corncrib."

"He's a fresh yap," commented Haskins. "Still, do you know, I'd hate like the dickens to mingle in any joint debate with him. Because, Gibbsy, he's got all the good arguments on his side, just as sure as you live. He may be a rube, but you know what that churchyard poet what's-his-name—Gray—said: 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfath——'"

"Don't worry," interrupted Gibbs. "You wouldn't call this bird a mute, inglorious Milton, now, would you?"

"Hardly! However, it isn't a question of what you and I call him; you wait until the big chief gets hold of this. He'll call him a few names that we would never think of. Say, Gibbsy, initial that paper and slip it into J. Q.'s basket. Then ho for the deep dank dugout until the storm of shrapnel's past!"

Gibbs grinned and turned back to his desk. But at that moment the door of the advertising department opened and James Quinby Pattenbury walked in. He held in his hand a copy of the Trimount Pioneer.

IV

THE audacious publisher of the Pioneer was right when he stated in his editorial that J. Q. Pattenbury was well known to everyone. For a third of a century his fellow citizens had been spreading his fame wherever their feet conveyed them. Pattenbury's shoes are the greatest as well as the most widely advertised in the world, and Pattenbury, Inc., the most extensive shoemaking enterprise by hundreds of thousands of pairs daily.

Pattenbury was born in a little farming village of the traditionally poor but honest parents of literary and historic convention. At the age of ten he rose winter and summer at some heathenish hour—I believe it was four o'clock, antedaylight-saving time—to help with the milking and other chores. He walked three miles to the district school and three miles home again, completing his academic training by force of circumstances by the time he was fifteen years old.

In those days shoemakers traveled about the countryside, stopping long enough at each farmhouse to shoe the family for six months or perhaps a year ahead, and it was as apprentice to such an itinerant craftsman that Pattenbury gained his first familiarity with leather, pegs and shoe thread.

Later he found himself proprietor of a small factory, and with the advent of the tremendous inventions of McKay and Goodyear, and the consequent revolutionizing of shoemaking, he came into his own as the leading producer in a community which was in time to become a famous shoe center. So grew from Pattenbury's original small shop vast castellated structures housing their teeming hundreds, with an output of many, many thousand pairs daily. And other Pattenbury factories sprang up, not in New England alone but throughout the East and Middle West—in such centers as Rochester, Cincinnati and St. Louis—where the spirit of competition moved men to dispute the alleged supremacy of the New England built shoe.

For Pattenbury looked ahead and saw these things. He studied markets, material sources, labor conditions, transportation, local tastes—every element entering into the success of his business; and the Western makers, steadily encroaching upon the New Englanders' field, found this man, himself a born and bred Down-Easter, always hot at their shoulder, if not—as was frequently the case—far out in front. He wasn't a localized provincial institution—he was national. By millions of pairs he outmade and outsold his nearest competitor.

Yet volume was not his primary ambition. His amply realized vision was to give people the sort of shoes they needed or liked, and in doing so to give them at the same time for every dollar the utmost in quality and consequent service. This ideal obsessed him and flowered into an unswerving policy of which he never for a moment lost sight.

So it was that the village beaus of Red Ridge, South Dakota, found on display at Budthorn's Up-to-Date Bootery that peculiarly poisonous shade of yellow tan leather made into heart-satisfying button boots with inverted sugar-loaf heels and toes as bulbous as an overgrown radish. To the Red Ridgerians these represented fashion at its superaltitude, the zenith of good form than which Fifth Avenue could display nothing than whicher. Stamped plainly on the sole were the price and the name of Pattenbury, Inc.

But when displayed in the conservative shops of Boston, New York and other metropolitan centers the shoes of Pattenbury assumed shapes subtly restrained, breathing an almost snobbish class in pattern and leather and called for prices within the reach of any bank president or movie star of your acquaintance.

At the same time Dennis Casey, track walking across the Jersey flats, stamped contentedly along in a pair of Pattenbury's stitchdowns of cowhide so tough and durable that he was prompted to declare: "It do beat hell how thim brogues iv mine is wearin'. 'Tis Pattenbury, God bless 'im, knows how to give the wor-r-rkin' man the good av his dollar."

Twenty thousand people helped Pattenbury make shoes and drew his wages, shared his profits and accepted his more-than-liberal bonuses. Twenty thousand busy operatives swore fealty to the best and fairest of bosses.

True, there had been periods of misunderstanding and stress. But Pattenbury had settled his labor troubles without outside assistance and with justice to all. Such settlements seemed to possess an iron quality of permanence.

Hired busybodies at Washington too had persecuted him and prosecuted him in the name of Sherman and other interstate josses. In the vernacular, they never got a thing on him. And when a great but procrastinatory Government found itself suddenly up to its ears in an international catastrophe, to which fatuously it had for years turned a deaf ear and an unseeing eye, it cried out in its sudden panic to Pattenbury. So at the munificent wage of one dollar per annum Pattenbury helped straighten out the shoe situation for four million armed men more or less.

Just how important Pattenbury's assistance was may be fully known only by reference to the most inaccessible files of the War Department, but I trust I am not betraying a state secret in telling you that if it hadn't been for Pattenbury our Army might have worn poorer shoes at a far greater cost to Uncle Sam; and I will go further and inform you that our Allies were in no small measure indebted to him for what Mr. Kipling has so thoroughly melodramatized as "boots, boots, boots."

So much the public knows about J. Q. Pattenbury as an institution. As an individual any adult out of at least three-quarters of our entire population would have instantly recognized him from his picture—a medium-sized, thin-faced, wholesome-looking man of middle age, with thick gray hair, a crisp mustache and a pair of shrewd blue eyes sheltered beneath rather bushy white brows.

You would have perhaps felt no prompting to turn and look at him a second time in a crowd, yet it would have been this second look that told you here was a man out of the ordinary, emphasizing in his sturdy person the abounding vitality and nervous, alert energy of the typical American business man who sets out to do a thing, first by planning it wisely and then by doing it efficiently.

Of his modest home life the public knew little. He had, as a certain well-known writer stated when called upon to give an account of himself, the same wife and children he started with. These children were now grown. The wife in question was as much a type of the successful American in her sphere as was J. Q. in his. He came down to breakfast on Sunday morning in slippers and lounging jacket, ate appreciatively of oatmeal, crisply fried codfish balls and delicately browned corn-meal johnnycake; read half a ton of Sunday papers; went to church; took a nap after dinner; and had no idea of keeping a butler. The old-fashioned wooden frame dwelling of provincial lines was neither elaborate nor colossal. It sat back from the street among a profusion of typical New England shrubbery and wasn't half as elaborate as the homes of some of his fellow townsmen.

He was a citizen of Bedford, where stood the original Pattenbury factory; belonged to the Baptist church, the club and the Blue Lodge; played a very mediocre game of bridge, and under the Australian system voted strictly as his conscience and his common sense dictated.

That is the kind of man who walked into the advertising department of Pattenbury, Inc., and demanded what the double-and-twisted hokus-pokus all that nonsense was about in the Trimount Pioneer.

"Say, Fred, what's this foolishness?" He spread the Pioneer truculently before his advertising director.

"Don't know, chief," said Haskins. "Gibbs and I were just looking at the thing. That bird is trying to have some fun with you, I guess. Did he send you a copy marked 'Personal'?"

"Fun? Funny idea of fun. Crazy, I call it."

"Why, chief, we thought it was quite a bright little scheme."

"What do you mean, bright?" demanded Pattenbury, looking startled.

"Oh, the chap's idea of using the name of a well-known man in that way to boost his game."

"Huh!" breathed the chief. "I'm relieved. I thought you meant ——"

"All right, then," cried Haskins with an assurance which showed that he regarded himself as somewhat of a privileged character; "I'll say he used good judgment in his choice of a name and I'm for it. When you're elected I'd like first call on the position of postmaster of Bed ——"

J. Q. slammed the Pioneer on the floor and snorted disgustedly.

"If you value your job," he said, "you better not hand me anything like that. Of all the rot ——"

He turned and glared at young Gibbs, who being new ducked suddenly behind a big pile of periodicals.

But Haskins' secretary, Miss Keogh, who had been with the company almost as long as the advertising director himself, made bold to pipe up: "I'm with Mr. Haskins. Let's form a Pattenbury Marching Club and Mr. Pattenbury can donate us a set of colors and a lot of torches."

"Great jumping Moses!" cried the harassed manufacturer. "Am I employing a bunch of lunatics to run this department? Now look here, Fred, you write that upstart and tell him to quit fooling or you'll cancel our advertising contract. I'm not going to be made a laughingstock even in Trimount—wherever Trimount is.

"And let me warn you three—not a word of this outside the office. Gracious! I wouldn't dare go near the club—they'd jolly the life out of me.

"Well, what new advertising ideas have you boys got to show me? When do you think the lithograph people will start delivering that million posters? How about your newspaper work for next spring?"

"Gibbs has something pretty good under way. Gibbsy, show Mr. Pattenbury your new layouts."

The young assistant modestly produced a series of sketches, looking scared half out of his wits when J. Q. swung briskly toward his desk. The manufacturer leafed through the work, a piece at a time, his lips pursed thoughtfully.

"Hm!" he grunted inexpressively, and passed them back to Gibbs.

"I'll be out St. Louis way for a week or more," he announced. "The figures show some weak spots in our business in the Southwest."

"I know," agreed Haskins. "Dallas is falling off a little. I've been studying the situation, trying to hit on some way to wake those fellows up. It has occurred to me I might run down there myself and get a little first-hand information. If I could talk with a lot of the jobbers' salesmen ——"

"Well," half assented Pattenbury, rising, "that's for you to decide. Only I suggest that you wait until I'm back. I'd like to talk over any ideas you may have. Now for goodness' sake, squelch that young squirt in—where was it?—Trimount. Craziest thing I ever heard of."

The head of the world's greatest shoe business trotted briskly out, slamming the door peevishly behind him.

"Isn't he a dear!" remarked Miss Keogh.

"I love the way he raved over my ads," said Gibbs. "Something inspiring in such whole-hearted approval. I should think he'd be afraid I'd get a swelled head."

The advertising director laughed.

"Don't worry," he advised. "You were lucky he didn't pan your stuff. I've seen the day I'd have accepted that little grunt of his as loud frenzied applause. It's his New England blood."

"Too darned effusive," went on the offended assistant. "I always feel embarrassed at those fulsome compliments. But say, Hask, what does he really think inside his skull about that presidency thing?"

"Gibbsy, you've asked the unanswerable question. I've been with J. Q. a good many years and I've never been able even to make a remote guess as to what went on in that dome of his. It simply can't be did. But I believe he's sincere when he tells you that Pioneer splurge is the bunk. The thought never popped into his head until he saw it in print, and he'd no more entertain the suggestion than he would accept a nomination for chief soup maker to a tribe of Congo cannibals."

"Just the same," interjected Miss Keogh, "I think he'd make a fine and dandy President."

▼

"IN SPITE of our request that you discontinue your unwarranted and impertinent use of Mr. Pattenbury's name in your news columns, we see you persist, so we are reluctantly obliged to inform you that we are this day instructing Gilfoyle & Co., our advertising agents, to cancel any contract they may have with you for advertising Pattenbury's shoes.

"It seems a pity that after over twenty years of steady advertising in your columns you force us to take this step. It is, however, Mr. Pattenbury's wish, as he is seriously offended.

"Yours truly,

"PATTENBURY, INC.

"BY FREDERICK HASKINS,
"Director of Advertising."

"That's nice," observed Jim Gurlaway, dropping the letter on Editor Greer's desk. "Pretty nearly the last honest-to-gosh foreign contract on our books. I half expected it."

"Then why in the name of common sense did you ever do such a fool thing?" demanded the irritated Elly. "I wouldn't have been surprised to see you ruin this paper in a year, but it never occurred to me you'd have the skids under it in less than three months. Whatever you expect to gain by it beats me."

"Never mind, Elly," soothed the publisher. "You watch."

He put on his hat and went out—to return half an hour later with a broad grin on his face.

"Good news at last, Mister Editor," he announced. "Fred Trimble's authorized us to keep on running the Pattenbury electros and he'll pay the bill. He says his sales of Pattenbury shoes have taken quite a hop since we started our campaign. One old-timer blew in yesterday and said he was pleased to see this country was at last going to have the right kind of President, and he allowed the Pioneer had been his favorite newspaper for more than forty years and he couldn't see but it was just as solid and sensible as it ever had been, even in John Godfrey's day. So I guess we've got some friends after all, old fish eye. Cheer up! Trimble's going to stop advertising in the Republicrat and give us all his business. Says we pay him and Fidge doesn't. Now I'm going out and start a drive for some real business. I feel as if it's coming to us."

"Step to it, son," counseled Elly, and grinned—as Jim afterward told Marcia—for the first time since the Pioneer had changed management.

Along toward noon Gurlaway returned.

Why worry about coal?
Get better results with

NO COAL
NOKOL

the automatic, liquid fuel burner. Fits any furnace

YOU can end all the work and worry of your coal furnace if you'll merely remove the grates and put a Nokol burner in.

Nokol burns inexpensive liquid fuel that's always plentiful. It does coal's work cheaply and leaves no ashes, soot or grime to make you needless work.

And Nokol "tends itself." It operates automatically. A living room thermostat regulates it to give you any heat you wish at any hour.

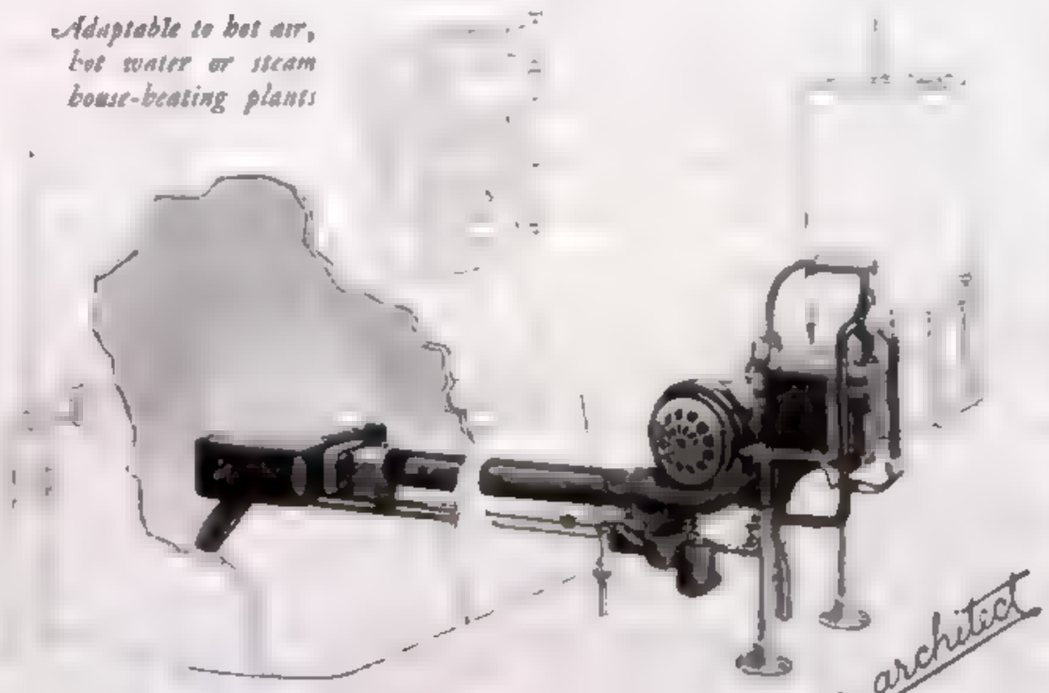
When you don't need heat, the thermostat automatically shuts the fuel off and saves you money.

Nokol is approved in its entirety by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

May we tell you more about liquid fuel heating the Nokol way?

THE STEAM CORPORATION
73 WEST ADAMS STREET • CHICAGO

Adaptable to hot air, hot water or steam house-heating plants



Protected by *Doble-Detroit Patents*

Ask your architect

"What do you think, Elly?" he gloated. "I got Flaxon's drygoods store and Megann the druggist and Tony Bassini, our leading fruiterer and baseball enthusiast. Old Pop Flaxon said he hadn't worn anything but Pattenbury's plain Grahams for ten years and in his opinion a man who could do what Pattenbury had done could be trusted in the White House with absolute confidence. In fact, he said he believed the Pioneer had a very firm place in the affections of this community and it was this sort of independent, fearless stand which had ——"

"Aw, shucks!" snorted Elly. "It wasn't three months ago I tried to get that old rip to use the Pioneer and he informed me that in his opinion there wasn't room in this town for two papers, and the Republicrat suited him nicely."

"Well, he's changed his tune now. And Wallace Megann said we'd better send him thirty copies every week instead of fifteen and if we kept on we'd soon be outselling T. Jefferson. He's contracted for six inches double column every week for a year and he will write his own copy. Thank goodness, there's one local advertiser I don't have to wet-nurse!

"But Tony Bassini showed me something I'd never thought of. In the minds of thousands and thousands of foreign-born people J. Q. Pattenbury is one of our great men. Why? Because they've seen his name and picture plastered all over this country—in everything printed, on billboards, in street cars, on fences, barns, rocks, trees and telegraph poles. They may not know what Senator Spoopendyke or Ambassador Picklebuster looks like or what excuse he has to be famous, but Pattenbury they simply can't get away from. Then, as Tony says, 'He's da fella wat maka da gooda shooce.' Tony says he's just finishing up his naturalization and he's going to vote for Pattenbury 'alla time—two, tree, maybe four time.'

"Now, Elly, you and I ought to feel pretty good. Let's give 'em some hot stuff this week. Why, it's a cinch to show up the politicians. They haven't even a sense of decent shame. Have you seen yesterday's city papers yet? The Republicratic National Committee meeting that opens tomorrow in Washington is—well, let me read you the reports."

Gurlaway seized a copy of a late New York daily.

"Even the headlines give 'em away," he said.

"'GENERAL SUGDEN LEADS FIELD

"'Party Heads in Washington for Meeting of National Committee Give Line on Presidential Race'

"What do you know about that? Picking a man for us to vote for already and the convention six months off! Listen!

"'Just at present General Sugden seems to have a flying start and considerable prestige. He has not, of course, touched the states with the really large delegations. New York, for instance, will send an unpledged delegation, the state chairman declared to-day, adding in the same breath that they were for no one and against no one.'

"I guess 'no one' is right, Elly. But they'll be there to trade delegates, you can bet your life. Here's some more:

"'Ex-Senator Neally rode down from New York on the same train with William J. Gofflin, former chairman of the Republicratic National Committee, and arrived late to-night. He offered his ear to many of the leaders, but spoke little, and that in whispers.'

"Gumshoe stuff, eh, Mister Editor? Make the most of it. Here we go again:

"'The most interesting development of the day was the fact that John K. Murdick, former senator from Wisconsin, who took a presidential boom to the convention himself last time, has moved into the office of Senator Codman at the Capitol and seems to be exceedingly happy. He is understood to be working for Governor Griggs, though he is keeping quiet about it.'

"Elly, you can get some great dope out of this. Listen again:

"'The great game at present of all the candidates except General Sugden seems to be to line up for someone else every possible delegate the general might get. Sugden backers don't mind this. They say the more the merrier. A strong Sugden man said to-day: "The Old Guard doesn't function any more, but is broken up into a number of small machines. The big bosses don't dominate their states as they did. And the various little barons who have succeeded the old oligarchy cannot control all the delegates they round up. They can't even deliver for sure the delegations from their own states."'

"Now, Elly, you've enough material in this one article for a smashing editorial. Play up the sordid side, all the talk about barons and oligarchies and delivering delegates and the rest. Show how tricky and sly they are—playing poker with the people's right of self-government as the stakes. Forget you're writing for a one-horse derelict and imagine you're on a big daily—say, the Chicago Guardian or the New York Guide.

"Gosh, Elly, this thing fires me to the very soul! We're fighting for a big principle—the right of the common voter to have his say about the candidates he's to vote for. Can't you see how vital the whole thing is?"

"Oh, I guess so," replied the unexcitable Greer, lighting a pipe which he justly regarded as a contemporary. "You're right, boy. But dog my cats! What does it all amount to—here in Trimount?"

"Elly, a principle is just as big and just as righteous in Trimount as it is in Boston or Philadelphia, and I rather think in the small town it's easier to put it across with the people. This is as good a place to start as any."

"Maybe, maybe! Say, Jim, how about this week's Gossip? I'm shy a couple of stickfuls. Better get busy."

VI

ELLIOTT GREER, in spite of his surly exterior, really took pride in the Pioneer editorials. He admired Jim Gurlaway too. But Elly had been born somewhere among the Vermont hills, where it wasn't considered wholesome for young people to praise 'em right to their faces. If anyone in Trimount had spoken ill of Gurlaway in Greer's hearing the traducer would have had a tidy scrap on his hands.

Gurlaway himself was no weakling when it came to the use of language in print. He loved to write. He took infinite pains with his column of Gossip and besides wrote nearly half of the editorial matter. He wasn't so polished as Elly. His style was more the woodpecker's—sharp, staccato, rapid—what Greer called hurry-up stuff. Greer didn't realize how Jim worked to achieve this very thing and that often a sentence that seemed to fulminate like a firecracker had been rewritten a dozen times in Gurlaway's little hall bedroom at home.

The severely critical must have concluded that Jim was not always quite fair, but this was because he was an extremist. He exaggerated to send home the sturdy blows of his argument. In the main he was right and his bias was displayed in matters of detail rather than along broad lines. He thought big. He was pitiless in sizing up and judging situations. He hated jobbery, dickering, the cheap connivances of those who bartered in the market of politics.

He felt it was no time to be moderate, so he got up on the roof, and having provided himself with a choice assortment of verbal brickbats he bombarded his enemies with as much enthusiasm as if he had swung his pen in a countrywide arc. The fact that apparently these miscreants were far beyond the range of his light and futile battery did not render any more bland the acid of his inkpot. Quite the contrary, perhaps.

And oh, boy! He was having fun. He assured Marcia that even if the old Pioneer ultimately collapsed he wouldn't grudge the cost.

Marcia assented eagerly. Probably she was only an ignorant, unsophisticated little country wife with a misjudged admiration for a wild-eyed fanatic with the bug of quixotism intrenched firmly in his midst. Nevertheless, she fed the fires of his ardor from day to day and never for one moment sensed the pathos of wasting so much good ammunition in a battle against an enemy that wasn't even among those present.

She put in a great deal of her time at the Pioneer office, becoming an efficient assistant for Elly Greer. She not only set type: she learned the simple art of press feeding while Elly turned the crank. Thus by dispensing with the services of the fitful Tilford boy they saved fifty cents a week.

(Continued on Page 72)

When the Boss Hits the Ceiling

When you hand the boss a bunch of bills, instead of glancing at them and scribbling his O. K. as in the good old days, he *just roars and GOES UP IN THE AIR!*

And no wonder! Everything has been going *up and up!* And the situation has been growing *worse* and WORSE, with no improvement in sight, and—

Well, when the boss gets down somewhere near terra firma again, why don't *you* take him one side and explain *gently but firmly,*

That *you* know *one big thing* that can be done. That it may not solve *all* his troubles but that it *certainly will* as far as *printing* is concerned.

That if he agrees to it he can begin right then and there to *SAVE MONEY on printing* instead of losing it—That printing delays will be turned into *Johnny-on-the-spot deliveries*—

That the work can all be done by his *own* help, in his *own* office *under closest supervision*—That it will enable him *to take advantage of sales opportunities* he can't *look* at now—That it will *build new business,* and help land the old.

When he realizes what all this means to him and his plant, he'll say,

"Young man, if all you say is true, I'LL RAISE YOUR—scalp, if you don't get that Multigraph representative over here inside of fifteen seconds."

"Printed on the Multigraph"

Not typewritten, but *printed* with real printers' ink, and type, with illustrations if desired—and yet done by a small power driven machine that takes up little room, and *does not* turn your office into a printing plant.

Office forms	Circulars	Restaurant menus
Office stationery	Folders	Theatre programs
Factory forms	Dodgers	Bank checks
Tags	Blotters	Deposit slips
Labels	Small posters	Order blanks
Wrappers	Cards	Subscription blanks
Stickers	Notices	Price lists
Sales bulletins	Imprinting	Statements
House organs	Typewritten form letters	Memorandum pads
Booklets	Printed form letters	Postcards, etc., etc., etc.
Pamphlets	Illustrated form letters	

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
Cleveland, Ohio — Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO
London, 15-16 Holborn Viaduct — *Paris*, 24 Boulevard des Capucines

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd.
141-88 Bay St., Toronto, Canada — Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

Tell him about the MULTIGRAPH

"MULTIGRAPH SENIOR

This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface. Easy payments if desired.

"MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR

This is a wonderfully efficient equipment for concerns which have a limited amount of work. It does both form typewriting and office printing and produces the same high quality of work as the Senior Equipment, but it is hand-operated only and cannot be equipped with electric power, automatic feed and signature device attachments as can the Senior. Easy payments if desired.

The Multigraph
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Show me how I can solve some of my troubles with the Multigraph.

Firm_____ Our line is _____

Name_____ Official Position _____

Street Address _____ Town _____ State _____ S. E. P. 2-7

(Continued from Page 70)

But Marcia's contributions to journalism were far more than mechanical. It was no uncommon thing for her to remove the leaden stains from her fingers and dash off a poem, a recipe for a twenty-dollar effect in millinery at a cost of a dollar thirty-nine, or a five-hundred-word story. It has been seen how she cultivated and held the loyalty of the women of Trimount. Now she organized a symposium. It went big. The prominent club ladies of Trimount were invited to contribute to the Pioneer's columns their arguments for or against the candidacy of J. Q. Pattenbury. Of course the fors had it by a wide, wide margin. But every club lady who thus succeeded in getting her thoughts embalmed in more or less imperishable printers' ink bought from six to sixty copies of the Pioneer and mailed them to her friends.

So raged the tempest in the Trimountian teapot. Of course, to the casual observer it didn't mean anything. It was just a boy-and-girl game, a couple of kids playing at newspaper making and President making to amuse themselves and paying a high price for their fun. But as Jim insisted the idea wasn't invalidated by limited promulgation. Marcia was flamingly aware of its inherent merit. Therefore she hotly resented the apparent indifference of the veteran editor and quarreled with him half amiably but, nevertheless, with never-failing spirit.

Elly liked Marcia—she was so delightfully alert, so quick at retort—and for that reason he relished these arguments as one relishes the sharp bite of mustard. He loved to stir her up with a pretended opposition.

"You make me furious," she would scold. "You're a prize damper. Goodness, you make me mad!"

"Yes," Elly would drawl mildly, "I see I do. But someone's got to keep the earth under you young ones. Otherwise you'd both go sailing off on a pink cloud of enthusiasm. I figure not to allow Jim to get conceited. You praise him all the time and that isn't good for a boy. You act as if you think he's about perfect."

"He is—almost. Anyhow, approval stimulates him."

"There, there, what'd I tell you? Well, if he's steel I'll try to be flint for him to strike a few sparks on. How'll that do?"

"Well enough if you're not mistaking ivory for flint."

And Marcia would switch angrily back to her case, perhaps to return half an hour later with an apology for her ill temper; whereupon the old villain would grin behind the bowl of his pipe and murmur something unintelligible about a bright little woman.

The weekly edition of the Pioneer was now a thousand copies. Of these eight hundred were mailed or sold to regular readers. Gurlaway, out all day among the merchants or detailing neighborhoods in search of subscribers, had managed to raise the cash income of the Pioneer a microscopic notch higher than its disbursements. The paper was actually paying Elly Greer's salary, so it was no longer a drain on the Gurlaway exchequer. Jim began to figure when in the distant future he might venture to take a few dollars a week for the Gurlaway family.

The two hundred copies left after taking care of the Pioneer's readers were mailed to a list headed by James Q. Pattenbury. This list included several advertising agencies, a lot of weeklies published in surrounding counties and a selection of metropolitan dailies.

"Foolishness," said Elly Greer. "Those big fellows don't give a darn about us small fry. They don't even tear off the wrappers."

"You never can tell," replied Jim. "It doesn't cost much. It's the only way I can hope to get our idea spread round outside this county."

"Haw!" jeered his colleague. "You want folks to laugh at you that never heard of you, eh?

"That's a devil of a way to introduce yourself to strangers! You're not satisfied with making a chump of yourself here at home where folks will allow for you. You take the cake!"

"Can't help it," assented Jim good-humoredly. "Hello, look at this! Loganville Blade has grabbed our idea—body and boots. What do you know about that? 'For President: J. Q. Pattenbury.' And here's an editorial giving us credit for what they consider a very sane proposition. Look here, old crêpe-hanger—the seed's beginning to germinate."

"Guess it won't grow very rank—not in Loganville," was Elly's comment.

"Fred," complained J. Q., sliding into the chair by his advertising director's desk, "that Pioneer hyena keeps sending me his miserable sheet and I declare he gets worse all the time. It's an outrage. Hasn't a man any defense against such things? Did you write him? Did you stop our advertising in that paper?"

"I certainly did, but he keeps right on printing our copy. He doesn't bill Gilfoyle, so I've an idea the local dealer, Trimble, is paying for the space. He's also using the Pioneer for regular display advertising in addition to ours. Furthermore, Mr. Pattenbury, I've done some investigating and our jobbing house in that territory says Trimble has been doubling his orders for our goods lately."

"Terrible!" sputtered J. Q. "Isn't that the most awful thing you ever heard of—mixing commercialism with pretended patriotism? Rotten taste! And have you read some of the editorials the ruffian is printing? Nothing short of scurrilous. Disgraceful! I'm going to call in Thurber and make him tell me some legal action I can take—injunction or something."

"I don't know," said Haskins, "whether you'd have any legal redress. But see here, chief, why bother about it? Seems to me the best way is to pay no attention to the thing. The more you stir it up the more danger you incur of creating a loud noise. You've succeeded through publicity—wouldn't it make a hot newspaper yarn for you to display your fear of it?"

"Fred Haskins, you're crazy! You talk like—like—like a piece of cheese. Now you'd better get straightened out in this matter, or ——"

"Oh, now listen, chief! How do I know what's the right thing to do? I've been with you fifteen years and when I've disagreed with your opinions I've usually been wrong, but I'm going to differ with you once more. And, by George, I'm right! That Pioneer chap has called the turn. I've read his stuff and I'm with him—yes, sir, I can't help it. He certainly is one convincing arguer. Now, why don't you ——"

J. Q. jumped to his feet, his face red with resentment.

"Right in my office, under my own nose, by George! Murderation! Is the whole world going nutty? Of all the absurd, farfetched, tomfool ideas—why, I ought to fire you all, the three of you!"

"But it's spreading," cried Haskins. "I'm not so sure you can stop it. Quite a number of other small papers have taken it up. I imagine the spark has dropped into the tinder ——"

"Now stop!" Pattenbury leaned over his advertising director's desk. "Not another word! I won't listen—I can't listen! What are you trying to do—scare the liver and lights out of me? Let me tell you, something has to be done—and you've got to help. Forget your fool notions and see how I can escape the most embarrassing situation of my life. We'll call in Thurber—Lord, wouldn't it be awful if it spread to any of the dailies? Fred, I don't believe I ever knew what it was like to be afraid, but now, why—why I'm plumb stampeded!"

"I'll do what I can, chief. You know what luck I had with the Pioneer. Let's see now, suppose we ——"

At that moment young Gibbs, who had been playing a very heavy thinking part and at the same time absently scanning a few late newspapers, young Gibbs, the only member of the advertising department trio who had worked for the big boss less than a decade and was consequently overwhelmed with confusion whenever he inadvertently attracted J. Q.'s attention—young Gibbs exclaimed "Good gosh!"

Pattenbury, already keyed to a high nervous pitch and now startled painfully, spun toward the assistant.

"Well?" he demanded sharply. "What's the matter with you?"

"Er—er—why, here's a ——"

Gibbs' voice stuck in his throat. He gulped and made several efforts to swallow a tongue which threatened to get him into serious trouble.

"Here's a what?" shouted Pattenbury.

"A d-d-daily paper, sir, with that Pattenbury-for-President line right ac-c-c-cross the front page—big t-t-type and all."

Gibbs evidently expected to be blamed for this development.

"A daily?" queried Pattenbury. "What daily?"

"It's the—the Chicago Guardian, Mr. Pattenbury."

VII

A RATHER bored-looking young man, who was evidently not a traveling salesman, since he carried no sample cases, dropped off the noon train, east bound, and ambled in leisurely fashion to the Trimount House. Here he registered as Walter M. Biggers, of Chicago, and inquired regarding the location of the Weekly Pioneer. Then he went into the dining room, ate his dinner in a sad but conscientious manner, lighted a cigarette and wandered without haste along Main Street as directed. Presently he overhauled the small and dingy building occupied by the publishing interests of James T. Gurlaway and associates.

Inside Mr. Biggers found a tiny office in what appeared to be a state of ineradicable disarray and through a door he glimpsed the back shop—combined press-room and composing room—where a sunny-haired young woman stood at an ancient case sticking type. The familiar odor of printers' ink hung heavily in the air.

At a littered desk sat a middle-aged, round-shouldered man smoking a pipe whose odor was nothing short of racy and reading a galley proof. At the sound of the closing door this person swung about and looked up across the steel rims of his spectacles.

"Mr. Gurlaway?"

"No, Gurlaway's out. Anything ——"

The caller laid a card on the slide of Elly's desk.

"I see," said Greer. "Glad to know you, Mr. Biggers. Just sit down. I think Jim'll be in shortly."

He indicated a chair occupied by a dozen or more exchanges and leaned forward to sweep the papers to the floor. But Biggers eased himself down, remarking that he'd be just as comfortable—he was used to worse seats than that.

"So," said Greer, "you're with the Guardian. Well, well! Some paper!"

"Some paper!" echoed Biggers tolerantly. "You said your name was ——"

"Greer—Elliott W. Greer. I'm editor of this old single-track relic."

"Well, Mr. Greer, whoever is responsible for this Pattenbury boom of yours has sure hit a winner. Have you seen yesterday's Guardian?"

"No; Jim'll have it when he comes in. I didn't have time to go to the post office to-day; to-morrow's press day and we're up to our ears. Oh, we think the world of the Guardian."

"Look at this," said Biggers, spreading before the editor the rattling pages of the previous day's Guardian. Across the top stretched in heavy Gothic the legend:

FOR PRESIDENT: J. Q. PATTENBURY

"Holy Moses!" cried Elly.

At that moment the door opened and a qualified maniac shouted: "Hey, Elly, look here! Marcia, come in, quick! It's happened—the impossib——"

The maniac paused wild-eyed, his hat on one ear. In his outstretched hands he held a copy of the Chicago Guardian.

"Oh," he said hastily, "I'm sorry! I didn't realize we had a caller. But you can't blame me for being excited."

"This is our publisher, Mr. Gurlaway, Mr. Biggers. Jim, shake hands with Mr. Biggers, of the Chicago Guardian." To the visitor Elly explained: "He isn't always as crazy as this. Sometimes he's almost rational."

Marcia appearing at this moment in the back-room doorway, the demented young man seized her and kissed her. This would have surprised anyone less imperturbable than Biggers, especially considering the smutted apron worn by the young woman and the liberal smudge on the side of her rather adorable nose and chin.

"My wife," said Jim. "Marcia, this is Mr. Biggers, and his paper, the great Chicago Guardian, has come out for Pattenbury. What do you know about that?"

"I—I—it's rather an abrupt way to break so important a bit of news," replied Marcia. "Please pardon my toil-stained fingers, Mr. Biggers, and if you'll excuse me I'll wash them."

She vanished.

Biggers, who had risen, viewed all this byplay with a large condescension. Then he said: "Well, Mr. Gurlaway, I was telling Mr. Greer you've struck a big thing. It isn't often a weekly like yours scoops the country, but we acknowledge in the Guardian office that you've rung the bell and I have orders from the main works to tell you that we're with you."

"Meaning Mr. Horton?"

"Exactly! I'm sent here as his personal representative. But, pardon me, wasn't Mr. Greer saying you were just getting to press? I find I can't leave for Chicago until to-morrow, anyhow. Suppose we wait until supper time and then you bring Mrs. Gurlaway and Mr. Greer over to the hotel and have a bite to eat with me."

Marcia Gurlaway once more appeared in the doorway.

"Jim, ask Mr. Biggers to come up to the house. The hotel food isn't fit to eat. Elly, you come, too, and I'll see that you have something that's at least palatable, with a cup of real coffee."

Mr. Biggers brightened perceptibly.

"That's very nice," he said. "I hope you don't think I was spelling for the invitation."

"I shouldn't blame you if you were," said Marcia, "especially after one trial of Trimount House fare. Now we'll hustle and make up the paper. We'll print in the morning—a thousand copies. That's quite a circulation for the old Pioneer."

"We run eight hundred thousand every day," remarked Biggers, smiling languidly, as he turned toward the door.

"Not on a press like ours," retorted Marcia.

VIII

"THE Old Man," explained Biggers after supper, as he flicked a cigarette ash into his emptied coffee cup, "isn't stealing your thunder. He is as square as any newspaper publisher living. But he says you've hit the greatest thing that's been sprung in ten years and he wants to push it along."

"Wonder he ever got wind of it," hazarded Elly Greer.

"Oh, you don't know V. H. He's got an uncanny gift for knowing everything that happens. Things just drift his way as if he were a magnet. In this case there happened to be a fresh yap opening up our exchanges—green boy just out of high school—and he ran across your paper and wrote on it in blue pencil, 'Yellow Journalism in the Tall Grass.' Then he sent it up to Horton as a joke, with his initials on it. Let me tell you the Old Man raised that kid's pay five dollars a week for being what he calls alert in the interests of the Guardian. It started something all right.

"But I'd better go back a month or so to give you a clear picture of just what's led up to all this.

"Horton's a lifelong Republicrat, and while he's personally kept strictly out of the game of politics, of course our paper's always loyally and consistently supported the party and its candidates.

"This year, however, V. H. woke up. You know the Secretary of the Treasury recently put up a loud squawk about the government's expenses and there's been a devil of a lot of talk about the millions that have been chucked to the chickadees taxpayers' money, every cent, that millions of people had to sweat for.

"Now the idea of putting a regular, hard-headed, efficient, experienced business man in charge of this country isn't original with you, Gurlaway—and it isn't original with Valentine Horton, of the Chicago Guardian. It's been talked of before, but no one has had the spine to get up and tell the voters what a lot of jackasses they are to go on employing incompetents and visionaries in public office.

"Horton puts on his hat and searches out the Republicratic National Committee and informs them that though the Guardian is prepared to be loyal to the party he doesn't propose to devote paper and printers' ink and editorial talent to helping them elect a pinhead to the presidency at a time when the country is financially and economically in a critical condition. He suggests mildly that when the candidate is selected it would listen very hopefully to the common pee-pul if that candidate might be a business man of known qualifications who could be depended upon to substitute horse sense for peanut politics, forget party lines and put this land of ours on such a basis that it wouldn't be spending money like a chorus girl with carte blanche on some oil magnate's bank roll. In other words, if a general manager wrecked a business by running it hopelessly into debt he'd be fired. But we let the United States go skidding merrily into the financial bog instead of keeping our expenses inside the limits of our income. Any schoolboy can

(Concluded on Page 75)

Let BlueBird free you from washday

Why be tied down—why be tired out—when BlueBird can bring you complete freedom from washday burdens?

Washing is *menial* work—beneath the dignity and strength of any woman. You have higher, pleasanter home duties. And why—*why* should you put up with such drudgery when BlueBird does the washing better, quicker and at less cost?

BlueBird washes *cleaner* than any other process. Daintiest garments as well as heaviest things are washed thoroughly clean in a few minutes by BlueBird, without rubbing. Clothes washed by BlueBird last *five times* as long as when rubbed on a washboard. The average washing is done by BlueBird in about an hour Clothes are "on the line by nine."

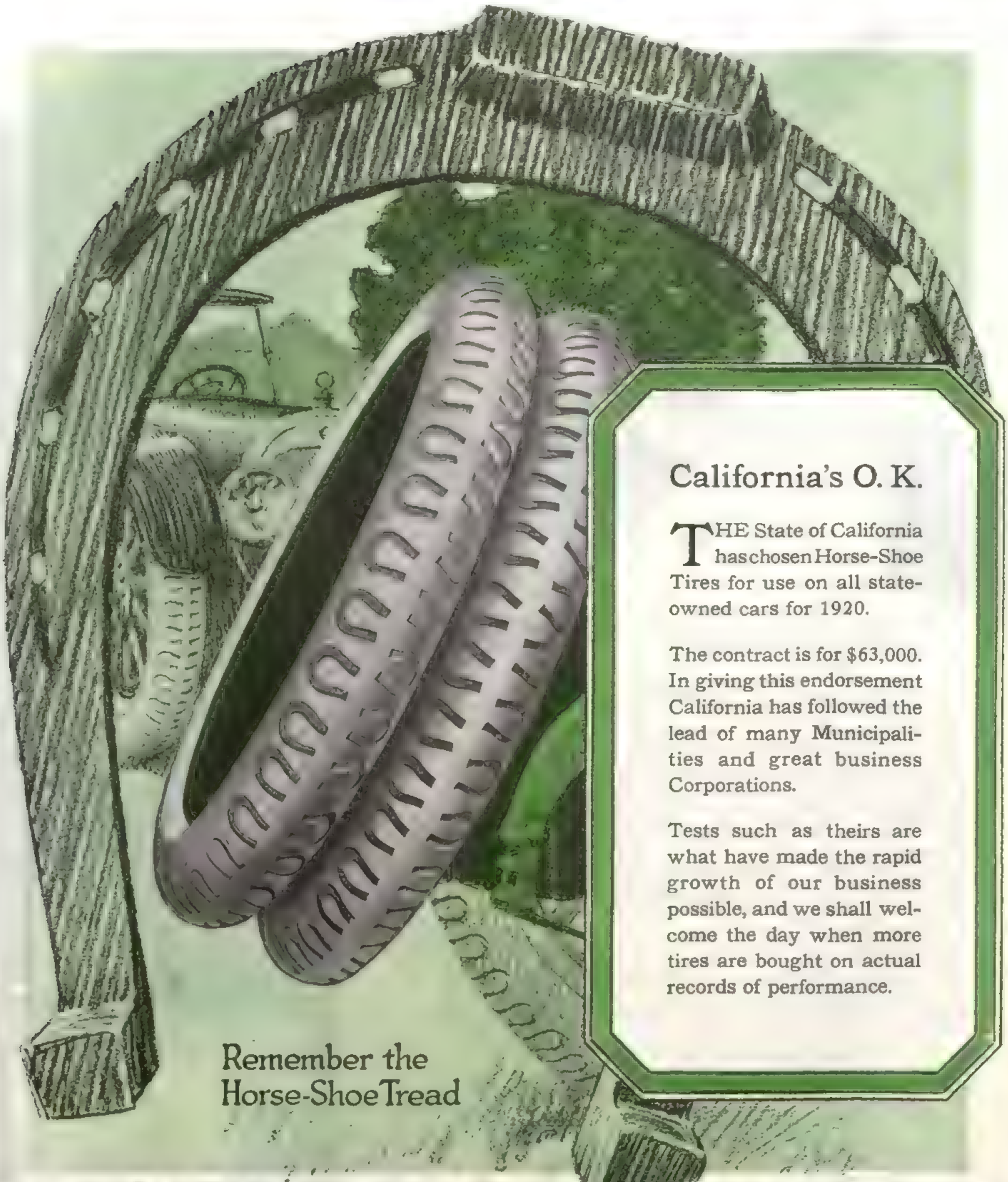
With no wear on the clothes, and no work, you are *free* to change the linen oftener. With only a few cents per week for running BlueBird, you are *free* from the expense of laundering

A small payment puts BlueBird into your home. Let the BlueBird dealer in your town demonstrate BlueBird in your home free. See him today. Write us for The BlueBird Book.

See these BlueBird superiorities:

BlueBird Appliance Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.
Branches—Chicago, New York, Boston.

BlueBird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER



California's O. K.

THE State of California has chosen Horse-Shoe Tires for use on all state-owned cars for 1920.

The contract is for $63,000. In giving this endorsement California has followed the lead of many Municipalities and great business Corporations.

Tests such as theirs are what have made the rapid growth of our business possible, and we shall welcome the day when more tires are bought on actual records of performance.

Remember the Horse-Shoe Tread

RACINE
HORSE-SHOE TIRES

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

EXPORT DEPARTMENT, 144 WEST 65th STREET, NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 72)

tell you where that sort of thing leads. Yet we keep the same old bunch of politicians in office and let 'em spend money with drunken extravagance—say, a man will pungle up his income tax without a quiver and then go home and pan friend wife because the grocer's bill is five dollars higher than it ought to be. Gee, when will we wake up?

"That's something like the line of talk V. H. handed the committee, and what do you suppose? They gave him the loud, unfeeling laugh and told him in effect to leave it to them—they knew their business all right. They'd take care of the candidates and he needn't worry. As for a business man, they couldn't see it. It wouldn't be practical. It wouldn't be politics. It wouldn't be —— Well, Horton didn't wait to hear any more things it wouldn't be, but walked out, peeved as the dickens, and swearing the Guardian would never run a line to help elect some misfit that the gang decided to hand the voter on a lettuce leaf with a spoonful of guff to make him palatable.

"And then within a few days along comes your Pioneer and V. H. immediately sung out for all the back numbers he'd missed and read your dope and let off three rousing cheers. He'd struck the very thing he wanted. He sent for Spratt, our managing editor, and put it up to him, and Spratt was foolish enough to grin when he saw the Pioneer. It pretty nearly cost him a good job. After that you can bet he took the proposition mighty seriously.

"The beauty of the situation is this man Pattenbury's a personal friend of Horton's, and Horton realizes just what a hard nut he is going to be. That's part of the game—to create such an overwhelming sentiment that Pattenbury won't dare refuse—that is, he won't in the end. Just now he's wild. I phoned the office this afternoon and one of our star men has interviewed him. It's in to-day's editions that we'll see to-morrow and I understand Pattenbury's going to sue for defamation of character every newspaper that goes into the scheme. Oh, it's rich!

"Now my job is to feature you and the Pioneer in our Sunday edition, with photographs of yourself and Mrs. Gurlaway and Mr. Greer and the Pioneer office, outside and in."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Marcia. "I was going to have it all cleaned up."

"Never, Mrs. Gurlaway! It's the dinginess and the confusion that give it that wonderful atmosphere. We will play up the obscure but brilliant young publisher and his loyal wife, and the stanch and keenly observant veteran editor who instantly recognized the tremendous epoch-making value of the brilliant young publisher's brain child—say, it will make a peach of a story!

"And here is the practical side: Horton is already lining up the biggest dailies in the country to coöperate in putting over the plan. A gigantic syndicate service is to be started with every word of your editorials and other material in proofs, matrices or stereotypes, which the smaller newspapers can have free. I tell you this is a publicity campaign such as has never been attempted before in the history of the United States and Horton is aflame with enthusiasm.

"I am instructed to bring to the Guardian office the person or persons responsible for the working out of this plan and they will be clothed like the lilies of the field and set to work with solid gold pens writing more editorials on genuine Japanese parchment. In other words, Horton will shoot the works and you folks can just sail in and name your own salaries. It means a life job for you—including Mrs. Gurlaway if she wants to make herself a career in newspaperdom instead of the home.

"Furthermore, if you need money now I am instructed to authorize you to draw on the Guardian for any amount up to, say, five thousand dollars; and, of course, you'll want to arrange for someone to run the Pioneer for the present."

At this point James T. Gurlaway interrupted Biggers' flow of eloquence. The Chicago man had lost much of his lackadaisical indifference of manner and was seeking to convey to the trio something of his chief's enthusiasm. But Jim had held his peace as long as human nature could stand the strain.

"Hold on," he said, "you're going too fast for me. Don't forget, I'm a country rube with a slow-working brain and I get confused easy. I understand, do I, that you think Mr. Horton would like to have Mrs. Gurlaway and Mr. Greer and myself pack up and go to work for the Guardian?"

"Yes—and you can write your own ticket."

"And then he expects me to delegate the management of the Pioneer to someone else?"

"You'd have to."

"And you're going to make us famous overnight as a trio of new stars in the newspaper and political firmament by write-ups and photographs and dizzy headlines not only in the Guardian but in newspapers everywhere?"

"U-huh! That's my part of the job."

"And in consideration for pulling us up by the roots and exposing us to the pitiless glare of the publicity sun Horton takes my idea and makes a go of it. In other words, J. Q. Pattenbury will be nominated because the newspapers are behind him. My dream comes true in that case."

"Yep, you've said it all. Except the five thousand ——"

"Never mind that. I don't see any occasion to draw on your people for five thousand dollars. As for the rest of your proposition, of course there are three of us, and I can't speak conclusively for Mr. Greer. He's under contract with me for a year, but I shouldn't think of standing in his way ——"

"Hold on there, Jim!" put in Elly. "You leave me out of it until you've settled your own problem. Marcia's got something to say, I guess."

"It's a gorgeous opportunity for a young woman of Mrs. Gurlaway's obvious talents," remarked Biggers.

"I'm not thinking of my opportunity," said Marcia. "I'm thinking of Jim's."

"Well," said Jim, "it's flattering, not alone to me but to all of us. It's so dog-gone unexpected—say, Biggers, let me think out loud, will you? Sort of feel my way verbally and see if we can't come to some conclusion. I'll take up the different features of your proposal in order:

"First, you want us to pack up right away and jump to Chicago. You must remember that we've been here all our lives and nowhere else. The idea of migrating to a big city is pretty serious. It would mean turning all our habits topsy-turvy—remodeling all our ideas. I confess the thought rather stuns me and at first I'm inclined to be against it. But that's just timidity or country backwardness.

"But when a fellow like me contemplates making such a big change he ought to size himself up pretty carefully. I went to New York once and gunned round among the newspapers and they all turned me down. I made up my mind those chaps sized me up about right—a small-town guy. So I decided to be a small-town guy and be content."

"He isn't a small-town guy, Mr. Biggers," protested Marcia. "I'm always trying to get that notion out of his head. It isn't the town one lives in—it's the brains in his head that make him a small-towner or a man of big-city caliber."

"Cheers for Mrs. Gurlaway!" proposed Biggers. "That's the spirit!"

"Nevertheless," went on Jim, unswayed by this display of confidence, "I suspect that I am after all the best judge of my limitations. Not that they aren't elastic—I'd be a chump if I thought they weren't. But I hesitate to hop into a big newspaper office right out of a clear sky, where I'd be a mighty little toad in a big puddle. I've apparently developed a good thought in this Pattenbury campaign; I hope I'll strike many an idea just as good in future. But I don't want to go off half-cocked. Maybe I'll never have another. I'd hate to go to Chicago and prove a morning glory after all.

"I don't say I won't do it; I only think I'd better not try it right away. Elly here can do as he likes. He has the weight of experience that will keep his feet on the ground and make him a valuable man."

"After spending my life in the thick growth?" protested the perturbed editor. "Not without a chaperon, James. Go on now—you're all right. Think out loud some more."

"Now I don't see how I could turn the old Pioneer over to someone else," went on Jim. "I'd feel like a rank deserter. I'm fond of the people of this community and when they learn that the Pioneer, the home paper they've known for so long, has become the fountainhead of a big national movement, they're going to be mighty interested—yes, if I do say it, proud. Maybe they'll be proud of me. What'd they say if I suddenly turned round and went to Chicago?"

"You're foolish if you let the opinion of a bunch of farmers influence you," objected Biggers. "It's your life, not theirs, that'll be affected."

"True, but I'm young. A little delay isn't going to run me. I want to finish this job—carry out the Pioneer's campaign until the convention has selected a candidate, either Pattenbury or someone else—and put the Pioneer on Easy Street. Then I can think of the next thing to do. I rather believe I'll go to Chicago and ask your boss for a job and he can take me on his own terms, just so he agrees to give me an opportunity to become a real honest-to-gosh newspaper man. The day I step into the Guardian office will be the proudest day of my life."

"And mine," said Marcia. "If I can help Jim make good in Trimount I can help him in Chicago."

"How about you, Mr. Greer?" asked Biggers.

"I'm likely to trail along with Jim," said Elly, "just so you allow the boys in the office to smoke."

"Ever see a newspaper office where smoking wasn't the principal business? Well, Mr. Gurlaway, how about my Sunday story?"

"You let Mrs. Gurlaway give you the dope for that," said Jim. "I thought at first we didn't want any Sunday story, but if it will help the game along, why go to it. Only I wish it wasn't necessary to play up personalities. Leave me out. Can't you make it just a story of the Pioneer—one of the oldest papers in the country? Seems to me it's picturesque enough to make a mighty good yarn, especially if—say, why don't you call it the Rip Van Winkle of newspaperdom, waking up after ——"

"Twenty years' sleep," growled Elly Greer. "That's a hot suggestion. Mr. Biggers, I owned the old wreck for just about twenty years—up to the time this fresh kid bought it—and now he insults me."

Biggers laughed.

"That did sound pretty rough, Elly," said Jim. "I see I'm no Sunday-feature headline writer. Let's leave it to Biggers."

"You said something," chirped Biggers. "You leave it to me—and Mrs. Gurlaway."

"About the Guardian's plan to syndicate all our matter," continued Gurlaway, "tell Mr. Horton to go the limit. Every word that Elly and I have written or may write from now on is absolutely at your disposal. We can produce just the same line of stuff here that we would in Chicago; and I'll go to Chicago for a few days and see Mr. Horton and let him tell me his ideas. Elly can come along, too, if he wants to."

"Rip van Winkle drops dead on seeing Masonic Temple," snorted Elly. "There's another hot headline for your paper, Biggers. I don't know, Jim; I might get run over by a horse car or something. Do they have horse cars in your town, Mr. Biggers?"

"Horton will pay your expenses, Mr. Gurlaway," said Biggers, "and of course you'll expect a salary as long as your stuff is being used by the Guardian. How much would you think you and Mr. Greer ought to have?"

"I got twenty-five a week on the Republicrat," said Jim, "and I'm paying Elly ——"

"Let's make it a hundred and fifty a week for each of you for the duration of the Pattenbury campaign. I can put that over with the Old Man as easy as pie."

Elly Greer's eyes popped. Jim looked thoughtful. Marcia held her breath. Her husband was so darned Quixotic!

"All right," said Jim. "We can use it. Now, Biggers, can we put Pattenbury over with the people?"

"You wait until you talk with Horton."

"Does he feel confident?"

"Absolutely sure."

"So do I, Biggers. Of course I know Pattenbury's going to kick, but let him. The voters of this country will take him forcibly and set him down in the White House and make him say uncle or I miss my guess. Biggers, if Horton plays the game as you say he will I'll bet you the Trimount Pioneer against one of those terrible cigarettes you smoke that both parties will nominate Pattenbury. Dern 'em—with a few million people and the roused press of this country battering at the doors of the Chicago and St. Louis convention halls they simply won't dare do anything different!

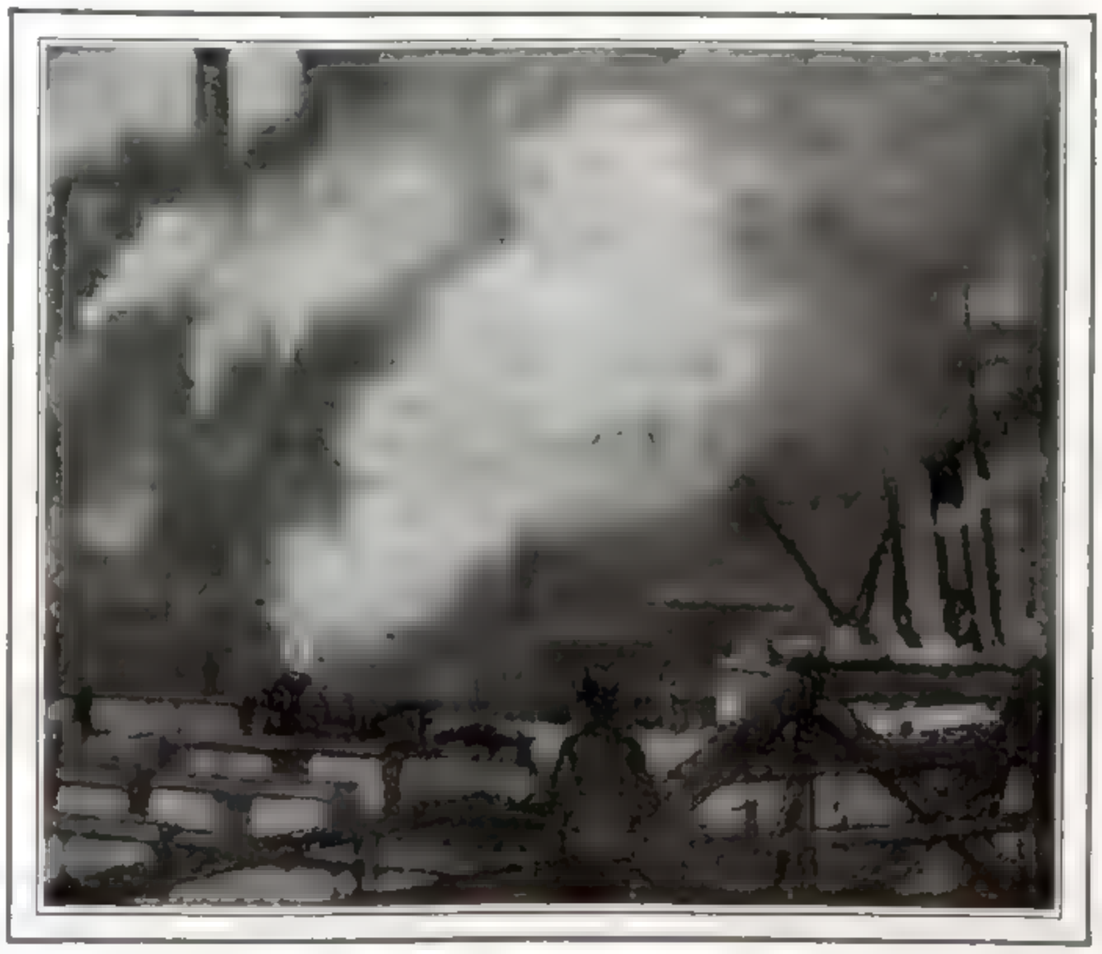
"By George, the power of the newspapers isn't dead in this country, Biggers! Some of 'em are pretty flabby, but you'll see 'em come up to the scratch! I tell you, the day your boss stretched Pattenbury's name across the top of his first page was one of the biggest days in the history of this United States."

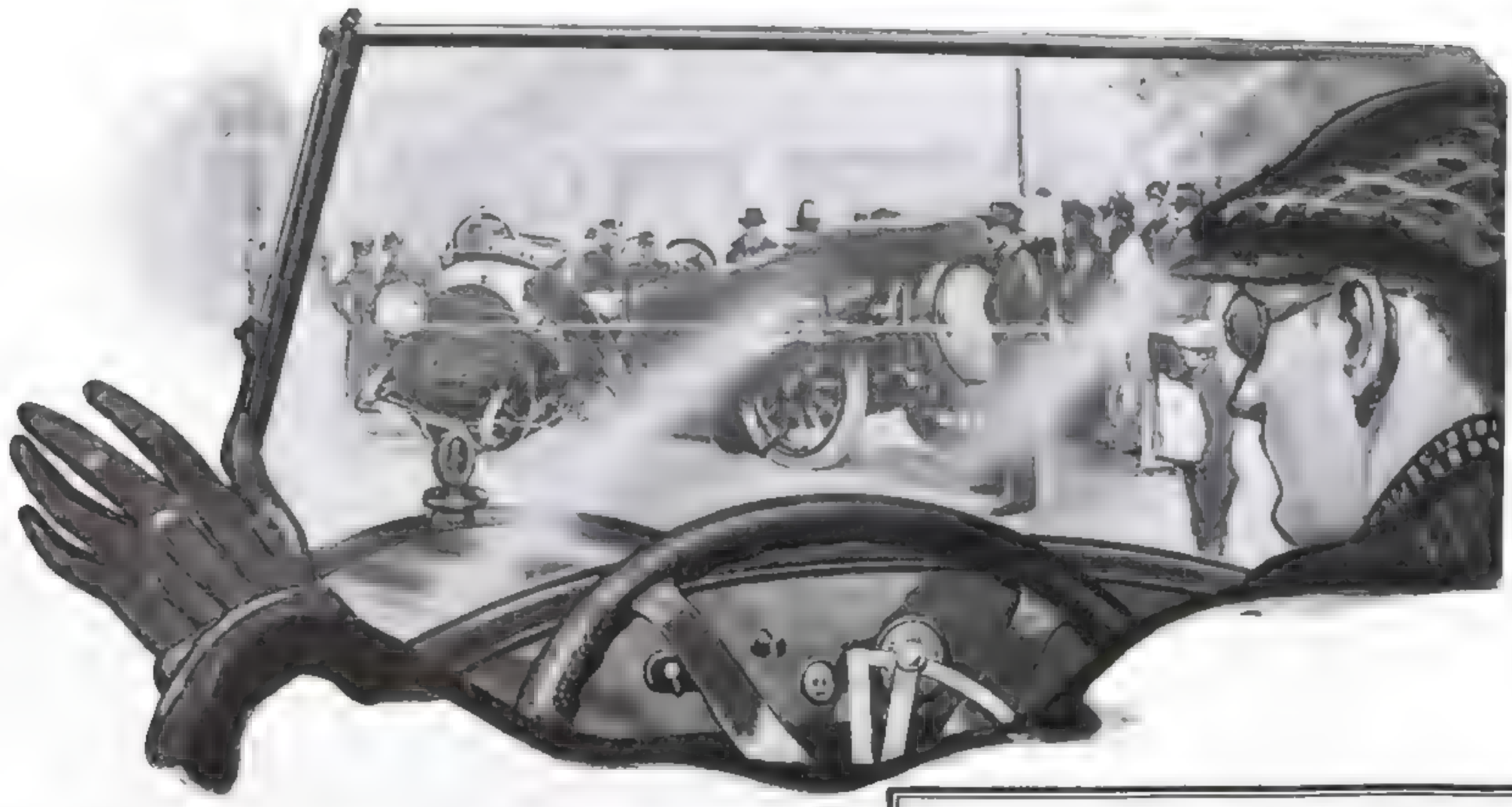
Gurlaway's eyes flashed and he thumped the dining-room table so that the dishes danced precariously.

"I'll say so," agreed Biggers. He had lapsed back into his habitual air of languid indifference. "It's grand to be young, isn't it?

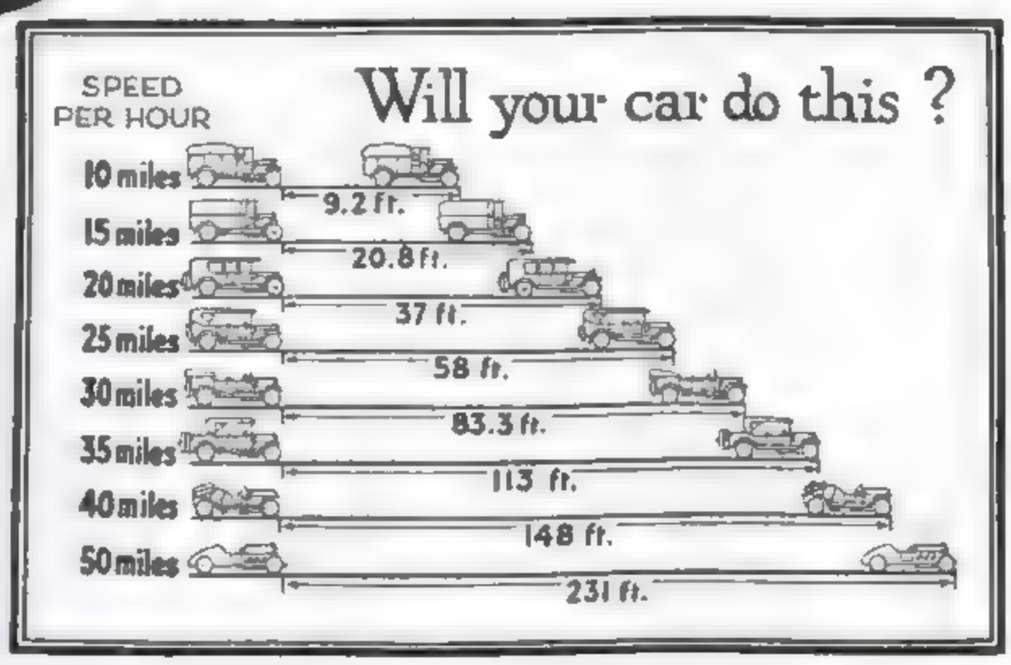
"But what if you were poor Pattenbury? What if you had built up a prosperous business and acquired a modest competency and were just settling down contentedly to enjoy life in comfort and a young upstart mounted on a boggle-eyed hobby all frothing at the mouth rode up to your front door and lassoed you and dragged you biting and cussing down Pennsylvania Avenue? And suppose he slammed you, willy-nilly, into the biggest, hardest, most thankless, nerve-racking and merciless job in the world. How would you like it, Gurlaway? Or you, Mr. Elly Greer?"

"Me?" grunted Elly. He stuffed an insensate finger tip into the bowl of his pipe, applied a match and shot half a dozen thick blue clouds ceilingward. "Me? I'd grab the poker from my violated hearthstone and beat his dad-blamed block off—that's what I'd do."





54 smash-ups every hour!



This chart shows the distances in which a car should stop, at any given speed, if the brakes are efficient

NEARLY every minute of the day or night, an automobile accident causes injury or death in the United States. Statistics show that there are nearly 500,000 accidents a year—54 smash-ups every hour!

Official records show that 76% of these accidents occurred under 15 miles an hour. They happened, not because the driver was speeding, but *because he couldn't stop in time.* His brakes may have worked well enough in little emergencies. But when the big test came, they failed to hold as they should—and the newspapers told the story.

Don't rely blindly on brakes that may fail you just at the critical moment. The chart at the right shows how quickly you *should* be able to stop. *Have your garage man inspect your brakes regularly.*

Perhaps your brakes need only a slight adjustment—perhaps they need new lining. Ordinary woven lining wears down quickly and unevenly. It grabs and slips after the first few hundred miles. Unless frequent adjustments are made, you can never be sure that your brakes will hold.

A brake lining with 40% more material

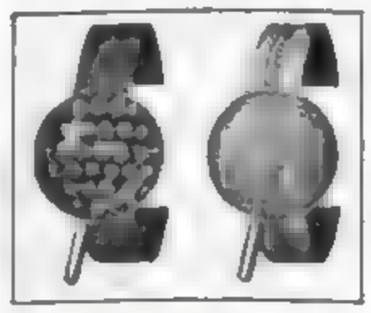
To insure efficient brake action always, a brake lining has been perfected which wears down slowly and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

In each square inch of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining there is 40% *more material* than in ordinary woven lining. This additional body gives a closer texture, which is made tight and compact by *hydraulic compression* of 2000 pounds pressure. Thermoid is also *Grapnalized*—an exclusive process which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

Brakes lined with Thermoid do not grab, slip, or swell from dampness. For these reasons the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks have standardized on Thermoid.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your brakes inspected regularly. And next time you need new brake lining, be sure to specify Thermoid.

The new seventy-page Thermoid book on automobile brakes and braking is the most complete publication on the subject ever printed. This book tells how to keep your car within safety limits. Sent free. Write today.



Ordinary Woven Lining

Notice the loosely woven texture. Wears down quickly and unevenly. Loses its gripping power as it wears.

Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining

Notice the compact texture. Wears down evenly. Gives uniform gripping surface until worn wafer thin.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices, Trenton, New Jersey

New York Chicago San Francisco Atlanta Cleveland Detroit
Philadelphia Pittsburgh Boston London Paris Turin

Canadian Distributors:
The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal
Branches in all principal Canadian cities

Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL

Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

THE BLACK RAM OF SUNLIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

Other eyes had detected motion. A thousand feet above a great bird sailed off till it reached the desired distance to give the proper angle for a dive, never once removing its eyes from the one rock out of all the bowlder field that had moved.

Tukuar heard a low humming sound and with the first note of it every ewe rushed madly toward the spot where her own lamb was cached. Tukuar heard the pounding hoofs of his mother as she leaped down the meadow. Another came up toward the bowlder field with desperate bounds—the mother of the lamb that had moved. The hum increased to a sinister hiss as of escaping steam. A great shape bored down out of the blue, the wings curved slightly back, and at the instant Tukuar's mother reached him the bird struck the lamb twenty yards below. The ill-fated one's mother was too late. She reared and struck viciously at the big eagle as he flapped away, but he was beyond her reach, the lamb gripped in his talons. Thereafter Tukuar dreaded the sailing specks above.

For five days the sounds of the hunt rolled across the hills and at night the signal fires flashed the news of the tremendous success of the hunt to all outlying camps. As they sought for black rams the Washakis shot down all other sheep that came their way. Those they could not use were dragged to open spots and left. For was it not the proper thing to provide feasts for the emissaries of Tukuar, the god of bighorn sheep?

Alone of all tribes, the secret theirs for none to share, the Washakis knew that Tukuar's emissaries rode upon the wings of eagles. It had long been noted that the mighty birds soared low over the bighorn bands, then climbed aloft and disappeared, tiny specks above the fleecy clouds, off to report to their guiding spirit. It was the Washaki boast that there were more golden eagles in the Sunlight country than in any other spot of like size between the rising and setting sun, and for perhaps a century no Washaki had slain an eagle, the feathers that adorned their chiefs being obtained through trading with other tribes who prized the eagle only as a trophy to be killed for feathers of wings and tail. The scores of birds floating above the peaks noted the progress of the hunt, ready to swoop to the feast and pick the scraps.

The Washakis having one bad law passed another to remedy it; and this made matters worse, for the one thing needed to restore the bighorn bands to their former numbers was to wage ruthless war on eagles, the relentless pirates that destroyed three out of every four lambs born in the Sunlight Peaks.

Tukuar had rapidly lost his initial awkwardness and by the fifth day he could bounce down the slope without missing a step. A few more days and he could leap to the top of a bowlder, stand on its sharply sloping surface or skip from rock to rock without a slip. He was two weeks old before the ever-watchful sentinel on the ridge gave the alarm. Tukuar was engaged in a playful butting match with another tiny ram of his own age, their heads pressed firmly together while each braced his feet and exerted every effort to drive the other back. The two mothers grazed within a few feet of them, never straying far from their offspring when the latter were moving about, knowing that this would invite swift attack from the winged murderers above.

One after another the old ewes raised their heads and every one in the band fastened their gaze on the lone sentry on the point. The guarding ewe moved excitedly and stopped, repeated this move four times before she whirled and bounded down the slope. Even before she reached them the others were in full flight for the edge of the cliff. Tukuar's mother pitched down through a break in the rim and leaped along a narrow ledge that angled down across the face of it. She tacked back and forth, running as smoothly on the rough projections of the cliff face as if on level ground, Tukuar following close behind.

When the Washaki hunters topped the ridge there were no sheep on the bowlder-littered meadow above the rims.

The band of ewes threaded the sheep trails along the wall and came out upon a narrow ridge that formed a connecting saddle, dipping between two bulky hills. As they fled along the crest of this Tukuar's parent halted in her tracks. An old whitened root lay in the center of the saddle in the midst of a few large rocks. Her sharp eyes had detected a slight movement between the forks of the root. It might have been the flirt of a chipmunk's tail, but—it was not the first time she had viewed the hair tuft of a Washaki buck protruding above one of these strange blinds that covered the sheep trails on every connecting saddle top; the musket ball and the two arrow heads imbedded in her flesh testified to this. The rest of the band stood huddled close behind her. There was no further movement, but she whirled and plunged down the steep declivity, the others running with her. A terrific report crashed from the old root and a ewe that ran near Tukuar leaped far out from the slope and nearly smashed the black lamb in her fall. She rolled limply down the steep sidehill, buckling and sagging like a half-filled bag. A savage whoop of surprise announced the exultation of the red hunter over this chance shot.

The battle-scarred old ewe headed straight for a far point where she had found refuge in the past when a general hunt was on. She bore away from the Clark's Fork side of the divide, crossed it and held straight on through the ragged maze of pinnacles toward the rims above the Stinking Water. The hills teemed with hunting Washakis and she sighted many prowling bands. Twice during the day she avoided piles of stones and weathered roots that loomed beside some sheep trail she was following. By nightfall she had attained her goal and after ascending a seemingly endless cliff face she led the band out on a high flat top a thousand feet above timber line.

Tukuar found himself on a plateau extending a mile in length by half that distance across its widest extremity. It stood isolated and alone, the sheer walls of it falling abruptly away from every side. The streams that headed close under it to the south rushed off to the Stinking Water. Crag Creek swung in a twisting bend north of it and looped back, its tremendous yawning cañon cutting the flat top off from the parent range behind. Tukuar could sweep enormous vistas of country in every direction. Far off across the Stinking Water the Wapiti Mountains loomed against the sky, their lower slopes carpeted thick with spruce and lodgepole. The valley spread out before him for twenty miles to where the walls pinched sharply in upon it, blocking it in by towering cliffs except for the narrow gap two thousand feet in depth through which the Stinking Water roared on its way to the low country. Below him sounded the hollow pounding of the Crag Creek Falls.

He could see the glowing sparks by night and the smoke columns by day ascending from the fires that never died on the points that the white men later called the Lookout and Signal Rock.

Here Tukuar spent the summer. The Washakis hunted ceaselessly in the hills, but no hunter attempted the perilous ascent to the lone flat top that the curl of the cañon cut off from the rest of the world. He heard the reports of their muskets, but these came softened by distance. Sometimes at night he could see the fires of their hunting camps.

He romped with the three remaining lambs of the band and as they grew stronger he led them in explorations along the face of the cliffs.

When he was three months old he rounded the shoulder of the wall on a narrow ledge and came full upon a strange creature resting upon the extreme edge of a jutting shelf. This monster had tremendous horns that curled out and back, then forward. He turned his eyes upon the four lambs, favored them with a casual inspection and resumed his nap.

Tukuar passed him frequently after that, always resting peacefully on some point that afforded a clear view for miles, and the lambs learned that he meant no harm to them.

Tukuar was now too heavy for an eagle to carry in its claws and he no longer particularly feared them. But one day as he traveled along a narrow trail he learned that these birds were resourceful. The trail pinched out, but there were outcropping rocks projecting a foot or so beyond the

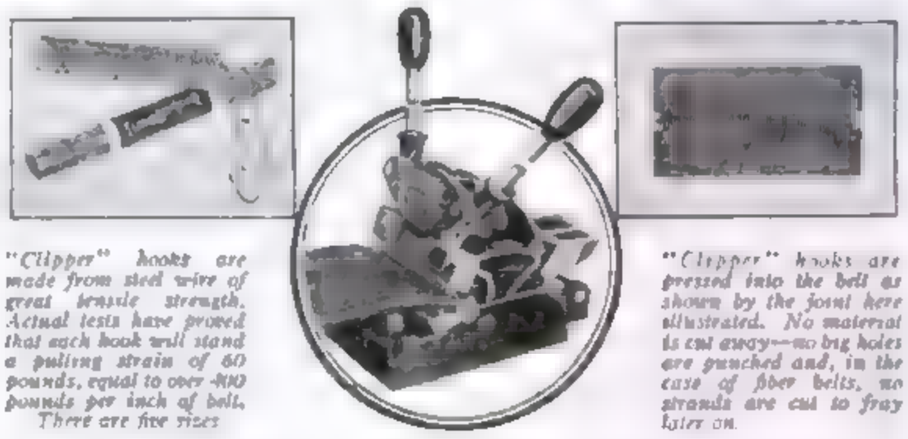
Clipper

SAVE TIME

THERE is no excuse in manufacturing plants for waste of time.

The demand for goods of every description is greater now than ever and necessitates undiminished speed in production. Every power belt must do duty during every working hour. When breaks come—and they are inevitable with the best belts—their repair must be a matter of moments. This is impossible with antiquated belt lacing methods.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes



"Clipper" hooks are made from steel wire of great tensile strength. Actual tests have proved that each hook will stand a pulling strain of 60 pounds, equal to over 400 pounds per inch of belt. There are five sizes

"Clipper" hooks are pressed into the belt as shown by the joint here illustrated. No material is cut away—no big holes are punched and, in the case of fiber belts, no strands are cut to fray later on.

The Clipper Belt Lacer not only performs the operation with lightning speed, but it

Does the Job Well

It makes a joint that is smooth, flush on *both* sides, hugs the pulley, and lasts as long as the belt itself. The "Clipper" tool is so simple that any factory worker can use it, and is glad to do so, because he knows that the lacing is safe at all times. The cost of "Clipper" lacing is a trifle and its saving is great, as over 100,000 manufacturers who now use this service know. In larger plants many "Clipper" tools are stationed handy to every battery of machines.

The "Clipper" goes to manufacturers for a 30-day free trial on request. It is backed by a perpetual guarantee.

"Clipper" tools and hooks are sold by mill supply houses everywhere. We have a good proposition to offer dealers at points where we are not now represented.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS

The Florsheim SHOE

THE Florsheim Shoe will give you smart style, quality materials, and perfect fit—the genuine satisfaction that you can only expect of a good shoe.

Consider the wear, not the price per pair.

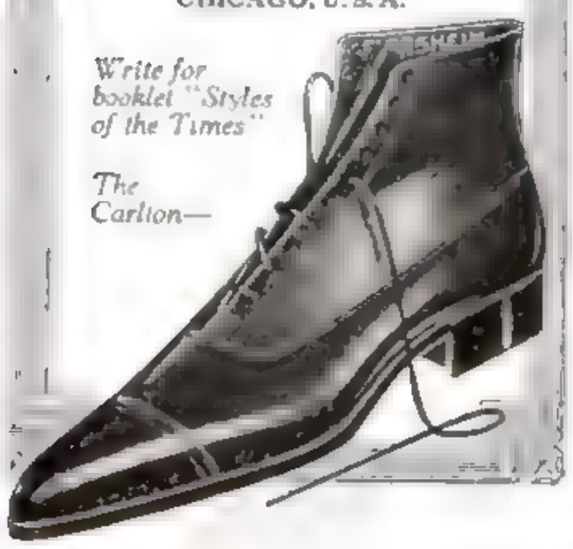
Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

The Florsheim Shoe Company

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The Carlton—



It Points the Way to Financial Independence

Are you worrying about the high prices of everything—high rents—the payments on your home, or the increased cost of actual necessities? Do you need more and more clothes and have difficulty to make the family income meet your living expenses?

"How can I earn some extra money?" Thousands of women are asking themselves this question every day. We have helped thousands of them to earn all they need for the asking—and we will do the same for you.

Be a Local Representative for

World's Star Hosiery and *Klean-Knit* Underwear

Sell our quality goods to your friends and neighbors. You will be surprised at the ease with which you can secure orders and make money. We will help you get started and assist you in every way possible. Let us explain to you the advantage and economy of buying right in your own home town.

No Previous Experience is Necessary

Many of our representatives had no experience when they started. Many of them are making $25.00 per week when they started. You can do the same. Write us today.

Make the start today. Write for our illustrated catalog. It tells just how you can become a successful World's Star Representative.

Write Us Today

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.

DEPT. 320 BAY CITY, MICH.

In Business Here Twenty-Five Years

BOHN Refrigerators

Dealers everywhere

sheer face of the wall at intervals of a few feet. Tukuar worked across these, leaping from one to the next. Some were so small that he must bunch all four feet close together as he landed, remaining in that position until launching forth to the next. The three lambs followed in single file, the next one in rear lighting on each rock as Tukuar left it.

He heard again that hiss of mighty wings planing through the air. The eagle tipped dizzily on one side and struck viciously inward at the lamb behind him, giving a terrible wrench that dislodged its precarious foothold on the sloping point of rock. Then the point was empty. Tukuar looked over and saw a sprawling shape turning grotesquely through the air, another form diving gracefully after it, following it down. A sickening thud floated up to him, and the grinding of dislodged slabs in the rock slide piled at the foot of the cliff. He made frantic haste to reach the flats above.

The nights had grown rapidly colder. Two early snows, soft and clinging, had fallen only to melt and disappear. In the mornings there were tongues of ice along the rocks where water seeped from the cracks. The bull elk started bugling, the first of the animals of the hills to mate. Two weeks later Tukuar could look down through the rifts in the trees below him and see an occasional movement of white on the timbered slopes—the white flags of mule deer milling restlessly from one spot to the next. Then the beasts with the curling horns climbed to the summit of their home range and joined the ewes.

Heavy snows fell and drifted. The days were too cold and short to allow their melting. From his lofty point Tukuar could see the solid white of the peaks, broken only by the brown tops of the ridges. The dead white of the snow gleamed through the heavy green of the spruce. Elk and deer moved down the country, holding to the timbered valleys, but the sheep still held to the peaks. Then came a gray day, an icy wind drifting slowly from the east. Milk-white fog banks floated in the pockets of the hills.

The old ram led the way, ewes and lambs followed close behind. They worked down the cliffs, crossed Crag Creek and ascended the other side, following down the ridges of the main divide. Tukuar's eyes detected moving dots on other ridges, others beyond those. The bighorn tribe was on the move, but instead of following the valleys, as did the elk and deer, every band of sheep traveled the backbone of some ridge. Once started, they passed the antlered tribes that had streamed below them a month before. For the elk no longer wintered in the open foothills as in the past, but made what shift they could to winter through in the lower valleys of the hills. Tukuar had been born in time to be a part of the last general movement of his kind to the winter range in the bad-land brakes.

The old ram moved far down the range, chose an outcropping spur and followed it, resting on its rims late in the afternoon of the second day. Tukuar could see many animals of a kind strange to him feeding in the flats below. When night came the band descended to the flats and headed swiftly out across them.

The young ram heard many new sounds as he followed close at his mother's heels. A deep rumbling bellow sounded from close at hand and he pressed close to the old ewe's flank, but the old sheep paid no heed to this note. White men had first started grazing their cows here three years before and most of the band had heard the bellow of range bulls before now. The bawl of a cow was the next note to startle him. The low country was frequently made hideous by an outburst of jeering yelps that rose from all sides. Tukuar had heard the squall of foxes in his native peaks, but these coyote voices were new to him. The flat wastes were little to his liking. There were no rough ledges and mighty cliffs upon which to hide when danger threatened and he felt a sense of helplessness, awed by his own insignificance, his feelings much the same as those a plains-bred calf would experience at finding himself among the wild pinnacles of Tukuar's home range.

Then a new note drove the fear into his heart, a savage wail that rolled across the flats. Every sheep stopped in its tracks and they stood huddled together without a move until a far-off answer floated back, dreading to go on after hearing the message that two of the last buffalo grays in the foothills were on the hunt. After perhaps a minute the sturdy old ram led on and toward morning he led them into a broken choppy country—curious flat benches encircled by cut-bank washes and draws, a veritable network of coulees, miniature cañons with straight sides. From the midst of the bad lands a great pile of barren many-colored hills rose in a tumbled mass above the surrounding country, the Rainbow Peaks, seeming but an isolated ruin borne into the low country by some gigantic convulsion of Nature and left there with no connecting link of hills to bind it to the parent range.

All through the winter Tukuar heard the hunt calls of the two buffalo grays, but the big killers did not molest the sheep. They killed among the stock on the open range and at this time of year few cows penetrated the breaks of the bad lands. For the same reason few riders came that way. Those that did come wrought havoc among the sheep, for they came to hunt, bringing strings of pack horses to be loaded out with meat. These men had guns that shot many times and once within range of a bunch of sheep the toll was heavy. Once in mid-winter Tukuar's mother raised her head and took one look at a bad-land rim a hundred yards away. A stunted sage on the edge of it had suddenly darkened and showed no light through it. She was off to a flying start, Tukuar leaping after her. The rapid reports of a magazine gun roared behind them. A sheep on Tukuar's left made two wild lunges and pitched down with her head doubled under her. An old ewe just ahead of him collapsed in a limp heap, a .45-90 ball in the base of her brain, and Tukuar cleared her body at a single bound. He heard the thud of lead behind him and a third ewe dropped out of the bunch. The old ram had drawn away to winter by himself. Tukuar saw him appear on a rim off to one side and he had scarcely showed himself on the sky line before he lurched drunkenly and pitched over the brink. Then the rest were safe in the bottom of a bad-land crack and they ran for miles. A dozen times during the winter Tukuar heard the heavy cannonading that told of many casualties in other bands of sheep.

Winter softened into spring and the grass greened at the roots of the sage. Tukuar's mother led the remnants of the band back toward the Sunlight Peaks, crossing the flats at night. From well up the slope of the hills Tukuar heard the aching wail of a single buffalo gray, the last note of its kind that would ever reach his ears.

They fed slowly up country, crossing over the heavy drifts from one open ridge to the next, lingering where feed was good and keeping just below the solid snow line. It was a month before they finally grazed out onto the meadow from which Tukuar had first glimpsed the world. He could see other bands of sheep in the open points, for all bighorns had not wintered in the low country. The wind whipped the snow from the flat plateaus and exposed ridges, uncovering sufficient feed to winter many of them through. It was only the surplus that migrated to the bad lands.

The snow still claimed the peaks and there were treacherous snow combs that curled out and overlapped the rims, but there were broad patches of crisp green grass between the drifts.

Tukuar's horns had first formed irritating points beneath the skin, then pushed through and showed above the hair of his scalp and lengthened, but not rapidly, for the horn growth of rams is very slow.

The Washakis did not resume the general hunt with the coming of spring. Many bands of them filed through the hills, but these were burial parties carrying their dead to their last resting place on the very lip of the rims that overlooked the streams, interring them in solid-rock inclosures, their most-treasured belongings by their sides. There seemed to be a great sickness in the village. Day after day these files came to the rims and from his heights above Tukuar wondered what it was all about.

There came a time in early fall when Tukuar saw the signal fires flash messages through half the night. From far out across the low country, where the chiefs had gone to gather in council with the whites, the message was relayed from point to point that the remnants of the tribe of Washaki must break camp and move to some spot of the White Father's choosing. Two days later there was great commotion in the village. Tepees were struck and all belongings lashed on the pole litters trailing behind the ponies. Then the cavalcade filed down the valley, a long line of blue-clad horsemen riding with it. Thereafter Tukuar heard no more the rhythmic boom of tom-toms from the valleys and the smoke pillars were gone from the Lookout and Signal Rock.

By fall Tukuar's horns had attained a length of seven inches, rising from his skull with a slight curve outward and to the rear. Very few sheep returned to the bad lands for the winter—only one or two small bands of old sheep that could not break the habits of a lifetime. The majority remained on the peaks, as there was feed in plenty for their depleted numbers. They scattered in small bands on exposed ridges and high plateaus open to the sweep of the wind.

Tukuar wintered with the ewes, remaining with them the next summer as well, but during his third winter he drew a little apart from them and fed with a few old rams that held clannishly off by themselves, and with the coming of spring he deserted the ewes entirely. He chose his summer home on the face of a cliff that flanked a mile-long bench, a cool north exposure where the sun failed to reach him even at midday. A dozen rams ranged this mighty wall, feeding on the grass that grew on the shelves and ledges of the cliff and sprouted in tufts from the cracks of the rocks. The drifts packed in the crevices were slow-melting and the water that seeped from their lower edges furnished abundant moisture for the grass that carpeted outcropping shoulders between the series of crumbling rims.

Tukuar first learned of the tawny killer of the hills during his fourth winter. The big cats seldom invaded the peaks, preferring the easier killing of the lower valleys, the elk and deer furnishing the main bulk of their feed.

Tukuar lay with six other rams under the edge of a low bench that broke the drive of the wind. A bunch of ewes and lambs fed in the flat a hundred yards away. Tukuar saw an old ewe fling up her head, gaze in his direction for a single second and break into mad flight, followed by the rest of the band. Every ram sprang to his feet, knowing there was danger near. The wind blew straight over them, and a ram's nose is not so keen as that of many other beasts. A puff of breeze curled downward and eddied under the ledge. This flurry carried a fearsome scent and the rams broke cover at top speed. A dreadful yellow cat launched forth from the edge of the bench twenty feet above and crashed down on the ram in rear, his frightful claws reaching far down his victim's sides and clamping there while the long fangs crunched into the neck at the base of the skull.

Every sheep on the mile-long ridge was in wild flight for the rims. Tukuar plunged over a sag in the snow comb and landed on a shelf six feet below, raced along it and leaped across a break, working his way far down the cliff. The whole face of the wall was alive with frightened sheep and for two days not a single head peered over the edge. The ledges were packed with frozen drifts that sloped perilously down to the dizzy brinks, but not one sheep made a fatal slip. The bighorn can travel where no animal but the goat can attempt to follow. Tukuar's hind feet were provided with sharp-edged hoofs almost identical with the hoofs of a deer. Each front foot was formed by two bulging capsule-shaped pads lying side by side and capable of being spread wide apart, the cleft between them running well up into the foot. His sharp hind feet cut into the frozen crust; the non-skid forefeet clung to the most slippery surface.

It was hunger that drove him forth at last, for the feed that had covered the wider edges in the summer months was now covered deep with snow. Only a few exposed tufts sprouted from the cracks and these had been cropped short. He climbed to a break in the comb and peered over the edge. Two old rams and a dozen ewes were there before him, feeding close to the rims and frequently raising their heads to inspect a dark spot that lay farther out on the ridge. Two eagles perched on this and tore at it, for the mountain lion had only been crossing over the divide from the Clark's Fork side to the Shoshone, the white man's name for the Stinking Water, and he had torn but a few mouthfuls from his victim before going on his way.

Other sheep appeared here and there over the rims and fed out into the open. Just at dusk two foxes came to feed on the meat left behind by the tawny cat. For two days the eagles picked at it by day and the squall of foxes rose from the spot at night. Then only the bones and horns remained.

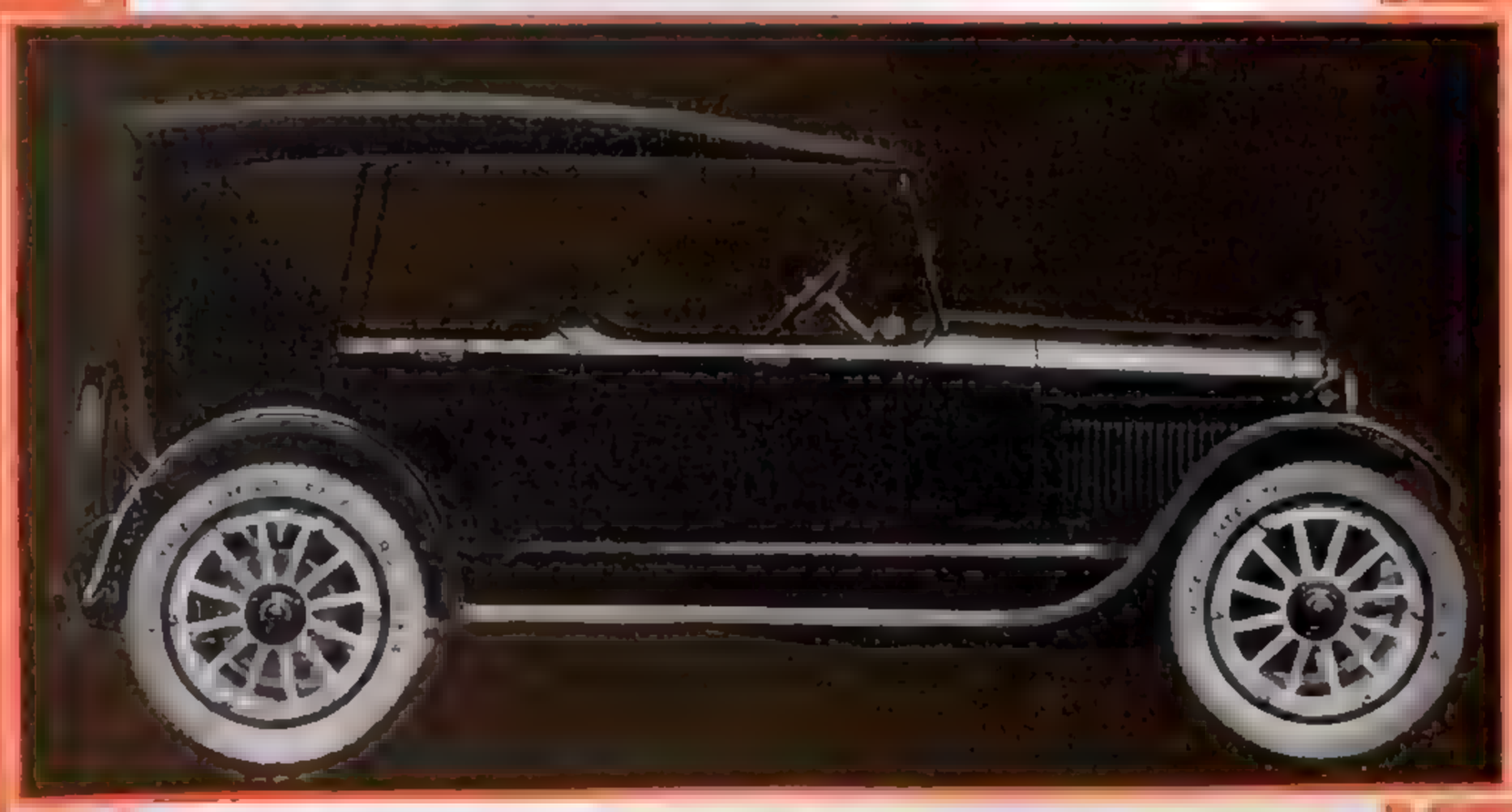
(Continued on Page 81)

REO

There Is No Time to Lose

Almost before you realize it, spring and the touring season will be here. ¶ And with it the greatest shortage of motor cars ever known. ¶ That is now an absolute certainty. ¶ Those in a position to know, estimate that the production will fall short of the demand by fully one million cars. ¶ And prices—goodness knows where they will have to go! ¶ It is predicted that used cars of standard makes will, in many instances, command higher prices than they originally cost new. ¶ Of Reos—two to four years old—that is already true. ¶ As for this new Reo Six Touring Car we have no means of gauging the relation between output and demand. ¶ We have never been able to get within measurable distance of the demand for this model. ¶ Our dealers tell us they could deliver ten for every one we can hope to make. ¶ So if you would have a new Reo Six for spring delivery, you must place your order at once. ¶ Only the alert can hope to be of the elect who will drive Reos. ¶ Don't delay—today won't be a minute too soon.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.



"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

BEST

For Bread—For Cakes—For Pastry

Pillsbury's Best Flour

For "good bakings" *every* baking day

Pillsbury's Best Flour

For Economy—uniformity—flavor

Pillsbury's Best Flour

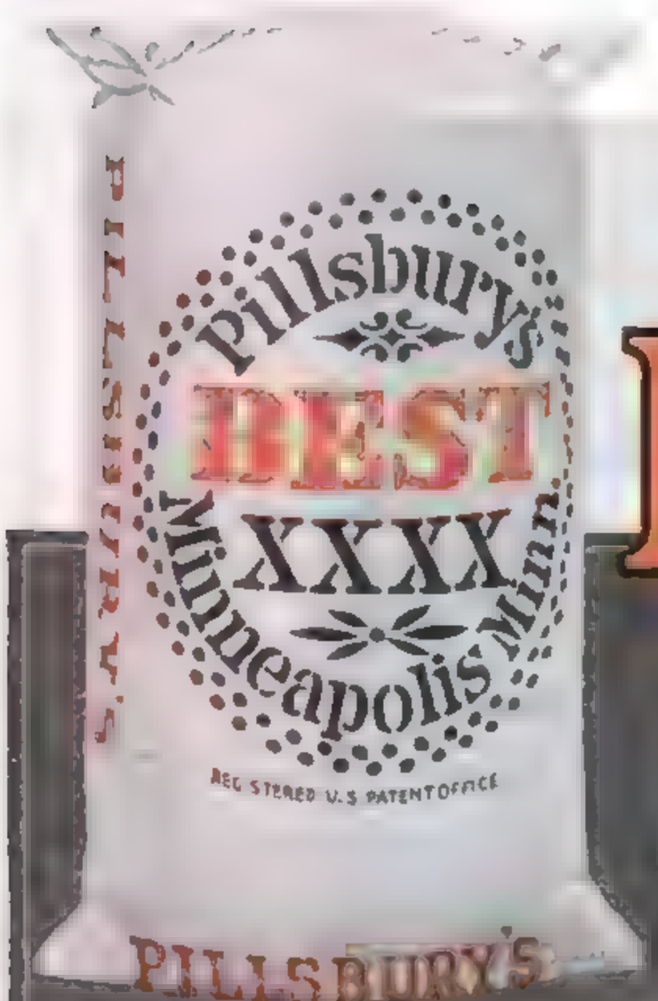
Because it's Best

Pillsbury's Best Flour

Pillsbury's Family of Foods includes Pancake Flour, Health Bran, Wheat Cereal, Pillsbury's Best, Rye, Graham and Macaroni Flours. All are guaranteed. At your grocers.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Working both ends against the middle



Pillsbury's

FAMILY OF FOODS

(Continued from Page 78

Tukuar looked down from his lofty perch and witnessed many things. White trappers had come into the hills the year the Washakis left. They threw out their trap lines along the streams for beaver, for lynx and marten on the timbered slopes and on the bald ridges for the foxes that traveled the high divides. Prospectors had come in the wake of the trappers and Tukuar peered down upon them as they sampled the ledges. Sometimes they started drifts where the float was promising. These men killed for meat and bait, discriminating not at all between ewes and rams. The white man's cows were already grazing up the Clark's Fork bottoms. For two years Tukuar had heard dull rumbling blasts that jarred the foundations of the hills. These came from a mine that lay almost at timber line on the Clark's Fork slope of the divide. All these men must be fed. The elk and deer in the bottoms suffered heavy losses, and the sheep that held to the lower peaks.

The bighorn is a lover of his home range and if unmolested does not travel extensively. It had been Tukuar's lot to be born in a particularly rough and uninviting strip of country, and with meat in plenty the hunters failed to penetrate the massive pile where the black ram made his home.

In Tukuar's sixth year his horns measured fourteen inches round the base. They rose from his skull, a continuous graceful curl to the rear, down and outward until the sharp points came back a little below and almost even with his eyes. During the past two seasons he had occasionally met a few scattered ewes and squired them through the peaks until some ram with heavy horns appeared and assumed control. But this year Tukuar felt belligerent, frequently lowering his head and shaking his horns for no reason at all. Lordly bucks and huge bull elk had summered in the rough pockets near timber line only a few hundred feet below his own summer retreat. With the first cold days these antlered lords began to prepare for the mating moon. The velvet growth that had shielded the horns from harm now hung in frowzy shreds and the owners horned the close-growing bows of timber-line spruce to scour it off and polish their shining points. Then they dropped down to the valleys to meet their does and cows.

Tukuar climbed to the heights above in search of new worlds to conquer. He stopped often to shake his head. Once over the rims he struck a sharp trot and gained the crest of a slight rise before him. As he topped it he observed an old ram with a band of a dozen ewes, and Tukuar felt a great rage sweep through him. He bore furiously down upon the other ram. The ancient warrior shook his head menacingly, and as Tukuar neared him he rushed to meet him. They drove together with every ounce of weight behind their horns, and the heavy curls crashed with an impact that stopped both rams short and almost crumpled Tukuar's neck from the shock. The old ram renewed the onslaught so swiftly that he battered Tukuar steadily backward. His charges followed in close succession—merciless, crushing drives. Tukuar could not stand against his heavier horns and greater weight and in less than half an hour he quit the field. For two days there was a dull ache in his neck and a curious roaring in his ears. Then he felt better and set forth again.

He spied a ram of his own age holding five ewes. This time the warriors were evenly matched. When exhausted from charging they pressed the curls of their horns together and contented themselves with shoving one another about until sufficiently rested to renew their desperate rushes. In the end Tukuar held two of the ewes for his own. Whenever a strange ram appeared his two enemies bore down on him together with such show of ferocity that he quit that particular mountain top without striking a blow. At intervals of a week or more the two rams renewed their own quarrel, but the fights did not last more than a fraction of the time of the first engagement. At last a change came over them. Tukuar left his ewes and wandered across to inspect his enemy. The other ram came out to meet him, but there was no resulting fight. It seemed to be in the mind of each that this silly quarreling over so commonplace a thing as a band of ewes should cease. The hatchet was buried between them and they grazed off by themselves.

The ewes drifted together and thus they wintered.

The white hunters had noted the fact that the points on the horns of young rams were slender and sharp, while those of older rams were blunt and splintered. Some contended that these points were broken in the yearly combats. Others insisted that in dropping from one ledge to the next the rams landed on their powerful horns, which could withstand the shock of the drop much better than their leg joints and that this shattered the slender tips. Tukuar's points were still sharp and it had not occurred to him that this feature would ever be otherwise. When he fought he took his opponent's weight on the heavy curl of his horns, not the points; when he dropped to a shelf below he sometimes leaned over and landed on the padded forefeet, easing his hind parts to the ground, and to the long-range observer it might appear that his head was the first part of him to strike. But Tukuar had no intention of performing any such headlong dives.

In his eighth summer he was conscious of an obstruction to his sight. It was his habit to rest his head flat on the edge of the rims, the curl of his horns brushing the ground. From this position he could gaze

off in all directions without moving his head. But of late when he turned his oval eyes to the side it seemed that something blurred his vision. Often he stretched his neck ahead, but the blur moved with him, and when he turned his head to look for it it was nowhere to be seen. He was forced to turn his head to face the object he wished to inspect and could no longer peek from the corners of his eyes. This grew more pronounced, and at last he realized that the horn points had passed his eyes.

Tukuar swung his head at a projecting point of rock with a twisting upward movement that shattered the point of one horn. He battered industriously till both tips were splintered back sufficiently to cease annoying him when he wished to glance to the side without turning his head. Thereafter he worked them down against the rocks as fast as the ever-growing curl forced the points ahead of his eyes.

There was now a swarm of men working in the mines. The elk had quit the Clark's Fork side, only a few scattered droves remaining. The sheep on the lower ridges had been killed or driven back into the peaks and the hunters frequently penetrated the higher fastnesses of Tukuar's home range. After two years of this the black ram moved away from his favorite country and traveled toward the Shoshone side of the peaks, taking up his stand in the ragged Sawteeth at the head of Crag Creek. Across from him loomed the towering bulk of the flat top where he had found refuge while the Washaki hunt was on, the curve of the yawning cañon cutting it off from the rest of the world.

For another five years no man looked upon the black ram. Tukuar frequently strayed along the tremendous backbone of the range and swept the low country with his powerful eyes. Strange things had come to pass in the lowlands.

There were dark spots from which smoke pillars curled lazily, as once they had ascended from the Washaki signal peaks. The flats were streaked with fine white lines and often Tukuar saw the trailing puffs of dust as white-topped wagons passed over these roads. The valley of the Stinking Water, now the Shoshone bottoms of the white men, was dotted with ranch houses and corrals.

One day he descended to the first rims that flanked the valley near its lower extremity, and as he gazed down into the jumbled mass of foothills at the foot of the wall there were other eyes as powerful as his own that gazed back at him. A band of antelope stood on the point of a knoll. These speedsters of the open plains had been crowded back out of their native range to make their last stand in the broken country at the foot of the hills. The pronghorn buck that led the band could see Tukuar as clearly as the black ram could see him. One point they had in common—telescopic eyes, sight their most highly developed and most dependable sense; but here the likeness ceased. The pronghorn buck was lithe and slender, built for speed; the black ram was sturdy and short coupled, fashioned for the strenuous work of hill climbing and bucking the drifts.

Tukuar could perform wonderful feats of agility on the face of a cliff where the antelope could not even find a foothold. The pronghorn could skim like a streak across long stretches where the ram would appear but an awkward galloper by comparison; each one perfect in his natural environment, helpless when transplanted, yet here they stood and exchanged looks across a bare thousand feet.

There were other prairie dwellers in the hills and Tukuar heard the nightly serenades of the coyotes. These cunning ones had fled from the low country before the poison baits of the wolfers and were accustoming themselves to new conditions in the hills. Tukuar may have marveled at the swift transitions that had come to pass during his own short span of life.

On the day of his birth there had been ten sheep in the hills for every one that ranged them now. But the bighorn kind had been holding its own for two seasons past. Tukuar did not know the two factors that had stopped the slaughter of sheep. He had long since lost his fear of eagles and so perhaps did not notice that they were rapidly disappearing from the hills. The big pirates spiraled down to feed upon every trap bait set or poison put out by the trappers, and these men gazed wrathfully upon every eagle that had spoiled a trap set for better game by hopping upon it themselves. Each eagle so snared meant a longer life for many bighorn lambs, and their way of feeding on bait put out for foxes inspired the trappers to shoot down every one of the birds that came in range. A much larger percentage of lambs survived than formerly.

There was another factor that helped save Tukuar's race from extinction. The first forest ranger had been stationed in the Sunlight Peaks and this man championed the cause of the bighorn sheep. There were existing laws to regulate the killing of game, but of such recent birth that the settlers in the far pockets of the hills scarcely knew of their existence. They had always killed their meat as they needed it regardless of place or season, and this they continued to do.

Brennan knew that he could not alter the convictions of a whole community, and as other wise men have done before and since he conceded some points to gain his end. The elk herds could no longer winter in the foothills and they crowded into the valleys when the snow fell heavy and there hundreds of them starved. In the face of this the settlers respected no law that forbade their killing the surplus which would otherwise have been winterkilled and gone to waste. It was soon rumored that Brennan could not see a quarter of elk meat hanging on a settler's cabin at any time of year, but that hell broke loose in the neighborhood of any man that shot rams out of season or ewes at any time of year. On this basis he fought it through and won.

Tukuar heard the rifle shots in the valleys, but there was no shooting in the high country above timber line except in the fall months of every year.

Brennan spent much of his time in the sheep range, watching the rare animals that were his favorites of all game. The hunters brought out the heads of many fine rams each season and the killing of these ancient ones had no influence on the sheep herds as a whole, for there was ever a surplus of rams. The ranger cherished a longing to take a head that was larger than any that had yet come out of the hills. He had seen two-thirds of all the rams that ranged in the Sunlight Peaks, many of them old and with massive horns, but for six years he had withheld his fire, always searching for the one ram that would prove the largest of his kind.

Brennan had heard the tale of the big Washaki hunt and the massacre of the strange black rams that had once roamed there. It was said that one black ram had been seen once but was never killed. Apparently it had vanished from the face of the world, for the whole Washaki nation

Is carbon choking your motor?

Do you have to shift to "second" on hills and retard your spark to stop "carbon knocks"?

CARBON deposit is a natural result of what goes on inside the gasoline motor. Excessive carbon is caused chiefly by four things:

1—A too-rich carburetor mixture
2—Backpressure, due to clogged muffler
3—Unsuitable, inferior oil
4—Worn or broken piston rings

Carbon clogs your cylinders, overheats your motor causing "carbon knocks," fouls spark plugs, gums up piston rings and pits exhaust valves, causing leaky compression.

You can help prevent carbon forming by always getting that 13 parts air to 1 part gasoline mixture.

With the motor warmed up and idling, open the G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out and turn down the adjusting screw until you hear the motor begin to slow down. Then turn the other way *very slowly* until you again hear the maximum speed. Check this adjustment from time to time with the G-Piel Cut-Out and keep it right.

On the other hand, the trouble you are experiencing may be caused by a caked, clogged muffler.

To find out about *your* muffler, simply test the motor *with* the muffler and *without* it. There is nothing like a G-Piel Cut-Out for easy motor-testing.

And when blowing out the motor with kerosene, wood alcohol or other "carbon remover" be sure you open the G-Piel, as this keeps the loosened deposit from getting into the muffler.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

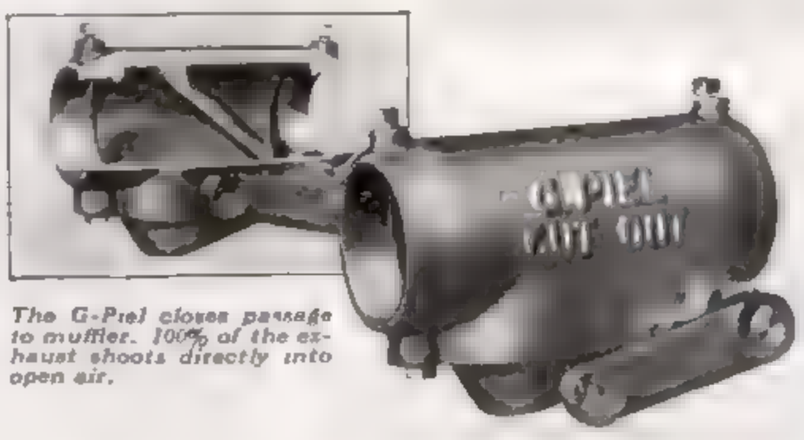
Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder, valves opening wide and seating tight, just the right mixture from carburetor, exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

Select the right size Cut-Out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

Sales Department
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO.
280 Madison Ave. New York
THE G-PIEL COMPANY

The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G-Piel closes passage to muffler. 100% of the exhaust shoots directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

had scoured the length and breadth of the Sunlight Peaks without ever sighting him again. Three miners had reported having seen a great black ram in the hills, but that had been long ago and no man had seen him since, and year after year the ranger wondered if the legend was based on fact and if it were possible that one black ram still roamed the peaks.

Tukuar, the cause of this speculation, led a quiet life on the walls of the ragged Sawteeth. The older rams were shy and wary and the trophy hunters found it increasingly hard to find good heads. Some of them occasionally hunted the Sawteeth for ancient rams, but Tukuar always received warning of their presence. The ewes and lambs on the ridge took alarm at their approach and whenever a bunch of frightened ewes suddenly forsook the high meadows and sought safety under the rims Tukuar was apprised that danger lurked above. He worked round the shoulders of the rocks to safety. This was his only source of warning, for the man scent was not carried down the walls in sufficient strength to reach his indifferent nose unless the wind was exactly right; and his ears were of little help.

Sound meant little to him. All his long life he had listened to falling stones loosened from the cliff face by the alternate freezing and thawing of the water that seeped through the crevices in the rock, torn away by the force of the wind or dislodged by the feet of other sheep. These rocks crashed against the shoulders of the cliffs in their descent and smashed through the trees below. Some key point frequently gave way in a rock slide with a resultant grinding of rocks as the whole slide moved. In the winter great sections of the overhanging snow combs gave way along with a portion of the crumbling rims themselves and precipitated hundreds of tons upon the steep slope at the foot of the cliffs, gathering momentum and roaring on in an avalanche that swept a lane through the trees and piled débris a hundred feet deep across the bottoms. Some men believed that these constant sounds had caused old rams to be careless of noise, attributing it to some similar source. Others affirmed that the eardrums were deadened from the battering fights and that old rams could no longer hear at all.

It may be that Tukuar did not hear the first reports that thundered in the narrow gorge. In any case he did not trouble to rise from his bed until a ram appeared, running wildly along a shelf below him. Then he jumped to his feet and turned round in jerky bounds as if bewildered and undecided which course to take. His eyes centered on the two heads on the rims across and he ran, leaping along ledges and bouncing across breaks to the next point beyond. As he started a queer shape whirled down from above, turning over in the air, and a dead ram struck the edge of the shelf on which he ran and bounced off into space. Another crashed limply to the ledge and he leaped over it.

Then the two men across first saw the fabled black ram with the massive horns. The steady roll of two magazine guns banked up in the cañon and was tossed from wall to wall; spurts of rock splinters played round Tukuar as the heavy balls searched for him; then he was round the bend and out of range.

The tale was spread and once more the big hunt for the black ram was on.

Brennan decided to come in from across the range, and in so doing he was even wiser then he thought, for Tukuar had quit the Sawteeth and moved back to the range of his youth. While the hunters scoured the vicinity where the men had last seen him the black ram was squiring a band of ewes ten miles to the north, separated from those who sought his life by a maze of yawning gorges and towering points.

Brennan topped a mighty ridge two hours after sunrise and swung along the crest of a spur that led away toward the Sawteeth. He stopped and listened to a distant sound. Time after time it reached him, the dull booming impact of heavy horns. He sat down and rested his elbows on his knees as he trained his glasses in the direction of the sound. He gazed long, then lowered them.

"Tukuar," he said. "The last descendant of the god of bighorn sheep. One to every thousand—the count stands correct, for there are not over a thousand left in the whole of the Sunlight Peaks."

It was but fitting that the man who had stood for the salvation of the bighorn tribe should take the best trophy of their kind, and Brennan started for the ridge where Tukuar battled with another ram.

It was late in the afternoon when Brennan reached his goal. He cautiously circled a band of ewes, keeping well out of their sight. The tracks of a great ram led down over a rim and he crept to the edge. It was not a cliff, but a precipitous slope, and two hundred yards below him the black ram had turned back and was climbing toward the ridge. The oval eyes detected the man's form the instant he looked over the edge, and Brennan was treated to a sight that it is given to but few men to witness.

The sidehill was so steep that a man could have put forth one arm even with his shoulder and touched the slope as he walked round it. Even an elk or deer would have bunched his muscles, braced his feet and put on the brakes at every jump when running down it, holding himself in check. Brennan beheld the black ram fleeing down the slope in mighty bounds and instead of holding his speed in check he seemed only to touch and skim on once more in another leap of such length that the legs of an elk or deer would have crumpled under the weight of his body as he landed. Tukuar disappeared, his hind feet throwing dirt uphill behind him at every jump as his muscles drove him on. And Brennan had not fired. He reasoned it would have been too difficult a mark and would only have served further to frighten the ram whose horns should one day be his. In this way he explained his failure to shoot when within range of the most highly prized animal in the hills.

Once more Tukuar disappeared as he had done in the time of Washakis. No man cut his trail for another year. Brennan hunted long for him and in the summer he sought to locate his retreat so that he might take his scalp in the fall, but with all his knowledge of sheep he could find no trace of the great black ram.

The ranger often gazed longingly at the towering flat top that stood alone, cut off by the rent at the head of Crag Creek, the point upon which it was said no man had ever set his foot.

With the coming of fall Brennan made his camp in the head of the cañon and made the attempt to scale this lofty pile. For a week he prospected round its base, and after frequent ascents which proved to be false leads he found a break through which he could reach the top. After four hours of strenuous and dangerous climbing he came out on the flats that had never before been marked by either moccasin or boot print.

A few wise old ewes fed at the far end of it and he kept under cover as he crossed to the cliffs that fell away to the north. As he moved along the rims he examined every point that reached out from the cliff. There were long stretches where the walls were sheer and there was nothing to see but the feathery tops of the spruce a thousand feet below. He reached a spot where it seemed that a huge chunk had been nicked from the lip of the rims. The sides of this notch were covered with a carpet of grass and pitched abruptly down, giving the basin a whirlpool effect. And on a point that jutted from its lower extremity the black ram lay asleep. A long hunt had ended.

The ranger looked through his sights. Twice he shifted his position to make sure. For a space of minutes he looked down from the edge and retraced his steps, for after all it is more the joy of the hunt than the kill at the end of it. He had noted well the mighty horns and estimated their measure as more than seventeen inches round the base.

"Maybe they'll keep on growing," he said. "I'll come back from time to time and see."

Brennan knew the ways of rams. Tukuar would range this isolated peak and if unmolested would not leave it during the few years he had yet to live. He could find the horns when Tukuar was winterkilled and mount them on the scalp of some other ram. Once more the ranger excused his failure to shoot.

Tukuar slept on, unconscious of the fact that death had stalked close to him and passed him by. Most of his time was spent in sleep and in pondering over the changes during his quarter century of life.

A year had passed before the ranger made another trip to see if the horns had grown, and perhaps a week before he came the black ram closed his eyes in the light of the noonday sun. It must be that he dreamed, for when he opened them again it was night and the Washaki signal fires were once more flashing in the peaks.

Check 'em up

PICK OUT any busy corner. Jot down the names of the cars that pass during five minutes—or ten minutes. Check 'em up in our booklet, "The Companies Timken Keeps."

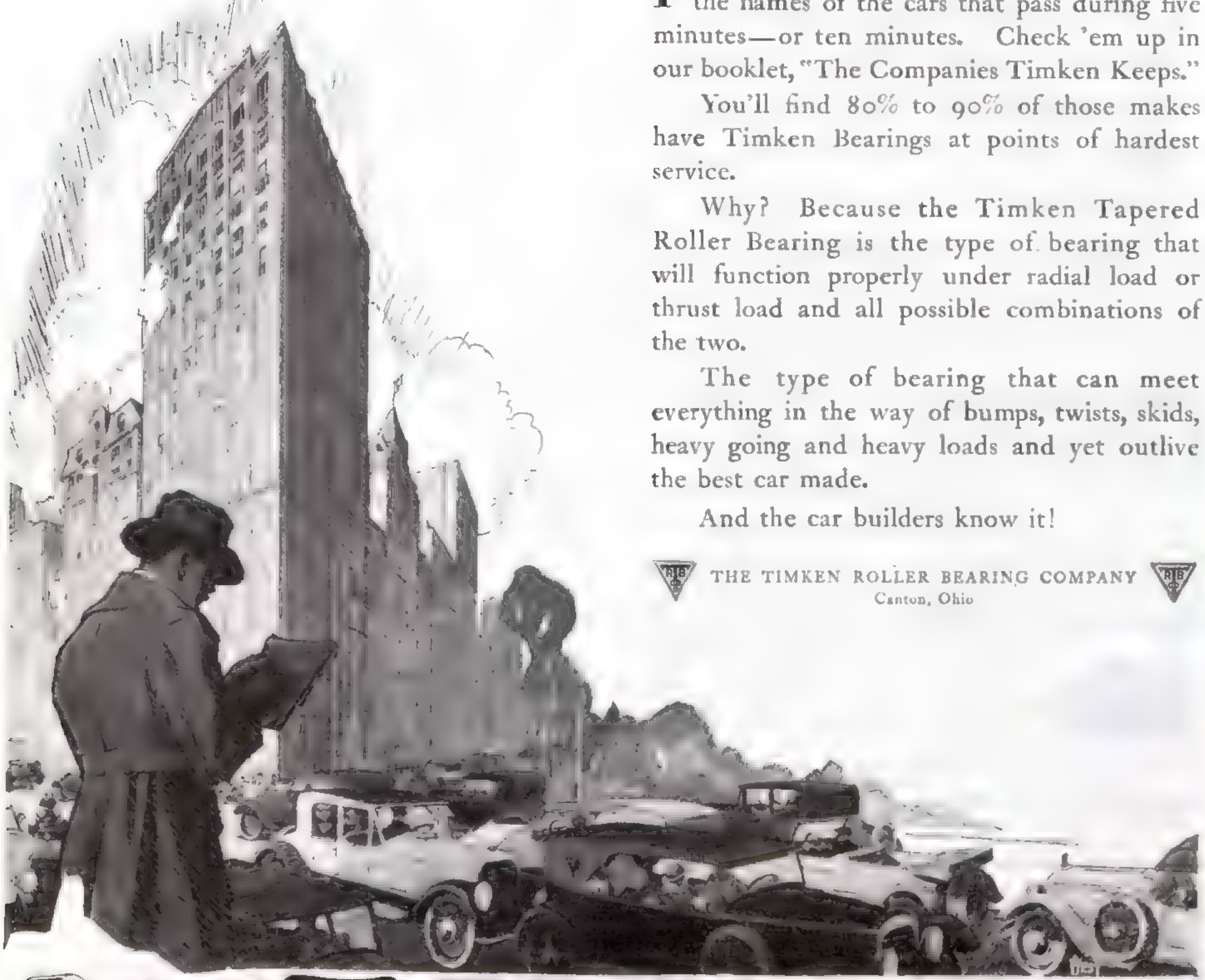
You'll find 80% to 90% of those makes have Timken Bearings at points of hardest service.

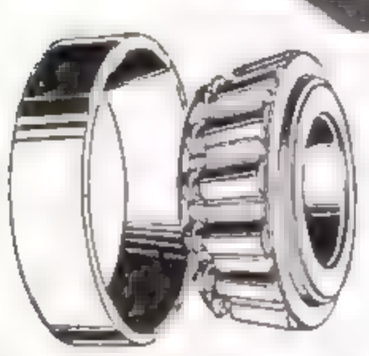
Why? Because the Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is the type of bearing that will function properly under radial load or thrust load and all possible combinations of the two.

The type of bearing that can meet everything in the way of bumps, twists, skids, heavy going and heavy loads and yet outlive the best car made.

And the car builders know it!

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

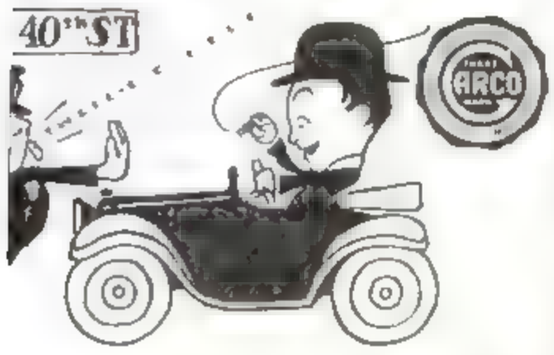




STANDARD PRACTICE

The use of Timken Bearings at points of hard service in the great majority of motor-vehicles is proof of leadership established on the tapered principle of design, quality of manufacture, performance on the road and service to the automotive industry.

TIMKEN BEARINGS



40 Stops from 1st Street to 40th

Not a happy life for ordinary brake lining. But Garco doesn't mind it. Not a bit. For Garco's not ordinary. It's good for steen thousand stops of that kind—and for just as many of those "slow downs" from 40 miles to nothing in half as many seconds.

Specially selected asbestos; fine, strong wire; a friction that goes clear through. That's Garco. Your dealer will tell you more.

General Asbestos & Rubber Co.
Charleston, S. C.
NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

GARCO
ASBESTOS
BRAKE LINING

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

[illegible] and big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,500 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroughly by mail [illegible] for C. P. A. examinations [illegible] knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary. Degree of [illegible] we prepare, awarded. Our Certified Public Accountant Course and Service are under the supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, and staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee, easy terms. Write now for information and free book, Accountancy, the Profession that Pays.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 271-H Chicago
"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"

SEND FOR THESE BUILDING BOOKS

Plan FUTURE HOMES Now with ECONOMY PLANS of CALIFORNIA STYLES
—noted for comfort, beauty and adaptability to any climate.
"Representative Cal. Homes" 50 Plans, $ [illegible] $1
"The New Colonials" 55 Plans, $3000 to $20,000—$1.
"West Coast Bungalows" 60 Plans, $1600 to $4500—$1.
SPECIAL OFFER. Send $2.60 for all 3 above books and get book of 75 Special Plans, also Garage folder FREE
EXTRA—"Little Bungalows" 40 Plans, $750 to $3000—50 cts.
Money back if not satisfied
H. W. STILLWELL & CO., Architects, 621 Calif. Bldg., Los Angeles

SALESMEN WANTED resident or travelling, to sell Simms Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices, attractive deals. 21-year quality reputation. Big commissions get handsome income. All or part time. Rock Chem. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION?
How Can I Make More Money?

IF YOU HAVE THE WILL, HERE'S THE WAY

ANSWER!

The Curtis Publishing Company
685 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

Please tell me how, as your subscription representative, I can earn $1.00 or more an hour in my spare time.

Name

Address

City

State

KWYW

(Continued from Page 9)

The court ruled for the defendant.

"Propinquity's undeniably dangerous. Warren, you're excused from the party. But what's this about skipping a year? I didn't know ——"

Warren brightened. "Oh, I decided on that a long time ago. I've been taking an extra subject every term. Old Mr. Doane says I can do it if I keep it up."

He skipped the year and he avoided other parties with a diminishing maternal opposition. He knew what he wanted. He got it. By this time he had analyzed the principle and evaluated it properly.

It took him to college at seventeen; it earned him a place on his freshman football team, and on the Varsity in his second year; it elected him to the fraternity he carefully chose as the best; it brought him a number of pleasant acquaintanceships, which atoned perhaps for the lack of any very close friends. Increasingly it demonstrated its value in every aspect of endeavor. He enlarged and perfected it, reducing it to a compact and elastic card system which covered a remarkable variety of topics and times.

He wanted health. He wrote it down, and below that heading added ways and means: "Exercise—special pains to develop the left side. Eyes—no strain on them, ever. Diet—avoid this and insist on that. Sleep the same eight hours every night." He studied himself as carefully as his father might have done, and censored his habits sternly. It was typical of his attitude toward everything else—that card concerning his desire to be well and strong. He graduated midway in his class, his high marks in the subjects he found worthy of attention balanced by bare passing figures in those he was required to take against his will. And he matriculated into the foundry wing of the Amesbury Iron Works three days after commencement.

"It's what I want to do, that's all," was his explanation when his father protested. "I've thought it all out."

"But the shops—with your degree! You could have a really good job if you ——"

"Don't you worry about that. I'll have the best job in the plant before I'm thirty-five." Warren laughed briefly.

"What's that?"

"Owner," said Warren. "And the works'll be worth owning by then too."

His father's anxieties subsided in a chuckle. "Does Amesbury know it?"

"Not yet." Warren was calm about it. "But I do—and that's all that matters."

Followed four grimy months in the foundry, and three greasy ones in the machine shops. Then an interlude of well-soaped and white-collared office duty, and a season of the road—Mrs. Pond reconciled to long absences by the improvement in her son's aspect and income. And after the road the office again, a cubicle all his own; with a dictating machine and wire trays for letters and a reasonably free hand in the matter of method and policy; with Sales Manager in black letters on the ground-glass panel of the door—all because of the system, the system which Cyrus Amesbury allowed him to apply to the entire selling organization. Warren would look at the framed placard hanging above his desk with an affectionate veneration: K W Y W—the magic letters which were blazoned redly on all the house correspondence, the motto to which old travelers were slowly converted.

"Know What You Want—there's the whole secret of success in four words," Warren would say. "You can't expect to get it if you don't even know what it is, can you? Think it over, write it down, go after it—and you get it. I did."

Or: "Did you really want to go to that fight more than you wanted to sell Grady, Manly? Of course you didn't. But you went to the fight and you didn't sell Grady. Why? Because you didn't stop to find out what you wanted. If you'd written it down you'd have stayed in Peoria and sent in that order. Stick to the system, Manly. It's the one sure winner on earth."

He justified it himself. He had plenty of money now—the excellent, subdued clothes that hinted of solid prosperity, the small car, the steadily swelling account at the bank. People had begun to regard him with envious respect. They spoke about him to his father and mother. Mrs. Pond was sinfully proud of him. But she continued to laugh illogically at some of his attitudes. The old social issue had revived.

"There's only one reason for going about with girls," he stated oracularly. "If a man wants to fall in love and marry it's the thing to do. Otherwise he'd better stay out of their way. No sense hanging round the station if you don't want to take a train."

"But—but aren't you going to marry, Warren?" Mrs. Pond's youthful dimple flickered into visibility and vanished again.

"Of course. When the time comes. Nobody ought to do it before he's twenty-five at least. Too young to know what you want before that."

"Oh, I see. And you'll know then?"

"I know pretty well right now," he said calmly. "But I'm not ready. When I am I'll be as sociable as you like. You'll see."

He did know—to a degree of particularity which would have amazed his mother. The original decision to mate with a woman of a stature commensurate to his own had long since ceased to depend on the naïve ambition to father a family circus, but it persisted with greater force by virtue of better reasons. Big women were apt to be more sensible than little ones; it made for self-reliance, capability, health, to own superaverage inches. She must be tall—not a freak, but a fine upstanding figure. Five ten or eleven anyway, and weighted suitably in correlation. He had it all set down on Card Number Seventeen, in the locked file in his desk.

She must be intelligent, in the masculine sense, of course. She must have an inherited social confidence, a reasonable amount of money. She must be good-looking, too, so that falling in love would be a natural and pleasing process. Her voice must be low-pitched, so that listening to it would put no rasp on his nerves.

He had particularized further—scientifically established minutiæ tempted him. The qualities he possessed inevitably connoted a concave facial type; she must have a strong chin and brow, therefore. He specified large hands, indicia of competency; and sensible, liberally proportioned feet, which signified poise. He even knew the shape of her finger tips and the color of her eyes and hair.

An outdoor woman of course—good at games, fond of horses and dogs and woods and lakes, a comrade for vacation days who would not mourn hotel verandas. Not given to cards and dances, or to gossip and flirtations either, and yet the sort who might undertake any of those diversions successfully if she chose.

His index card contained her pen portrait drawn with the relentless specificity of a Bertillon chart. And that he should find and obtain her was a foregone conclusion. You always got what you wanted provided you knew what it was. Well, he knew.

As to time, his twenty-fifth year presented itself as eminently desirable. It was sufficiently sophisticated to promise wisdom of choice, and yet youthful enough to favor romance. He had no intention of excluding the emotional aspect. He meant to fall in love quite as completely as any purblind Romeo had ever done it. He had analyzed and weighed the value of romance as a reagent and solvent. A happy marriage required love as its very foundation. But it was just as easy to fall in love with the right woman as with the wrong one. When he was twenty-five he would cast about, choose the right one and fall efficiently in love with her. That was all.

His twenty-fifth birthday was now almost a month in the background. He had been examining candidates unobtrusively during those four weeks, with a dawning doubt. Manchester wasn't a very big world, and the section of its population from which the right girl must emanate held a decidedly constricted range of choice. The mere superficialities excluded most of the eligibles at a glance. Except for four or five otherwise impossible persons there weren't any girls of the right physical dimensions. He had begun to wonder whether, after all, the system might not fail him in the greatest test, when he found Rachel Westerley in his mother's sitting room and recognized her as perfection, his card-index ideal incarnate and alive!

III

AGREEABLY conscious that his new dinner suit fitted almost poetically he walked across the trodden turf of the little park through a benignant dusk. The Whites' house had begun to sag wearily under the weight of its mortgages; there were forlorn gaps in the wooden fence which inclosed its scarred lawn—Anita's brothers and sisters were an active lot—and one end of the veranda was perceptibly lower than the other. But the wave of laughter that rolled toward him as he opened the gate betrayed none of the sobering influence of financial reverses which Warren Pond regarded as correct. The Whites were an incorrigibly frivolous family. And Anita was the worst of them all. He could hear her gurgling laugh a full tone above the chorus. It displeased him. He was scowling mentally when he came in.

The scowl erased itself as he encountered Rachel Westerley's calm, level eyes. Even when surrounded by these fatuously cheerful people she remained immune to the infection. Among grasshoppers she continued to be the soberly sagacious ant. He had a pang of triumph as he moved toward her, taking as if by prearrangement the vacant place beside her on the faded lumpy sofa. What incredible luck! No, it wasn't luck: he'd earned this. You only needed to know what you wanted.

Anita with her inevitable dancing step skipped toward him with a pad and pencil.

"We're playing Limericks, Warren. You know—everybody writes a line."

He shook his head. "Better let me watch. I'm no good at such things."

"Oh, please!" Anita had a constitutional aversion to being denied. She forced the issue so persistently that he yielded, with an apologetic side glance toward Miss Westerley.

"Silly, isn't it?" he shrugged, as Anita danced away.

"Yes, but it's surprisingly difficult too," she told him unexpectedly. It was like a challenge. He glanced at the composite achievement:

There was a young lady of Wilts
Who always wore pleated plaid kilts,
Till a nearsighted guy
Politely asked: "Why ——"

"What drivel!" He glowered at the idiotic lines. "I'm to write the last line, eh? Rime with kilts, I suppose?"

"Yes."

She leaned over the pad. Her proximity produced a curious quiver somewhere deep in his being. He suddenly wanted to finish the Limerick, just to show her that he could do it.

Let's see—what under the sun rimed with kilts? He ransacked his severely classified memories. Then with a chuckle enlightenment flowed along his pencil:

"Do you travel around on those stilts?"

Anita snatched the sheet from him with a joyous gurgle and declaimed the completed masterpiece dramatically. There was a burst of delighted applause. Warren Pond was ashamed of the secret satisfaction which possessed him. Making a capering clown of himself before this girl, who ——

"I hate that sort of thing, don't you?" He turned to her. "It's really worse than wasting time—it corrupts one's mental processes. And any fool can do it."

"Yes. I suppose so." She nodded, her eyes sobering. "Any waste of intellectual energy is a mistake."

He felt that he had recovered lost ground. Instantly he steered the conversation toward safety.

"That's the essence of the system, you know—concentrate everything you have on one thing at a time. Napoleon used the same idea—he'd throw his whole little army at one point while his enemies were using ten times as many men to protect an extended line. That was his whole strategy, when you boil it down. It works in business just as well as in war."

She was thoughtful. "I can see that."

"Of course. It's obvious. Now in salesmanship the vital thing is to center every faculty on the individual prospect and the immediate present. I train our men ——"

He elucidated the system eagerly, stressing its cardinal principle. "It all comes down, like everything else in life, to knowing what you want, and when you want it, and how much."

She nodded, looking across the room. "Yes, I follow that."

Anita skipped toward them. "Do try this one, Warren."

(Continued on Page 87)

Chocolate Cream Pudding

Scald two cupfuls Libby's Evaporated Milk in a double boiler, add one-third cupful sugar mixed with three level tablespoonfuls cornstarch. Cook until thickened, add two squares of melted chocolate. Cook five minutes longer, then stir in one cupful marshmallows cut in small pieces. Pile in serving dish and garnish with marshmallows. Serve hot or cold

Men, ask your wives to try this

Its flavor is the wholesome flavor of chocolate; its smooth, melting texture is the texture of delicious, tender marshmallows; its richness is the richness of thick yellow cream—*this* chocolate cream pudding. Try it—and see how quick you reach for more!

And—here's a fact that will interest your wives—its wonderful, creamy richness comes from using Libby's Evaporated Milk. Ordinary cream is not needed, for Libby's Evaporated Milk—pure, sweet milk with half the moisture removed by evaporation—has all the rich consistency of cream.

Men, ask your wives to try this chocolate cream pudding—with Libby's Evaporated Milk. Ask them to try Libby's Evaporated Milk, too, in coffee, cocoa, candies, pastries and all cooking—and you'll soon learn how it cuts down the butter and cream bills.

Just casually slip this page across the table tonight, or better yet, order Libby's Evaporated Milk yourself. Your grocer has it or will gladly get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
502 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Reproduced from an old wood-

SIX MONTHS THE OLD GUILD CRAFTSMEN LABOURED TO PRODUCE THIS WATCH

NOT lightly did the old guild watchmakers esteem their art. Musty records of a bygone age tell us that their devotion to their craft amounted almost to a religion. Patiently they forged and tempered the steel, painstakingly they fashioned the minute parts, lovingly they adjusted each gear and wheel and pinion, reluctantly they parted with the completed masterpiece.

In the mountainous cantons of Switzerland the art of the watchmaking guilds attained its fullest development. There the masters of the guilds dedicated their lives to their work, and passed down their art, a priceless heritage, to their sons and grandsons.

DESCENDANTS OF THE OLD GUILD MASTERS FORM THE MODERN GRUEN GUILD

IT remained for Gruen to bring into the Gruen Watchmakers Guild the descendants of these old guild masters, that the ancient ideals might be preserved.

In the Gruen Guild workshops at Madretsch, Switzerland, it no longer takes six months to build a single watch. Here, with the aid of the most modern American machinery, master craftsmen fashion the Gruen movements — and here these artisans, with the same skill and devotion as was possessed by the masters of old, do what no machine can do, finish by hand and adjust each movement to the exacting standards of Gruen Precision accuracy.

On Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop of the Gruen Guild where the hand-wrought cases are made, and the movements inserted and given final adjustment. Here, also, is maintained a *real* service workshop, where standardized duplicate repair parts are always on hand for prompt delivery to any jeweler in America.

Thus, in Gruen Guild Watches, are combined the old ideals that made the Swiss guildsmen the watchmaking masters of the world, and the new American principles of standardization that make for uniformity and sustained quality of output.

You may see the Gruen Guild Watches at one of the 1,200 jeweler agencies, the best in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Emblem displayed in the store windows of all Gruen agents. Remember, however — not every Swiss watch is a Gruen.

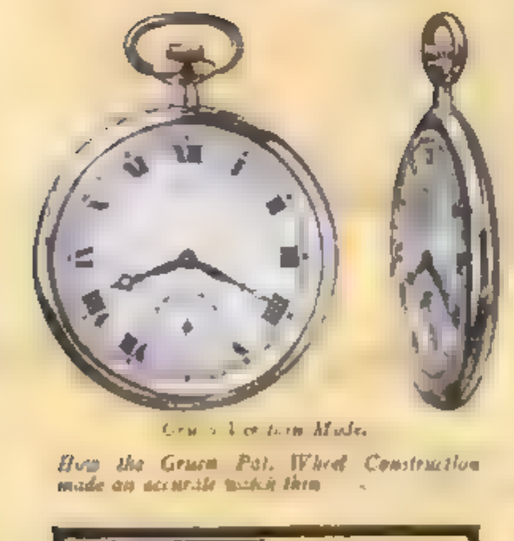
Write for the Gruen Guild Exhibit

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

Descriptive Gruen Models $[illegible] to $[illegible], Extra-thin Models $[illegible] to $[illegible], Strap Models $[illegible] to $[illegible], Thin Models $[illegible] to $[illegible], Men's Sweep Models $[illegible] to $[illegible], Extra-Wide Models, $[illegible] to $[illegible], with or without Dials, and up to $[illegible].

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O.

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Canadian branch, Toronto, Can.



Gruen Veri-thin Model

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate watch thin

The outline of old style watch is more durable

The Pure Square

Exact reproduction of Gruen Watchmakers Guild Service Workshop, Time Hill, Cincinnati, where duplicate standardized parts are always on hand

GRUEN Guild Watches

"The One Woman—Superficially," He Informed Himself With a Stress on the Qualifying Adverb Which Was at Once a Rebuke and a Warning

(Continued from Page 84)

He was almost angry at the interruption. "Please, no. I—I want to talk sense to Miss Westerley, Anita."

She pouted. "Oh, come on ——"

"No; really, I'm serious."

She caught sight of Wilbur Swope, who chose this moment to make a belated appearance, and the diversion spared Warren from further persuasions. Wilbur was oddly like Anita herself—minute, alert, with a frisking restless speech and a superficial cleverness which he joyously dissipated on just such futilities as this. Warren disapproved of him without disliking him. He'd never amount to anything unless he learned that a successful lawyer can't afford to be an amateur clown. Wilbur was always buzzing about Anita White—which probably accounted for some measure of his frivolity.

"We've worked it out with index cards down at the plant," he resumed eagerly. "Perhaps Lesswing showed you ——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "I've seen the cards. And I think you're perfectly right—it's a thoroughly sound principle."

Her glance strayed to the group about Wilbur and Anita, attracted by a shattering explosion of mirth. Annoyed, Warren waited for it to subside. Anita, her eyes streaming, recited the new masterpiece, to which Mr. Swope had instantly supplied the missing climax:

"A spendthrift named Angus McCutcheon
Was short-changed a dime in Metuchen;
And back in Dundee
His neighbors agree
It's a blot on Metuchen's escutcheon!"

Warren lifted his brows and shoulders as the eddying gusts of laughter lapped them.

"That illustrates my theory beautifully. Swope's as clever as anybody in town. When he wants to he can see through a complicated tangle of legal puzzles better than any other young lawyer in Maychester. But he doesn't know what he wants. He's never stopped to reason it out or he'd see for himself that there's no profit in making idiotic jingles, and put his brains on something worth while. He's perfectly capable of doing it. It's merely that he doesn't know what he wants."

Rachel Westerley nodded thoughtfully. "Yes. It's a pity. So many clever people waste themselves on useless things."

She dismissed the topic of Wilbur Swope forthwith, and under her warming curiosity Pond was moved to explain his system in more minute detail, illustrating it by incident after incident from its practical application to the business of the Amesbury Iron Works.

Meanwhile the others played bridge, not scientifically and in silence, but to a clatter of frivolous small talk which Warren Pond found vaguely disturbing. He observed that it distracted the attention of his audience rather frequently. Miss Westerley's responses ceased to be definite, lapsed into mechanical generalities, inclusive assents. He was irritatingly conscious that he was not making the impression he desired. It was Swope, he decided. The fellow simply couldn't keep still. Twice at some flat witticism he surprised a reluctantly mirthful twist at the corners of Miss Westerley's slight severe lips. And when the bridge game dissolved into a clamorous group about Swope's exhibition of card tricks, which he performed with a stream of patter even sillier than the feats themselves, he surrendered at discretion.

"It's impossible to conduct a sensible conversation with that blether going on," he said, smiling deprecatorily. "Let's join."

She rose to the suggestion with the deliberate smooth grace of motion he interpreted as connoting perfect correlation of nerves and muscles. They stood with the others, watching Wilbur's fingers. He instantly impressed Miss Westerley into half-acquiescent service, persuading her to choose a card which presently was discovered and exhibited after mysterious manipulations. She demanded enlightenment, and received it. Warren Pond felt curiously shelved. For an interval he found himself wondering whether, after all—but he was mollified when somebody started the rickety phonograph and Wilbur Swope was obliged to dance with Anita. Miss Westerley turned to Warren:

"Shall we try it?"

He made the concession to Philistine customs grudgingly. She nodded. They moved off. Warren danced perfectly. He had learned this as intelligently as he learned everything else. It was a regrettable but necessary part of a man's equipment. But he would have preferred a waxed floor, plenty of room, a competent orchestra. Dancing in a crowded little room, the available space irregularly trespassed upon by hurriedly moved furniture, rolled-back rugs, the dangerously low chandelier—was not even efficient. He consulted his partner, whose dancing was as studiedly faultless as his own.

"This is rather silly, isn't it? There isn't room ——"

She acquiesced instantly. They found adjacent chairs out of the path of gyrating couples and he returned stubbornly to shop. She listened more attentively, he thought, and her occasional questions betrayed an intelligent interest. He told her a good deal about his pet business theories. Again he had the agreeable consciousness that he held her respectful attention. But the bray of the phonograph intruded persistently, and the moving figures distracted even his own thoughts from his topic. Anita and Wilbur, floating, whirling, darting in and out between the others, stirred an unwilling admiration.

"They dance beautifully, don't they?" He interrupted himself as Anita flitted past.

Rachel Westerley nodded.

"Yes. I've been watching him. It's a natural talent in his case, not an acquired art. He doesn't think about it."

"I suppose so." He glowered at Wilbur. "It's a pity, though. If he weren't so awfully good at all these parlor sports he'd be a wonder at the law."

"Perhaps he'll settle down when he gets older," she suggested. "They often do, I notice."

"Not Wilbur Swope." He shook his head. "He'll be dancing and doing card tricks and giving monologues when he's eighty. It's a pity. A mighty fine mind just wasted on trifles."

"Yes. It is a pity. I feel the same way about Anita. She's terribly clever, you know. At college"—she sighed—"why, when she chose to study there wasn't anybody in the class who could beat her. But she hardly ever chose. She went in for everything and anything except the curriculum. I used to envy her then. She always had the lead in our plays; she wrote the songs and edited the monthly and arranged the dances. But I don't think she learned anything at all."

He wagged his head. "Anita's a lot more practical than Swope, though. She makes her own clothes and hats, and she runs the house—under difficulties too. It's different with a girl. It doesn't matter much if she's a bit frivolous. But a man who can't keep his feet on the ground ——"

Again his head shake completed the sentence.

The evening ended, inevitably, with the chafing dish. Anita brewed something out of cheese and breadcrumbs and mustard and paprika which Warren Pond knew would assault a normal digestion like an infantry advance. He ate it, however, out of sense of duty strongly reinforced by the effect of the first mouthful on his palate. Miss Westerley barely touched her portion.

"I never eat these midnight things," she said.

Warren subscribed to the wisdom of this without wholly approving the practice. In Rome, within limits, one should burn Roman candles.

He went home in a faintly divided mood. Rachel Westerley assuredly improved on acquaintance. She measured up to his fixed specifications in a fashion which impressed him once more as almost uncanny. He recalled certain romantic theories of Aunt Evvie's with a smile of tolerant amusement. Aunt Evvie believed passionately in the doctrine that marriages are divinely prearranged. It was her conviction that she and Uncle Adam had been predestined to meet and love and mate, and she could prove this, to her own satisfaction, by advancing the multitude of coincidences without which they would have been as ships that pass in the night. If Uncle Adam hadn't missed his train out of Dowagiac; if the hotel clerk charged with the duty of rousing him at six-fifteen had not happened to overlook the memorandum on his call sheet; if the Peterses' cook hadn't chosen that precise interval to look on the cooking sherry when it was potently brown—it was like the Mother Goose rime concerning the water that put out the fire that burned the stick that beat the cow that —— And yet here was a woman patently cast by someone or something to play the rôle of Mrs. Warren Pond.

He studied the matter while he removed the evening clothes. There wasn't any reasonable doubt that she fitted his requirements in even the minute respects in which he would have been disposed to make concessions. Even the color of her eyes and hair. And she owned the Westerley Forge Company—lock, stock and money barrel! She not only owned it—she ran it, and ran it so capably that not even the K-W system and its inventor could make light of its competition. She knew every process, every department, every phase of the business quite as well as Warren Pond himself. Very likely she knew even more than he did—finances, for instance. Why, if he had turned over his specifications to a heavenly woman factory they could scarcely have been followed with closer fidelity. It was really worth marveling over, crass coincidence though it was.

"I've seen enough to be sure right now," he informed his image in the glass. "She's the one. It's just a question of closing with her—I mean ——" He saw himself flush. "I suppose I ought to be romantic about it and say it's a question of winning her. Ugh!"

Aunt Evvie's saccharine phrase left a sticky taste on his lips. He wondered what Rachel Westerley would think of a man who dreamed of winning her. A swift mental vision of the amused superior scorn in her steady gray-green eyes made him flush again.

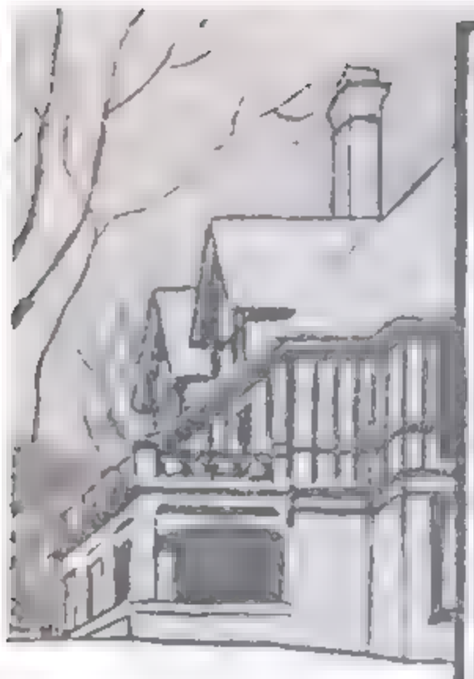
"No, 'closing' is the right word. It's a business proposition—the biggest sort of a business proposition. There's no gamble about it. I've found out what I want and it's my job to show her that I'm what she wants. That's all."

IV

HIS obedient brain envisaged the task thus appointed. It excluded distractions, side issues, irrelevancies, without mercy. The objective being Miss Rachel Westerley's realization that she wanted Warren Pond as much as he wanted her, nothing remained but the consideration of ways and means. Obviously in order to impress her suitably he must see her as often as possible during her stay in Maychester. There must be no waste of time or opportunity; or he would find himself handicapped by the necessity of continuing the campaign in Pittland, where he would confront all sorts of obstacles not encountered here at home.

He would call on her of course. That was necessary under the social code anyway. He would go there to-morrow night. Anita and her harum-scarum friends had interfered too much this evening. To-morrow, with fewer distractions and interruptions, he could make better progress. But a disturbing idea intruded. Suppose Anita had another mob of frivolers there? He scowled at the glass. It was unlucky that Miss Westerley had chosen Anita as her hostess.

(Continued on Page 89)



An Old Name
On A Proved Tire

On a record of less than a year's general use, you can merely begin to appreciate the wide superiority of Oldfield Tires.

As yet, only one man truly knows the full merit of these Tires. That man is Barney Oldfield himself.

For many years, Mr. Oldfield has ridden on Oldfield Tires—tires which, while they bore no Oldfield name, had been built especially for him and to his own rigid specifications.

These tires, of which the Oldfield Tires of today are faithful reproductions, carried the Master Driver swiftly, successfully, safely through many a racing campaign. He learned to trust them implicitly—to trust them with his very life.

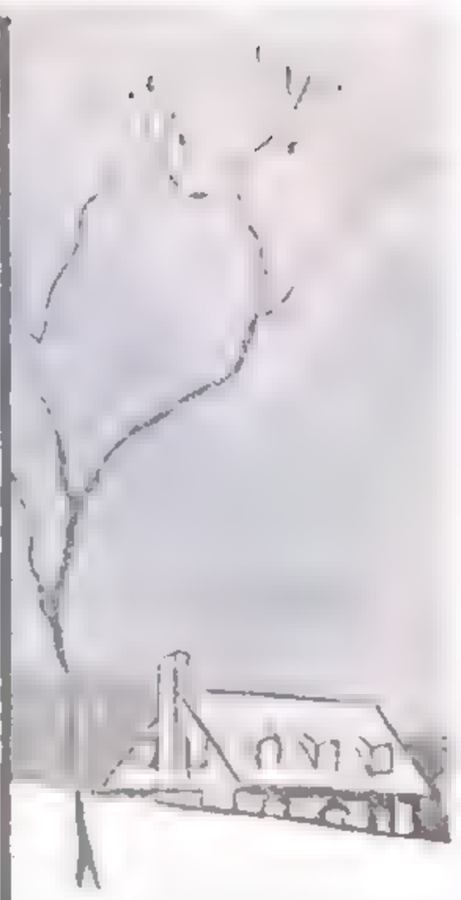
Motorists buy Oldfield Tires today because of this unique heritage. But the time is coming—mark well the prediction—when you will buy Oldfields because of their records as a product—records of endurance and long life new to tire annals.

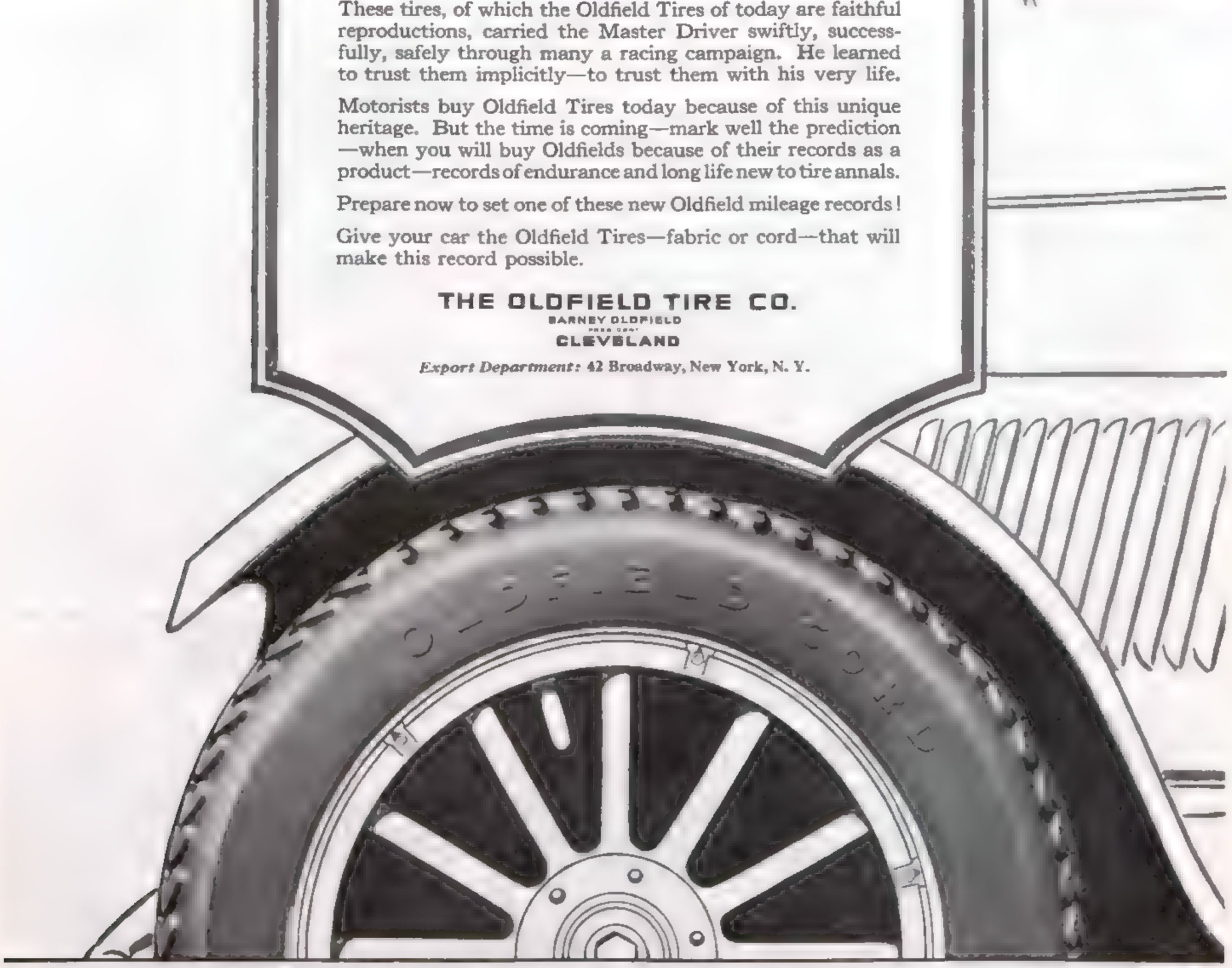
Prepare now to set one of these new Oldfield mileage records!

Give your car the Oldfield Tires—fabric or cord—that will make this record possible.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
CLEVELAND

Export Department: 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.





OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

(Continued from Page 87)

If she'd only been visiting somebody less given to frivolity—some nice staid old lady, for instance —— But he cut short that sigh. Nothing was to be gained by vain regrets. It was a condition and not a theory, as Mr. Cleveland had so aptly differentiated, which faced him. He must meet it as he found it.

Mrs. Pond's restrained inquiries at breakfast afforded him an opening for the first of his projected expedients.

"I wish you'd ask Anita and her friend over here to dinner," he said after confessing that he had enjoyed himself. "It struck me last night that Anita couldn't do very much in the way of entertaining, and she'd probably love to have you."

"Of course. That's very thoughtful of you, Warren."

He glanced up sharply. The tone was almost suspiciously innocent. But his mother's eyes were concerned with the delicate matter of chipping the top from her egg. The dimple was faintly visible, but that in itself was not especially significant. She often exhibited it when she was not in the least amused. An idea almost Machiavellian inserted itself amid his thoughts: A herring across the trail—why not let his mother delude herself with the notion that it was Anita who centered his sudden solicitudes? She had been irritatingly stubborn in the matter of that early affair of the schoolbooks. And she continued to remember the disgraceful episode involving a handkerchief and a pillow. All the easier, with that rooted conviction for foundation, to construct a fresh misapprehension.

"I couldn't help admiring her last night," he pursued boldly. "She's the grittiest girl I ever knew. Things must be simply frightful with Mr. White, and yet Anita's as gay and cheerful and happy as if—really, I got a new view of her last night."

He retreated strategically to his oatmeal. Doctor Pond pursued promptly.

"I never noticed that you exactly hated her, Warren." He chuckled. "Wasn't she the one that mother used to think—errumph!"

He coughed. Warren concealed a triumphant grin. He knew exactly what had checked the sally, though nothing in his mother's expression remotely suggested that her foot had served the purpose of a muffler.

"Anita's a dear," she said sweetly. "I'll ask her for to-night. You'll be sure to come home, won't you, Warren? I know you don't like such things, but it's only common courtesy for you to be here."

"Oh, I'll come, of course." Warren scowled convincingly. "I expected to when I spoke of it. I suppose I'll have to amuse Miss Westerley—she doesn't do any of the usual parlor tricks."

He drove to the works with the sensations of a Von Bernstorff. They were absolutely off the scent, thanks to that lucky idea of making Anita the visible objective. He could monopolize Rachel Westerley all evening without rousing even a glimmer of suspicion. And there'd be a chance of making some real headway, too, without all that racket going on.

He made some mental notes concerning suitable conversational leads; just as well to think these things out in advance. Tell her about the new catalogue scheme, for instance; those territory charts too.

"You'll dress, won't you?" Mrs. Pond met him in the hall when he came home, herself arrayed in the queerly simple black which always made her look younger than some of the pink and blue girls she chaperoned. She looked anxious, as if fearing Warren's hard-headed preference for business dress. He dissembled cunningly.

"Do I have to? I didn't know you were going to make a fuss about it."

"I wish you would. You look so nice in full dress."

He surrendered ungraciously. "Oh, all right. But it's silly, all the same."

He spent longer than usual over the business. It was necessary to rehearse some of the things he intended to say.

"Oh, that reminds me—did you ever happen to see one of our catalogue sets? Loose-leaf idea, you know; only worked out so that it doesn't look like it. Saves printing and postage and pleases the customer. I'll send you one."

That was the idea—work up to it without seeming to drag it in. And the scheme for getting a check on credits too.

He was a little annoyed to discover, when he came down, that his mother had enlarged on his idea to the extent of asking the Belknap twins and Charlie Doane and Bert Scudder. He scowled when he caught the unmistakable voice of Wilbur Swope in the hall. Hang it, this would be just as bad as last night! Why hadn't he been specific?

He repressed the thought sternly. Crying over spilled opportunities was anathema maranatha to his creed. No one could have guessed from his greeting that he had not expected all his mother's guests. He felt her eyes on him approvingly. As he released Rachel Westerley's cool fingers he was moved to shoot a quick sidewise glance at Mrs. Pond. She was not watching him, but the dimple was in evidence. It was enough to send him across the room to Anita, leaving Miss Westerley to listen to Wilbur Swope. Anita grinned up at him cheerfully. She was curled into a fluffy mass of semidiaphanous pink. He observed that she held her crossed ankles saucily before her. It was a trick of hers. He leaned back against the arm of another chair, conscious of motherly eyes upon him, and directed toward Anita a look heavily charged with benevolence.

"You're blossoming late, Warrie," she informed him, "but you're—you're mighty lak' a rose."

Her eyes had a queer trick of their own, he observed. They danced without moving. But his skin prickled under the mirth in them. Anita saw through him without trying. No use hoping to fool her. But he managed a credible counterfeit of a grin in turn.

"I was sure you'd be mad about her," she confided as he made no verbal riposte. "She's exactly your sort."

He refused to rise to this fly. "You mean Miss Westerley? Would you call me exactly wild about her? How does it show?"

She crinkled her eyes. "Be terribly careful, Warrie! You know that I'm perfectly sure to tell her every word."

He foresaw complications. "Then tell her I found her very interesting," he hedged. "She's in my own line of work, you know, and she's thoroughly mistress of it."

"Blah!" said Anita irreverently. "You don't want me to insult her for you, do you? Isn't she just superb? She always makes me think of the word 'queenly,' except that it's associated with queens and they're all such awful frumps."

"Oh, yes, of course." He edged back from dangerous footing. "She's charming, in that way. But—I have the habit of forming my opinions of people on their intellectual traits rather than ——"

"Blah!" said Anita again. "Stop posing with me, Warrie. You're as legible as a headline. I'll trade you." Her voice dropped. "She thinks you're simply immense. She fairly raved about your system or something."

He should have been delighted, and it distressed him to find that he wasn't. Anita laughed, lifting her head up and back.

"You see? You don't like it yourself. You were all set to hear a touching tribute to your beautiful eyes, weren't you? Be cheerful! Probably you aren't the only person present who judges how did that line of yours go?—by people's intellectual traits."

His mother's hand touched his arm. He was aware of a distinct relief.

"You'll take Miss Westerley, Warren. Anita, I suppose you've got to have Wilbur again."

He flashed a suspecting eye at the maternal dimple. Did she see through him, too, after all? But there was no time for meditation. He claimed his partner, relegating the minor question to the back of his brain for the present. He had been prepared to submit to Anita's proddings all through dinner. This was luck, anyway.

They talked. They both talked. Warren Pond was conscious of an agreeable conviction that he had never talked better in his life, and in the intervals of listening he informed himself that here was a woman capable of standing with him on the topmost levels, an equal, at the very least of it. Luck; no, not that. Such things weren't brought to pass by the mere brute chemistry of chance. He had made this happen by knowing what he wanted and when he wanted it. The system. It had brought him everything else—and now this! He blessed it according to his gods.

"Yes, but you overlook the varying factor. You can't reduce men to machines. That's where your theory fails. You may train them to follow your plan, letter by letter, but you can't make the pool player

New Shaving Comfort

Harsh Methods Done Away With

Try This New and Better Way

"Well lathered is half shaved"—an old saying, and true. But well lathered does not mean much hot water and harsh rubbing in. Those old methods open the pores, make the skin tender. Here is a better way. A Free Trial Tube will convince you.

IF you knew of a way to make your daily shave easier, quicker, more comfortable you would use it. There is such a way. Shavaid provides it. A Free Trial Tube will enable you to prove it to your own satisfaction.

Perfected after many tests and experiments, this scientific preparation accomplishes instantly what the old methods failed to do. One application softens the beard perfectly. It soothes a tender skin.

Makes Shaving a Luxury

Men the nation over are adopting this modern method of easier, quicker, pleasanter shaving. They welcome it as a long needed improvement over old ways. Every man who tries Shavaid once uses Shavaid thereafter.

For Shavaid does away with hot water applications, with rubbing the lather in. Men have clung to these old fashioned harsh methods because they have thought they were necessary. They are not. They are injurious to the tender skin.

Softens and Soothes

The soothing, cooling effect is noticeable as soon as you apply it to the dry beard. Then lather. Don't rub the lather in. The lather stays moist and creamy.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

And as you shave, note how the blade "takes hold" without pulling. That is because the beard is thoroughly softened, prepared as it should be.

No need of lotions or creams after a Shavaid shave. No injury has been done to the tender skin. There is no need for medicaments. On the contrary, your skin is smoother, firmer, healthier from Shavaid's healing influence.

Men who shave close find Shavaid wonderful. The burning, stinging sensation they used to feel after shaving is gone. They know real shaving comfort at last.

It Is Worth Trying

All that is necessary, in order to introduce this remarkable new aid to shaving comfort, is to get men to try it—just once.

No man who shaves once with it will be without it again. For shaving, instead of an irksome task, becomes a positive pleasure.

That is why we want you to send for your Free Trial Tube. Just fill in the coupon and mail it now, before you forget it. When your tube comes, use Shavaid. After the trial tube is used up, you can get Shavaid from your druggist at 50 cents a tube. If he hasn't it, we will be pleased to fill your order direct.

B&B

Shavaid

At Druggists'—50c a Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Free Trial Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Ill.

Mail free trial tube of Shavaid to

Name

Street Address

City State

stop wanting to balance a cue or the worried young paterfamilias abandon his anxiety to get the first possible train home."

This was heresy and he sprang to combat it with theory and fact. They were still debating it when they left the table, and Warren Pond felt that he was on the losing side. He deftly led the talk to catalogues, and saw that he regained lost ground as he explained his unit system, which made it possible to send a seemingly complete catalogue to the man who wanted a pump casting and to him who needed a blower fan, without wasting good paper and printing and postage on either.

"That's splendid," she admitted. "That's really clever. I must—do you mind if we steal that?"

"Not a bit," he declared magnificently. "You're welcome to it."

She thanked him, questioned him intelligently about details. About them a chatter of time-wasting proclaimed the advent of bridge. He steered cleverly into a bypath which led to a pet scheme of rating salesmen at which Cyrus Amesbury pig-headedly balked. It delighted him to find Rachel Westerley a willing convert. And he could see that he gained sure favor in her sight. Her steady eyes surveyed him with an approval he could not mistake.

Again bridge dissolved into an interval of Swope's legerdemain, and this to the phonograph and dancing in the wide, smooth-floored hall and the vine-shadowed veranda. Warren Pond was irritated. Just when things were moving so smoothly in their appointed course! He glowered sulkily at Wilbur Swope, dancing like an animated thistledown with Rachel Westerley. An inchoate instinct of retaliation urged him to cut in on Anita and the yellow-haired, white-eyelashed Scudder.

Dancing with Anita was curiously different. She did not oppose his guidance, and yet she contrived somehow to make it needless. She infused something of her own abundant youth and passion into his staidly mechanical rhythm. And she took advantage of the situation to prod him again.

"You've been having a jolly time of it, haven't you, with your filing cabinets and your follow-ups? Oh, I heard you! You're worse than two golf fanatics! But don't overdo it, Warrie. Take my advice. I know. Vary it a little with your eyes and ages and favorite poems. We're all sisters under our rice powder."

He smiled the superior smile of the harried male. Anita gurgled.

"You've never thanked me for bringing her here, you know. I think it would be nice if you did, don't you?"

"I think it would be nice if your father had worn slippers!" snapped the badgered gentleman soulfully. Anita tilted her head to flash a wide-eyed glance up at him.

"Why, Warrie! That was fine! You're really coming to life!"

"Stop it!"

A yearning to shake her translated itself into a sudden increase of tension in his encircling arm. The instant effect of this astonished him. There was an unmistakably genuine penitence in her whisper:

"I'm awfully sorry! I didn't mean to be a pest, Warrie."

"That's all right. You weren't."

The record died in a scratching whir. They sat on the old settle in the hall. Anita was queerly different now. He had never seen her like this—serious and sweet and earnest.

"Come over to-morrow night," she said softly. "I'll manage better. I never guessed that you were really ——"

"Really what?" He resisted an impulse to confidences. "I'll come, of course, if you want me, but there's no mystery about that, is there?"

She shook her head. "No, there's no mystery about it. But come. I'll fix things somehow."

V

"I'LL close it this time."

Warren Pond adjusted his tie with a meticulous accuracy and registered determination at and in his mirrored image. He registered a liberal quantity of it. That was part of the K-W system. Having discovered the precise thing one wanted one concentrated purposefully. And if it was possible to do this before a glass the reflected resolution tended to strengthen and confirm the intent. Warren Pond's imaged countenance had helped him meet earlier crises capably. It helped him now.

"I've held back long enough," he informed himself. "I'm going to settle it to-night, and settle it right."

He removed his coat from its patented hanger and assured himself that it hugged his collar suitably. He submitted himself to a final and minute inspection before he snapped out the lights. Looking one's best was intricately involved in the system too. He stopped in the hall for his hat and topcoat, and his mother's voice came to him:

"Oh, Warren—will you tell Anita that Mr. Enderby thinks Thursday would be best for the junior meeting? I meant to telephone ——"

"All right."

He spoke before it occurred to him that the request had been a question. He frowned a little, not angrily, but disapprovingly. He must have been too obvious about things, these last few days. His mother took his destination for granted. Well, it didn't matter. She thought it was Anita of course. He hadn't been obvious about that at least.

"And say good-by to Miss Westerley for me too. I wasn't at home when she and Anita called."

"All right."

He smiled now. Say good-by, eh? If she only dreamed what he was going to say, besides that! He went out, better pleased with himself.

The little island of park was agreeably mellowed in a satiny night. The insistent arc lights at each end of the oval were tamed by the spring leafage, their intrusive glare broken into silvery dapplings of the scarred turf, with almost the effect of moonlight. There was the smell of spring in the air, too, a blended composite which defied analysis but stimulated dim atavistic stirrings in Warren Pond's consciousness. He stood a moment, after shutting the door, aware of a curious emotional reaction, not unpleasant and yet touched with a certain melancholy. He strove to identify and label it.

Excitement? A justifiable tension of nerves before the most important crisis of his life? The mere reflex of his momentous decision? He shook his head. It was something simpler, more elemental. Suddenly it revealed itself.

Warren Pond wanted something. And he did not know what it was. He had no glimmer of enlightenment. He was merely conscious of an engulfing tide of desire which had no specific objective. The phenomenon was wholly novel in his experience with his emotions. Always before his wants had been as concrete and definite as diamonds. Here was something utterly nameless, unfathomable, and yet infinitely more compelling than any of his ticketed and indexed yearnings of the past.

He walked slowly across the shadowed grass, wondering. If he knew what he wanted it would be his. There was no doubt of that. The system had demonstrated its infallibility in the last and greatest of all tests. If he faced an unanswered longing the fault was his, not the system's. If he could only guess.

"Nonsense!" He brought himself up sharply. "I'm mooning like a Romeo, that's all. It's perfectly natural to have odd feelings at a time like this. Probably this is more or less what the books mean when they talk about being in love. That's it, of course. I ought to have seen it before."

He set his chin a little more uncompromisingly and quickened his step. The ache of the nameless craving was still stabbing him as he rang the Whites' bell. He could feel a disconcerting skip and flutter in his pulse beats while he waited.

Henry White, gray and stooped under his futile years, admitted him, his newspaper dangling from one hand, his eye-glasses slipping toward the tip of his nose. Warren had a sharp pang of compassion for him. Usually he was impatient with the man's fumbling incompetent struggles. To-night he seemed to detect a reflection of his own troubled mind in White's weak wistful face. Henry White wanted something, without knowing what. And he was a beautiful example of the penalty for harboring unidentified longings. Warren Pond stiffened his self-command.

"I'll tell the girls you're here," quavered Mr. White. "You go in the parlor there."

He shuffled off, the paper flapping about his sprung knees. Warren hung his coat on the rickety oak rack and went into the room which Henry White would denominate as parlor till he died. A certain disapproval of it as a setting took possession of him. Even in the merciful dimness of the lowered gas lamp it was shabby. He could see the worn scuffed areas in the faded rug, the scratches on woodwork and furniture, the drab discouraged wall paper. He frowned. This wasn't suitable. A woman like Rachel Westerley should be sought in marriage against a background more in harmony with her stateliness. He had an instant vision of some great majestic chamber, a place of high resounding spaces. It was incongruous to ask her to marry him here in this threadbare, dingy little room.

He got to his feet quickly at the sound of her step. She came in, moving with the fluent effortless grace which he had learned to find in everything she did. Her smile was the familiar curbed lightening of the lips, and her voice swam to him, low and cool and gracious.

"Anita's busy with her housekeeping accounts. She said she'd hurry with them. Meanwhile I'm to amuse you." She laughed softly, subsiding into a high-backed armchair. "I'm afraid I don't do that very acceptably."

He had carefully prepared his approach, but as he watched her the words evaded him. He envisioned her in a swift disconnected mental cinematograph: Erect and stately in an opera box, the flash of gems against bared gleaming shoulders; serenely splendid as she welcomed guests in some tapestried throne room; competent, decisive at a great desk in her office.

He could only say: "You're really going to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes. I've stayed too long, as it is. But it's been delightful here. Anita and I have been curiously close friends ever since college days. And I needed to get away from business."

"I suppose it does get tiresome."

He heard himself speak, hotly scornful of the restraint which kept him back from the things he had come to say. Damn! Why couldn't he tell her?

"Tiresome! That's just the trouble. It's too terribly fascinating. It's like some insidious vice. I love it. I can't get away from it—even when I'm supposed to be having an absolute rest. It's my life. I think it, dream it, talk it." She laughed softly. "You've seen that for yourself, I'm afraid. We've talked shop incessantly, you and I."

"I hope I haven't bored you."

He was puzzled. He felt almost hostile somehow.

"I wish you had!" She laughed again. "I honestly meant to swear off for this ten-day vacation. And you corrupted me. I simply couldn't resist the temptation to find out about your method with the men. Bored me! You've given me half a dozen of the best ideas I've picked up anywhere. Of course some of your theories are all wrong, but ——"

He was stung. "I suppose you mean that bonus plan. If you'd only consider that it gives them an incentive ——"

She interrupted him. The battle was joined. In thirty seconds Warren Pond had utterly forgotten his errand. They wrangled amiably back and forth through his pet doctrines. A chiming clock intruded on his attention. He was startled. Eleven!

If he wanted to ask Rachel Westerley to marry him he'd have to be quick about it now. He drew in his breath. After all with such a woman abruptness might be more effective than deliberate diplomatic preliminaries. It was simple enough. All he need say was ——

He couldn't. He reasoned desperately with a sudden inner rebellion. Here was the ideal woman—the one woman on earth who fulfilled every imaginable want or need of his being—the woman he had waited for, the woman who expressed the whole intent and purpose of his life. And after wanting her ever since he could remember, some undisciplined instinct in him rose up and declared that he didn't want her; more, that he wanted not to marry her! The thing was absurd. Of course he wanted her! Hadn't he always wanted her—wanted her when she existed only as a set of specifications on a standard index card? And now when he had found her was he going to let her go as she had come, on a mere momentary whim? Idiot!

But he gave ground as the revolt spread through him. The unidentified ache of longing which had troubled him as he emerged in the soft spring night sharpened and deepened. Whatever it was that he wanted it wasn't Rachel Westerley. The system had played false after all. No—he defended it, even in his turmoil of conflicting thought—the system was sound. It was he who had failed. You got what you wanted if you knew what that was. He hadn't known. That was all. He didn't know now.

He rose abruptly, mumbling some commonplace of farewell. Again he watched her smooth fluidity of motion as she came to her feet. Again he found her eyes almost level with his own. Beyond her he envisioned the Westerley Forge Company and all it represented. And a sudden panic, as of one who draws back, thrilling, from the lip of some unsuspected cliff, shot across his consciousness.

"I'll tell Anita you're going," she said. "She'll want to say good night at least. Those accounts must have been rather badly tangled, I'm afraid."

He checked a protest. After all it was only decent to say a word or two to Anita. It was her house, and she'd played awfully fair. He watched Rachel Westerley go with only a sense of escape. Whew, that had been close! Of course she might have refused. Probably she would have. But suppose she hadn't!

He heard Anita's dancing step on the stairs. She came in. And without effort, without question, without hesitation Warren Pond knew what it was that he wanted. He took it.

The clock spoke several times before he was able to arrange his thoughts with any semblance of precision. It occurred to him that the system had been triumphantly vindicated after all.

He was moved to explain his philosophy to Anita.

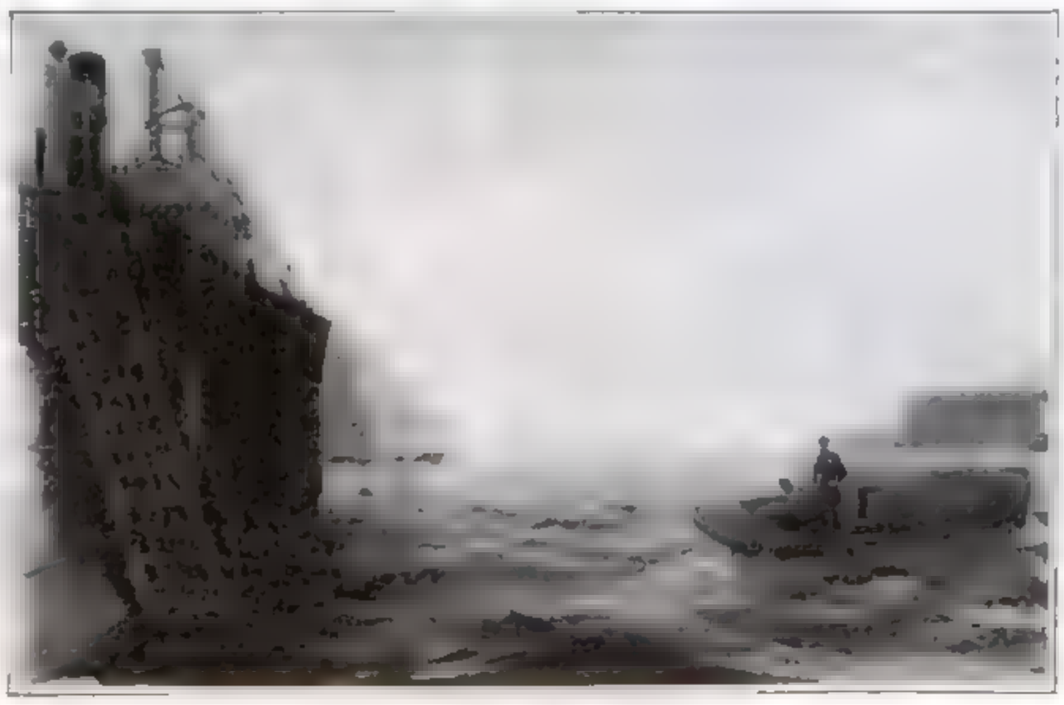
"There's the whole secret of success in a sentence," he summed up. "If you know what you want you get it."

Anita laughed a little happy cuddly laugh. "Why, so you do!" she agreed.

Warren Pond saw nothing particularly significant in that assent until some hours later, when his mother, with the dimple flickering oddly into sight and out of it again, made exactly the same response to his repeated declaration of the secret of success.

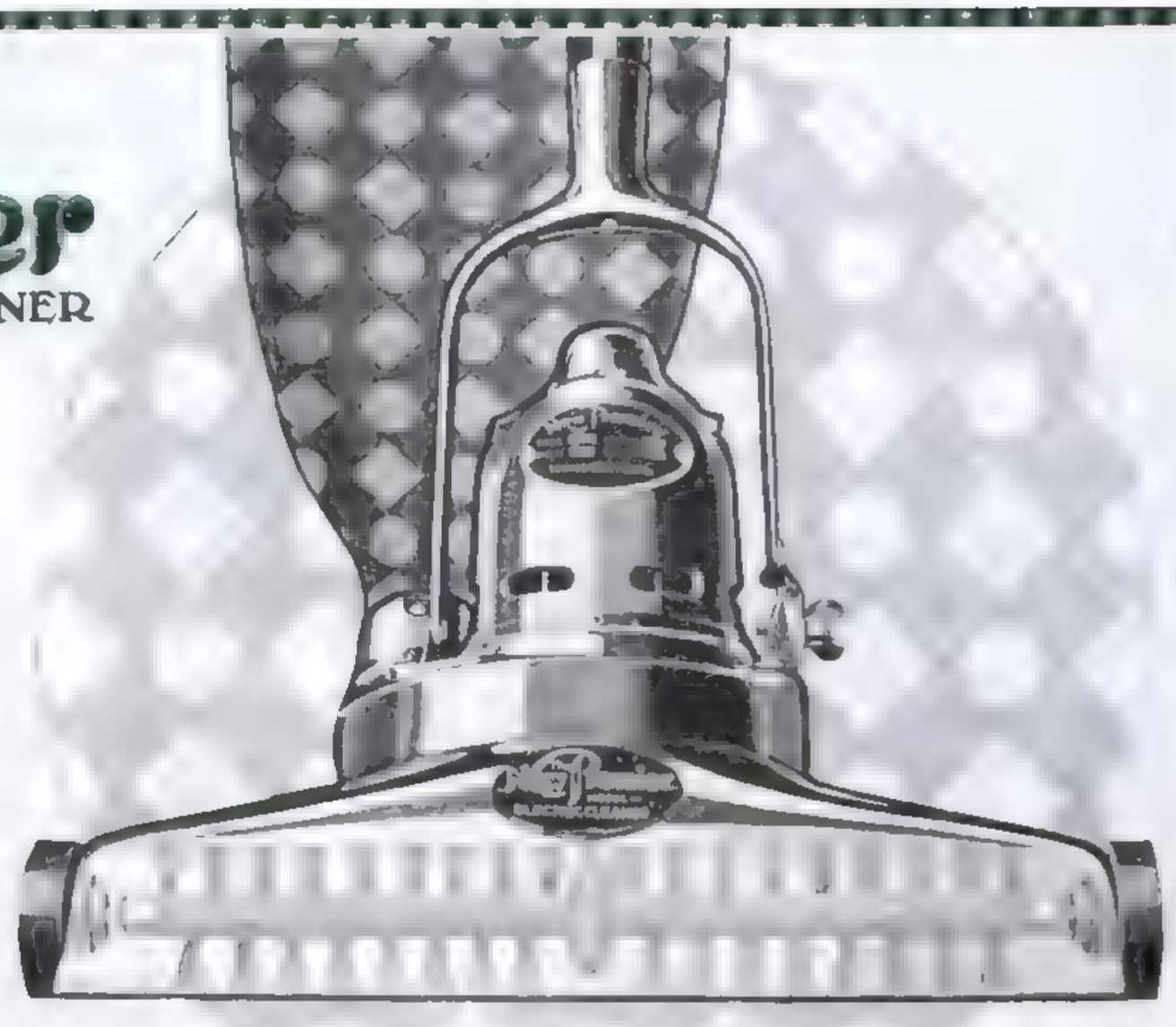
Something in her tone caused him to wonder, a little uneasily at first, whether she and Anita ——

On mature reflection he saw that this only completed the proof.



The New Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER

MODEL 19



It Gets All the Stubborn Dirt

THE special tufted bristle brush in the New Premier picks up the surface litter and shakes out the deep seated grit or dirt. It gets right down to the warp. It removes handfuls of dirt from rugs and carpets you thought were clean. It restores that bright, fresh look floor coverings soon lose if not cleaned the Premier way.

Write today for Mrs. Helen Ruggles' Newest Book—"Household Efficiency"

Just Like Human Fingers

That special brush is for special uses. For the ordinary cleaning you have the patented brush with the many rubber fingers. It picks up the finest threads, lint and litter. Both brushes are motor driven and interchangeable.

Nor is that all! The simplest operation removes either Premier brush. Then you can clean by suction alone. Here you have three cleaners in one.

Solves every cleaning problem

Its rubber-tired casters do not mar even the finest and most highly polished floors. Light in weight, and easy running, you clean without the slightest effort. And the Premier attachments enable you to get into every nook and corner where dirt collects.

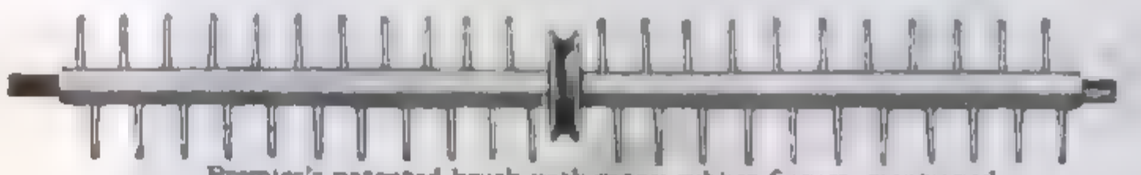
What woman will be content to clean the old-time way, or accept a less perfect cleaner than the Premier! Premiers are sold everywhere. The nearest dealer will be pleased to demonstrate the Premier *on your own rugs*. If you do not know his name, write us.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

(Formerly The Franz Premier Co.)

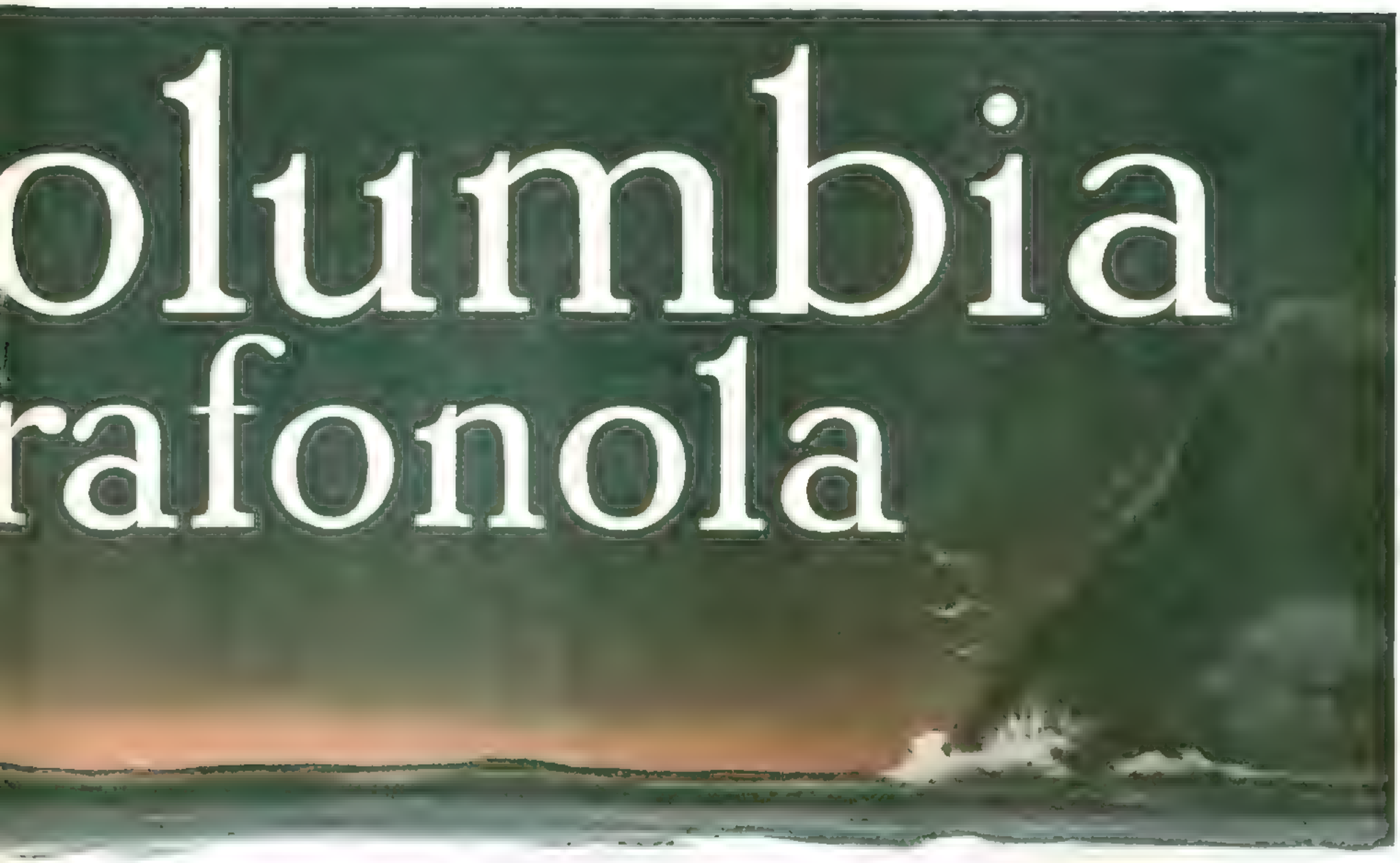
Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Exclusive Canadian Distributors, Canadian General Electric Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., and Branches



Premier's patented brush with many rubber fingers, mentioned above, is an important part of Premier equipment.

Scene from "Oberon"



Music at its best—

Grand Opera as presented by such stars as Ponselle, Hackett, Stracciari, Lazaro, Barrientos, Rothier, and Mardones *exclusively* through Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola is music at its best.

Columbia Grafonolas: Standard Models up to $300; Period Designs up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Canadian Factory: Toronto

"boo-hoo!"

"I'm not going to make pancakes any more, no I'm not! Every-time I make them they get worse 'n'worse. This morning John ate one mouthful of my pancakes 'nd called 'em 'ole leathery things!' And all that milk, eggs and things just wasted - BOO HOO! I'm going to try once more -

- and I'm going to use Aunt Jemima flour!"

(next morning)

"um-m, man! Those smell like real genuwine pancakes!"

the crucial moment: "will he like them?"

"more!" - anyone with half an eye can see that John's pancake appetite is going to be satisfied - and as for the missus - "with all those eggs, milk, flour and baking powder saved — AUNT JEMIMA for us e-ver-ry time!"

- for good pancakes ALL th' time

THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY

(Continued from Page 25)

down she carried a sheet of letter paper with two sides written.

"It was from him," she said. "It's a very nice letter." And she handed it to me.

"*Dear Mrs. Davison:* I know if you're thinking of me at all you're thinking me very rude for being so tardy in thanking you for your delightful hospitality, but I have been tremendously busy. I cannot say how kind it was of you to take me in when I was at Warm Cove. Please remember me most kindly to your daughter.

"Very sincerely yours,
"JAMES ESTABROOK."

"Yes," was all I could say when I had read it.

As she couldn't very well put her arms about my neck and cry, she went away. She was in bitter need of some kind of expression those days. If she could have played or painted or sung it would have meant escape. As it was, she just walked and came back exhausted, to sit languidly through meals her mother never allowed to be silent.

Mrs. Davison realized what had happened, though I think Miss Mary never discussed it with her.

One day as she watched her start during a wet afternoon on one of her tramps she said:

"It's hard on Mary. I certainly did think that fellow was stuck on her, and I guess she did too. Well, you can never tell about men. But land sakes, that's no reason for eating out your heart about one! Never let Mr. D. stir me all up, you can bet!"

Reason or none, her heart was the principal article of Miss Mary's diet those days. Fortunately she had a real love of books and they made her forget what had happened for blessed intervals. She was reading good ones too. I saw to that. An occasional bookish respite from unhappiness is hardly what youth needs, however, and I kept saying to myself that something must be done for her. I need not have arrogated such importance to my agency in her life, for Fate was planning a perfectly adequate way of shaking open her eyes to troubles other than those of misprized love.

Fate's instrument ambled to our door one afternoon when she had worn herself out walking and gone to her room with a beating headache. He was a lanky man in a flivver, which he left standing under the porte-cochère with his companion sitting in the front seat. He wore a gray duster, had a big Adam's apple and a loquacious mouth.

"Mis' Davison in?" he asked.

"Is it Mrs. Davison or Miss Davison you wish to see?" I inquired.

"The old lady."

"What name, please?"

"No name. Tell her it's someone she used to know who seen her picture in the paper."

I hesitated.

"Run along, son," he said—he was younger than I.

"It won't get you into no trouble," he added, "if that's what you're thinkin'."

There seemed nothing else to do.

"A gentleman?" Mrs. Davison asked.

"A tall thin man," I had said, and I repeated the description.

"Well, I ain't got an idea who it could be," Mrs. Davison said. "Better follow along. I'd hate to get kidnaped at my age." And she started downstairs.

XI

I FOLLOWED Mrs. Davison. She was halfway across the room before the newcomer, who was neck deep in an overstuffed chair, pulled himself to his feet.

"Hullo, Jen!" he said.

It was then Mrs. Davison yelled. There is no other word for the sound that tore from her throat.

"Ike! Ike Davison! It can't be you! You ain't dead? Oh, Ike!"

"It's me all right," the person announced, and performed an angular geometric figure about her with his arms.

Such was the home-coming of Mr. D.

I no more considered leaving the room than I would have thought of quitting Drury Lane at a thriller's crisis.

She pressed her plump cheek against the slab side of his jaw and said, "I thought you was dead, Ike," over and over. He kissed her and patted her shoulders and her elaborate hair. It was not nearly so funny as I should have thought.

As soon as her excitement became articulate Mrs. Davison said, "Tell me about it. How'd it happen?"

His garrulous mouth took on a look of pleasure anticipatory of indulgence.

"Do you know who that was they found?" he asked. "That wasn't me; it was Swell Huffen."

"Honest?"

"You remember when you was took sick and had to stop over in Nome to be took care of, him and me had somethin' good we was plannin' to get hold of?"

"I remember I was scared to death the baby'd catch the scarlet from me, an' almost as much scared to have her took up to that God-forsaken cabin with no one to mind her but that squaw Huffen had for his kid. That's about all the rememberin' I can do."

"Well, me and Swell had learned about a new vein up north from Hick Hammond. Hick had come down with the scarlet, too, and me and Swell sort of looked after him. Just before he croaked he told us about it, kinda out of gratitude."

Mrs. Davison's attention had been distracted from the main course of the narrative.

"You mean to say you and Huffen was runnin' between the cabin where he had scarlet and them babies?"

"Course we wasn't, Jen. We put both the kids in our cabin with the squaw to nurse 'em. I went over to Swell's and we never went near 'em. We wasn't runnin' no risks."

Mrs. Davison was mollified but suspicious.

"What about this claim then?" she asked.

"'Twasn't no claim, just a vein Hick'd run into. He hadn't been able to stake it off or nothin'. That was the trouble. That Bear Hollow bunch said Hick'd promised to tell them about it and they'd give him money. Thought we'd ought to split with 'em. They was a mean crowd—remember?"

"Land! How it all comes back!" Mrs. Davison said.

"Me and Swell told 'em Hick hadn't said nothin' to us, but they didn't believe it and we was kinda up a stump. We didn't have no notion of splittin', but we couldn't go north where the stuff lay—them kids for one thing and that bunch for the next—and we was scared somebody'd grab it before we got the chance.

"I Feel Like a Lighted Candle. I Do Love You So Much, Uncle Peter"

"Well, after a while I remembered old man Thomas, down in Nome. He had plenty of money and he wasn't afraid of hell broke loose. He'd had dealin's with me, too, and knew he could trust me. I talked it over with Swell and we decided the best thing we could do as things stood was for me to go and tell him we knew somethin' good and find out what he'd pay for it.

"I went down to Nome and see Thomas and did some spellbindin'. Ended up, he give me four thousand for that secret. I put it in the bank and didn't go back for a day or two. I was hangin' round the hospital tryin' to find out if I couldn't see you.

"I don't know whether old Thomas put that Bear Hollow bunch wise what I'd come to him about. I always kinda thought he did. It'd 'a' been like him. He may of wanted to be sure we wouldn't be startin' out to stake out that claim on his money. Maybe Swell got mad and told 'em himself. I don't know. Anyway, things happened while I was away.

"I remember it was rotten-goin' weather when I started out and took me a long time. I spent the night in a cabin and it was about ten next mornin' when I come to that crossroads about three mile below our place. As I did I see somethin' in the bushes looked like that squaw and I called her. Whoever it was run like a rabbit. You could see scare in the straight of her hair. I was right mad, 'cause she hadn't ought to have gallivanted and leave them kids.

"Remember them cabins, Jen? You come to ours first and Swell's was on a little rise of ground up back. I went to our cabin first. Hick'd been dead a long time and I was sure there wasn't no germs on me. Inside was upside down, but nothin' much gone except that squaw. Looked to me like she'd been hittin' the hooch.

"The kids was in their cradles side by side, squallin' their lungs out, not more than eight months old neither of 'em. Sounded like they wanted food, so I give 'em their bottles, damned that Indian woman and went to look for Swell. The door of his cabin was part way open. I sung out for him when I see it. He didn't answer so I went in.

"My God, Jen, there he lay right inside with his head all mashed in with a ax! Couldn't tell who it was except for the clothes—and blood everywhere. I won't say I was scared, 'cause scared ain't the word nor yet blood-run-cold ain't. I just give one yawp and run for our place. I barred that door and set down and tried to think.

"If that bunch had done that to Swell they'd do it to me, sure as shootin', and I didn't hanker to have it done. They was a ugly crowd and I knew they'd follow me up, no matter where. I was just dog-goned scared to death.

"All day I set and planned and took care of them kids and cursed that squaw. When night come I knew what to do. I went to Swell's cabin and I stripped him and dragged him to ours. It wasn't pleas'nt, but it had to be done. Then I dresses the corpse in my clothes and laid him in the middle of the floor, goes back and sets his cabin afire and sneaks away. I knew someone'd see the fire and come and find the body and think I'd been got like Swell and take care of the kid till you was well."

Mrs. Davison had drawn away from him and a look of rage distorted her face.

"You left our baby in that cabin to be took care of just as someone happened to come along or not? You—You ——"

He gave a leisurely grin.

"I left Swell's baby," he said.

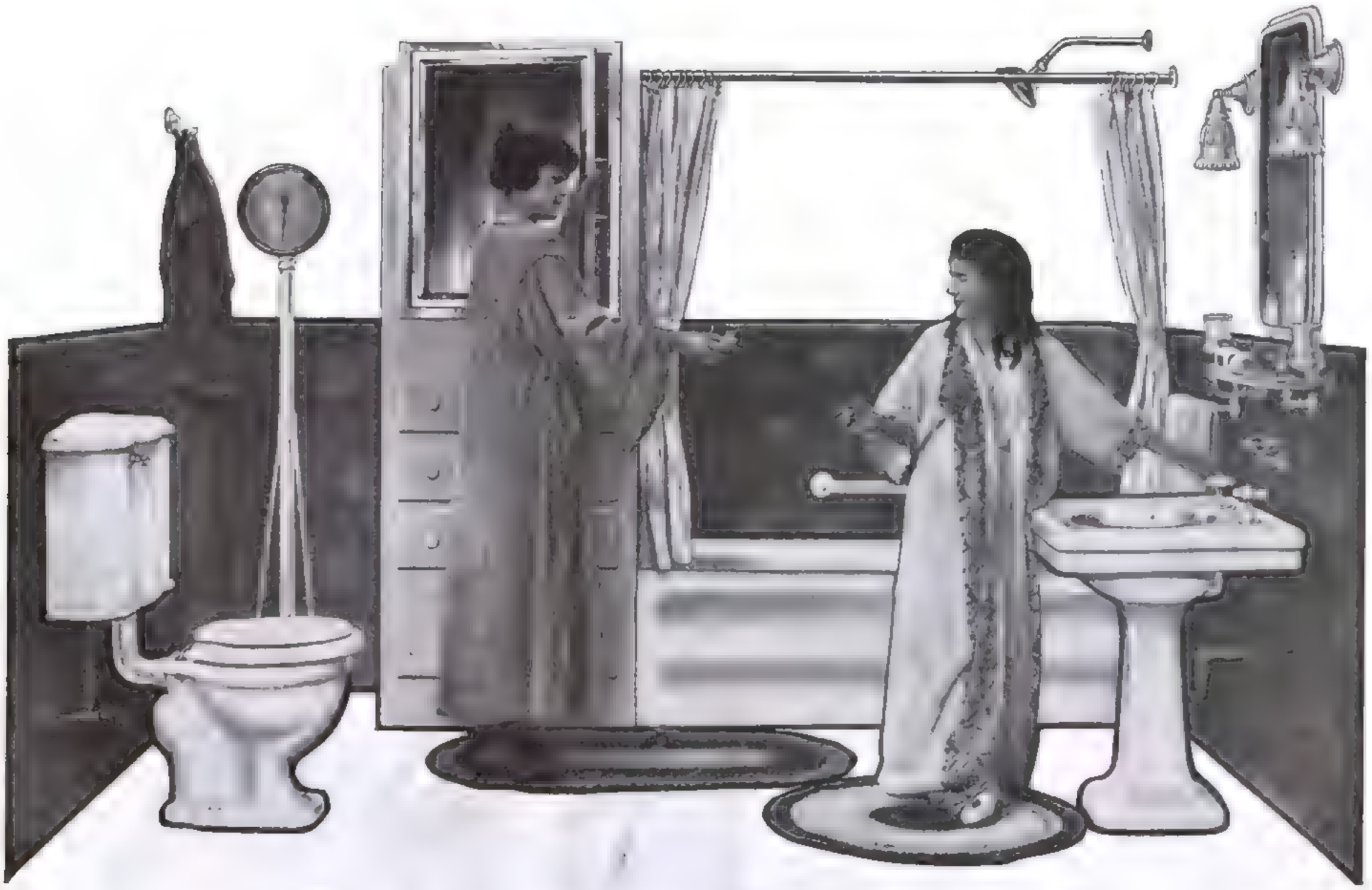
"What?"

That wasn't the sound that came from her, but I imagine that it meant that.

"I left Swell's baby," he repeated. "That gal of yours ain't ours. You didn't reckanize her, because she was about the same age and you'd been sick so long you thought she'd changed—but she ain't."

"Mary ain't mine!" Mrs. Davison screamed. "I don't believe it and I never

(Continued on Page 97)



Is Your Bathroom Ten Years Old?

If so, it is possible that the fixtures should be replaced. They may not be up to date. Like other home furnishings, plumbing fixtures should be replaced as new, more pleasing designs come into vogue. Let your Contracting Plumber be your adviser. He is familiar with the modern developments in plumbing fixtures. His knowledge of fixtures plus his knowledge of the technique of plumbing makes his advice authoritative.

If you live in a city write for "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home."

Write for "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Farm" if you live in the country.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

NEW YORK	35 W 31ST	*EAST ST LOUIS	10 N COLLINSVILLE	*ERIE	130 W. TWELFTH	*SAN ANTONIO	218 LOSOYA
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPARTMENT)	50 BROAD	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	918 11TH	*FORT WORTH	800-830 MONROE
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY	KANSAS CITY	301 RIDGE ARCADE
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	*TOLEDO	311 311 ERIE	*MILWAUKEE	311-313 FIFTH ST	SAN FRANCISCO	149 55 BLUXOME
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG	*COLUMBUS	243 255 S THIRD	*LOUISVILLE	331 333 W MAIN	*LOS ANGELES	216 224 S CENTRAL
*PITTSBURGH	439 449 WATER	*CANTON	1108 2ND ST N E	*NASHVILLE	315 TENTH AVE S	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG
PITTSBURGH	196 SIXTH	*YOUNGSTOWN	436 W FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	648 BARONNE	CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 KARPEN BLDG
*CHICAGO	14 N PEORIA	*WHEELING	1120-30 JACOB	*HOUSTON	COR. PRESTON AND SMITH	*TORONTO CAN	69 E RICHMOND
*ST LOUIS	810 N SECOND	*HUNTINGTON	2D AVE & 10TH ST.	*DALLAS	1200-1206 JACKSON	*HAMILTON, CAN	20 W JACKSON

Service at "Standard" Branches In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch. If interested in plumbing fixtures for factories, write for book, "Factory Sanitation."

(Continued from Page 95)

will! You're the biggest liar ever lived and always was. Ain't none of that true. I s'pose our baby died."

"Yes, she did nix. I took care of her. I wasn't takin' a chance with that bunch where she was concerned. She's out in the car now, waitin' to see her ma."

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" Mrs. Davison shrilled her denial.

"Show that lady settin' in my car in," Mr. Davison said to me with an evident sense of the drama of his remark.

I went to the car.

"Mrs. Davison would like you to step inside."

I hoped that preposterous story wasn't true. I resented the young person who had got down. She walked ahead of me, untying the veil from round the cap she wore. My heart sank at every step. She went into the drawing-room before an indignant woman prepared to deny her and the fact that she had been deceived for twenty years. After Mrs. Davison's outraged eyes had gathered her in, however, there was no denial in them. Contour, coloring, feature by feature, that girl's body proclaimed Mrs. Davison's motherhood. Her own youth was standing before her.

"Mame!" she said, and flung her arms round the young person. "My little Mame!"

The young person cried and kissed her and clung, saying, "Ma, ma darling."

I tiptoed out and I thought of my Miss Mary upstairs.

XII

IT WAS certainly his Jen's daughter Mr. Davison had led back to her arms. Whether any of the rest of his colorful story was true I do not know. I think Mrs. Davison harbored doubts as to the simple nobility of his motives, but she wanted to be convinced and allowed herself to be. The story of her husband's absence from her side for twenty of the more riotous years of his life therefore remains unedited as it came from his lips.

He had worked at various things, made a decent, low-middle-class income, sent the girl to public school and apparently had comfortably forgotten his Jen, though he protested that he had made strenuous efforts to recover her after his fear of the gang died out. The fact that he failed to search for her in the place where her one small property was situated occurred to me as a discrepancy, but he managed to convince her that that was only natural. I mention it merely to prove his genius.

One day months after it had appeared the Sunday supplement with the pictures of Rosemount and its chatelaine fell into his hands. He sold everything he owned, showing a great deal of confidence in his persuasive powers or perhaps relying on Mame to reclinch matters, and came to Warm Cove without enough money to buy return gasoline had Mrs. Davison proved incredulous.

I never knew how they told Miss Mary. She had suffered too much to feel the shock as she would have done. It was annihilation on the heels of calamity.

Mrs. Davison came down to dinner with an arm round each girl. I think she did it to demonstrate their equality in her affection, but Miss Mary never realized it. There was an insensible look about her. I heard her speak only once during the meal. It was to ask if they didn't know something more about her father than she had heard. Mr. Davison raked his memory. He'd been called Swell because he talked kind of put-on like. He come from New York or Boston or down that way, but he was a good fellow. Seemed like he'd heard him called Dick some time. He wasn't sure.

I was passing him a dish of peas just then and he evidently considered himself in danger, for he interrupted his reminiscences to say: "Steady there, matey, that's the one pair pants I got."

He never returned to his talk of her father, and Miss Mary made no more inquiries.

Mame was very pretty in an overabundant way and had inherited her mother's large-hearted kindliness to a great extent. She had a weakness for satin bows on her hair, swastika pins and anecdotes about her beaus and the times they used to have in high school. Despite these frailties and the suffering I knew it must cause Miss Mary it was a pleasure to see her with her mother. They were so truly congenial that they scarcely needed to get acquainted, a verb which was often on Mrs. Davison's lips those days. Mrs. Davison's love for Miss Mary had been tinctured with respect, but Mame was another self who had experienced what might have been her own adventures on another path.

"Mary's sweet," I heard Mrs. Davison tell her husband one afternoon a few days later, "but she's kinda cold. It's nice to have a real girly girl round. Not that I ain't fond of Mary—how could I be anything else? She's been a daughter to me for twenty years. But she's kinda—you know."

"What you goin' to do about her?" Mr. D. asked waterily.

"Do? Just what I have done—what d'you expect—throw her out of house and home? Well, I won't, I can tell you. She's my child if she's not yours."

"Don't seem quite fair to Mame," he returned, rocking and looking supernaturally paternal.

"Why ain't it? There's plenty for two. Mary's is in her own name anyhow—not all her share, but a lot. I got kinda tired paying income taxes on so much, so I made it over to her."

"Aw, Jen!" He was evidently wounded. "What did you go and do that for?"

"I've managed my own affairs for twenty years and done better than you ever done," she announced in a tone that was nearer a snap than any I had ever heard her employ, "and I'm goin' to keep on without your assistance. She's got five hundred thousand in her right and she's goin' to keep it and get more when I die."

"Seems kinda unnatural to me," Mr. D. rocked out.

"I guess Mame'd ought to be able to manage on a million and a half," his wife returned with fine sarcasm.

He had been trying to extract a definite statement as to the amount of her fortune ever since his arrival. Such satisfaction shone from his eyes at this remark that she ended: "Well, I hope you're pleased. You know now, don't you? I'll tell you one thing. You don't get a cent more than I want to give you. See?"

At this juncture Miss Mary entered with Mame hanging about her. Mrs. Davison—as always—glowed with good humor at sight of the children. Mame, as I remember, was being thrilled. She thrilled so often and so buoyantly that it was a little difficult for the rest of us to bear—except her mother, who found her facile raptures delightful.

"Mary's been showing me round," she ecstasized. "I think the grounds are perfectly lovely. I never see such gardens except in the moving pictures. Ma, I want to have some movies taken. Don't you think we could, and have 'em played at the Bijou back home?"

"Maybe we might," her mother said.

"Say, if Florence Bolton could see this place, wouldn't she just go wild, pop?"

"Guess she'd open her eyes," Mr. D. agreed complacently.

"Florence was my chum at high school," Mame explained, though everyone knew by that time. "She was a regular case. I wish you could of seen her mock teacher. You'd have died laughing."

"Why don't you ask her to visit you?" her mother suggested.

"Wouldn't I like to though! Say, I just can't wait to see her face when she sees that lion on the gates. She'll act like it was the county farm, but she'll be ready to bust."

Mrs. Davison forgot the pride of her new-found child long enough to notice Miss Mary, who stood watching them.

"Why do you stand there like a stoten bottle, pettie?" she asked. "Anything wrong with you?"

"Not a thing," Miss Mary said. "I didn't know I was."

"I thought you'd lost your tongue."

"I guess it's time to dress," Miss Mary changed the subject. "You want that blue dress to-night, don't you, Mame?"

"I think it'd be lovely. D'you suppose Roxie can pin it so's it'll look all right?"

They went upstairs and Mame was saying, "You got to tell me how you do your hair that way too. Think it'd look nice on me."

Mrs. Davison beamed at the sight.

"Mary just needed someone like that," she told her husband.

I do not know whether Mr. Isaac Davison managed to speak to Miss Mary in private some time before dinner, or had Mame do so, or whether the subject occurred to her telepathically, but when they were all at table she said quietly: "We'd better have Mr. Hitz come down to-morrow, mother, so I can transfer that property over to Mame."

"What property?" Mrs. Davison asked indignantly.

"That money you gave me."

"Well, who's asked for it back?"

"I don't think I'd ought to keep it any more."

"You certainly had and you're goin' to. Your father owned half the money Ike put in the bank for me that time anyway."

Mr. D. opened his mouth for a denial, but received so imperative a glance that he shut it again, having made a vague, miserable sound.

"I'd rather, mother," Miss Mary insisted. "I don't feel comfortable keeping it, honest."

Mame said: "What's it about—money?"

"Yes," her mother answered. "Mary's money. You're going to keep that, Mary—hear?"

When Miss Mary put out her hand and said "Please," she threw her an indignant "What do you think I am—an Indian giver?"

"No use makin' her feel bad, Jen," Mr. Davison came in very gently.

XIII

THAT night there was a loud discussion in the long living hall. The servants' sitting room was noisy too. My subordinates had been annoying for several days in their excitement about the changes in the household and that evening even Roxie had spoken, volunteering the information that Miss Mary cried every night and it would do her looks no good. I shut myself up in my pantry, which was in the other wing of the house from the living hall and far enough from their gabble to leave it inaudible.

I did not read as I usually did while waiting for eleven o'clock and the final task of extinguishing the lights. I sat and went into my past for memories that fitted strangely with knowledge I had gained. I made plans—I who thought I had finished with plans forever!

My clock struck half past ten before Mr. Davison blundered into the dining room to get some water. He stumbled over a chair before I had time to turn on the light.

"We been having a session," he informed me. "I always get dry when I talk." And he poured a glassful down his lumpy throat and went away. Ten minutes later there was a tap on my door.

"It's me, Jacob," Miss Mary's voice said. "Can I come in?"

"Of course, Miss Mary."

I stood up. She looked worn.

"I've got to talk to someone," she said. "Do you mind?"

"You know I don't, Miss Mary."

She sat down on a straight chair.

"Don't stand, Jacob," she begged. "Don't pretend. I came here because I think you like me."

I tried to tell her how fond of her I was, but found only a few poor words that I refuse to put down.

"That's why I can talk," she said. "You heard it at dinner—about the money?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've been discussing it ever since. Mother's made me keep some of it, Jacob. I don't want to, but I couldn't hurt her when she's been so good to me, and she just cried whenever I tried to speak my mind. I'm going to keep a hundred and fifty thousand to please her, but I don't want to—I don't."

"I think you're foolish, Miss Mary," I told her. "Why don't you?"

"I don't know, but I don't. And I can't stay here, Jacob. You see that, don't you? I don't know whether it's jealousy or what, but I'm not one of them. I'm just outside and I can't stand it."

She began to cry in an abandoned way I have never been able to watch for long, putting her arms along the back of her chair and burying her face in them. She kept saying something about wanting to give the money away—she didn't know what to do with it—and go and be a maid or something as she'd been born to be.

I said "There, there" a great many times and patted her on the shoulder; then in no explicable way I found I had my arms about her and that she was crying on my shirt front as though I were the motherly old woman she needed.

"Miss Mary," I begged. "I've got a plan I want to tell you and I can't if you sob like that. Will you stop long enough to listen? Then you can go on as hard as you like."

"I'll try," she said, and smiled crookedly.

"You will probably think I'm an adventurer," I began. "I don't look like one, I admit, but most people would think I was if they heard this proposition, and I am by no means sure I could convince them to the contrary. Probably it is merely the fact that you have one hundred and fifty thousand dollars that dazzles my subconscious mind and makes me think I care for you."

I got up and walked round the pantry agitatedly. Miss Mary watched me with interested eyes. I stood still in front of her.

"I'm Peter Van Hoeven," I said. "You've heard of my family, I remember your saying. I haven't a cent in the world except what I've saved from my salary here. My great-great-grandfather was a fur-trading old scoundrel when the Dutch owned New York, but the fact is almost forgotten and the family passes for good."

I paused and tried to get calm enough so that I would sound at least fairly reasonable.

"I can take care of you socially," I went on, "and see that your money makes you comfortable, and I'm not proposing anything so ridiculous as marriage. I am doing the next most fantastic thing. Would you care to adopt me for an uncle? It is an odd, silly proposition, but I can't see you unhappy and not offer the one solution that occurs to me."

"Jacob!" she said inaccurately. "You dear! Would you?"

"That is my proposition," I told her. "I don't know what legal proceeding would be necessary, but I do know what ill-natured people would say—at best that I was selling my social position for money; at worst that I was taking advantage of your youth to cheat you out of a living. Ill-natured people are usually right. Do you want to chance it?"

"I'd rather do it than anything," she answered. "I thought I might have to marry Mr. Roland."

"Mame will probably marry Mr. Roland," I said. "No, on second thought she will probably marry Burns Bell."

"And I won't ever marry anyone. Don't look like that! I won't, honest!"

"You're sure you want to do this incredibly foolish thing?" I asked. "You should think it over for weeks."

"I'm sure. I don't need to think it over. You know that."

"Then if you've really decided I've something to tell you. Your father's name was Huffen, wasn't it—Swell Huffen because he spoke well, and he sometimes was called Dick, according to Mr. Davison?"

"Yes."

Her eyes were very large.

"I had a brother. There's been a black sheep in every generation of our family and the black sheep of mine was my brother Richard. He went West, the way of black sheep, and when last we heard of him he was in the Klondike. His name was Richard Van Hoeven—Dick Huffen. Do you see there's a chance? A slight one, but not unthinkable."

"I believe it," Miss Mary said.

"So do I," I told her. "But let's just believe it. Let's not look it up and find out it isn't true. Let's just think it is with all our hearts."

So it was agreed. She said some very dear things in not too perfect grammar and my clock struck half past eleven.

"I must turn out the lights," I reminded her.

We both laughed.

"Good night," she said. "What shall I call you now?"

"Uncle Peter, I suppose."

"Good night, Uncle Peter."

She kissed me as shyly as though I had been seventeen, and went away. I had a complex of curious emotions—the sort of stage fright a ground hog must feel on Candlemas Day, the wonder whether I was equal to the task of Miss Mary's happiness I had set myself, and above all and about all a deep sense of comfort in that warm young love that had pressed timid lips to my old cheek.

XIV

MRS. DAVISON'S sense of the probable had been shaken by her husband's rise from the tomb, but she had retained an uninjured surplus of incredulity for such news as Mary's. In the first place, how could I be Peter Van Hoeven? She demanded that I prove my identity as indubitably as a conservative banker might, had

I asked to borrow a large sum. Fortunately I could do so without leaving the house. She then attacked the fundamental absurdity of the project.

"You can't adopt an uncle, pettie," she asseverated. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Yes, I can, dear," was Mary's only reply to that statement, but she spoke it with such dignity and determination that the plan's lack of precedent lost strength as an argument.

Finally, when I was not present she said to Mary: "How do you know it's not your money he's after?"

Mary looked at her

"I know," she answered.

Mrs. Davison's reply as Mary reported it surprised me.

"I guess you're right," she admitted. "He ain't that kind."

A little later she reopened the subject.

"You keep what's yours in your own hands though," she said. "He's lost all his money, according to his own story. Don't let him lose yours."

That precept admitted that she was resigned, and the rest of her protests took proportion as humorous comments. The fact was that in the back of her mind Mrs. Davison realized that Mary would be better away from them—for a time at least.

Mr. Davison was unquestionably, but surreptitiously, delighted. Mame bemoaned the withdrawal of Mary's wardrobe, which was her temporary base of supply. Mrs. Davison, who really detested shopping, had put off the day she should buy her an outfit until some time when they got visited out.

"I can't get a thing near as pretty as your clothes in town," Mame told Mary. "If you see anything you think'd be sweet for me send it out C. O. D. Say, do you mind?"

I suggested that Mary leave almost all the dresses. She did so—to Mame's squealing delight. They had never seemed quite right to me. Not that they weren't smart, but they looked as though they had grown in a shop window, not unfolded from her personality as clothes should.

In spite of many sincere tears, I think we left a very happy mother and daughter twined in each other's arms under the Rosemount portico, and a happier Mary than I had seen since Major Estabrook's departure sat at my side. At the curve of the drive we saw Mrs. Davison gesticulating frantically and ordered the man to turn back. She had summoned us to say for the hundredth time, "You won't be able to do nothing on that measly little money you got."

"Won't you take some more, pettie?" she begged.

"No, dearest."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"You ain't going to forget us—you'll come back?"

"Of course."

They kissed each other again and cried, in that way women have, as though they had some secret between them that they understood and no man could.

"Take care of her," she admonished me, and she swallowed a "Jacob" with difficulty.

"I will," I promised. I think she was sure I would.

We put up at the Edgerton, a small place, but I'd noticed when we went through New York that the old Holland House doorman was there and I like familiar faces. The head waiter had been a bell boy at the Holland, too, and they both pretended to remember me after I had registered and shaved the burnsides.

There is a Frenchwoman with a shop on the avenue and her name in slant letters across its bland windows, who was the sister of an old gardener of mine. When her husband died I sent her to America with letters and a little money, which she paid back long ago. I took Mary to her shop our first day.

After Madame Leon had talked a great deal of nonsense about my kindness to her I told her what I wanted.

"You can see what my niece is," I said. "She is young, shy, aloof ——"

"Monsieur does not need to search for adjectives," she interrupted. "I comprehend her." And she made the gesture of a psychic who announces that she is in communication.

"I want you to make her a wardrobe in the French taste," I informed her.

"That pleases me," she answered.

"She will wear it with American shoes," I added.

She grimaced at that as a barbarous failure to appreciate a racial superiority, and when I told her the amount Mary could afford to spend she grimaced again.

"Can you do it?" I asked.

"She is the niece of monsieur," she replied as though that were a guaranty of her ability to achieve miracles.

A few days later at Mary's first fitting, after Madame Leon had paraded her before me in something frail and exquisite in pale chiffon, Madame Leon permitted herself a comment.

"*Elle est très, très distinguée,*" she said.

As we went back to our hotel I told Mary that Madame Leon had said she had a great deal of distinction. She laughed.

"Isn't it fun?" she said, then added with outrageous flattery, "That's because I was with you."

I was about to rebuke her when she stopped me with a question:

"What ought I to say when you introduce me to people, Uncle Peter?"

"'How do you do?' is quite enough."

"And won't you correct my grammar, please?"

"Don't worry about your grammar," I told her.

It was improving. She was one of those people who catch the habit of the speech they hear and she was so anxious to learn that she did not need to be troubled by feeling that her mistakes were of any importance.

"But I do," she insisted. "I don't use many of the worst things I used to. I haven't said 'hadn't ought' for ages, but I don't speak pretty—prettily?"

She held the word poised until I nodded my head in approval of the emendation.

"Prettily—and I want to. I think it's prettier to say tub, like you do, than bath, and either than eether. It's not affected now, is it—it's just learning to talk the way I was born to?"

"As your father did," I said. "Our Cousin Nicholas has a portrait of him when he was a boy, which I want you to see. I am going to telephone Nicholas as soon as you are outfitted and tell him that we are coming to visit him."

In the meantime we went to all sorts of plays and the corners of the city I had always loved. We looked at the house I was born in, prowled about the Metropolitan Museum, particularly the Van Hoeven collection Nicholas' father presented, and—it is incredible—but I do not think she was bored.

Finally we paid our respects to the one Van Hoeven whose statue looks stodgily over Central Park and we laid violets at his feet in mild ancestor worship, or perhaps it was only common pity, for he looked very lonely and unloved among the greater marble men.

Madame Leon's clothes were a great success. They were fashioned with a severity Mary's slenderness and fineness of feature could support—all art and no ornament.

"They are a lady's clothes and she looks a lady," Madame Leon commented when I praised her. "*La plupart des jeunes demoiselles Américaines veulent avoir un chic tout à fait cocotte.*"

I telephoned Nicholas that day. The family place is just above Hyde Park. It is a distorted, ugly old house that we are all rather proud of and envy Nicholas, who is very overbearing in his anxiety to be the head of the family in what he considers the English sense.

"Hello, Nicholas," I said when I got him. "This is Peter."

Nicholas did not sound particularly surprised.

I doubt if he would have done so had he been reading my obituary at the moment the telephone rang.

"I have been trying to locate you everywhere," he told me. "Where have you been? Why didn't you come to me when you were in trouble?"

"Please do not refer to me as being in trouble, Nicholas," I protested. "It makes me feel like a fallen girl, which is very unbecoming to a man of my years. I am stopping at the Edgerton with poor Richard's girl."

"Richard's girl! Richard's! I didn't know he had one. Where is he?"

"You are curiously out of touch with the family," I said cruelly. "Dick is dead. I found his daughter with the utmost difficulty. May we come out for a short visit?"

"Of course you may. I expect it. Who was her mother?"

Fortunately Nicholas is very dull. I assumed a weighty tone and said, "I think you will understand when I ask you not to speak of her mother to her or to me. The mother's family quite naturally had strong objections to her marrying Richard. The mother is dead and since Mary and I have been together we have never discussed her. You understand?"

"Perfectly, Peter. I beg your pardon. I should have known better."

Nicholas would respect a finer feeling with his life's blood without the remotest idea whether it was reasonable or not. I could be sure he would ask no questions.

XV

WE MOTORED to Nicholas'. Mary was seized with a violent stage fright, or whatever is the drawing-room edition of that malady, just after we passed High Bridge. She begged to be allowed to go back while I went on alone.

"I'll come when I've learned," she pleaded.

"Learned what?"

"How to act. I'm so ignorant, Uncle Peter, and stupid. I'll wait at the hotel."

"You will do nothing of the sort, young woman," I said with admirable firmness, considering the fact that I was wholly dependent on her. "You are no more ignorant than most of the people you will meet at Nicholas' unless he has improved his visiting list. Moreover, there is not a more fashionable vice in the world."

"You're just being nice," she accused me.

"I'll admit it is stupid in you to regret some imaginary lack of manners because of them," I returned. "They haven't seen a manner for so long that if you give any indication of politeness they will suspect you of being well preserved."

That was a little more than the truth, but I think it did her good—at least it made her laugh. I managed to keep her occupied until we pulled up the drive and saw Nicholas and Dorothea waiting for us on the terrace.

The nearest I have come to proposing marriage to any woman since a far and fragrant day which does not concern this story was on the occasion of Barbara Denton's saying of Nicholas' wife, Dorothea, that she looked as though her clothes had been put on with tacks instead of with hooks and buttons. From the paintedly regular line of her waved hair to the gleam of her slipper tips she had the immaculate inhuman look of a very perfectly upholstered piece of furniture. I remember telling Barbara after her remark that I always looked for casters in Dorothea's heels, which pleased her a great deal more than the proposal would have done.

"Peter!" Nicholas said, and clasped my hand; then turned to Mary, "My dear young cousin!"

Mary hovered on the brink of something more enthusiastic, but said, "How do you do?" and stopped. I do not think she could have pleased Nicholas more.

"Peter!" said Dorothea, and offered me her exquisitely finished hand with mother-of-pearl inlay for exactly the length of time his clasp had endured. Then she turned to Mary.

"You are very welcome, my dear," she told her, and gave her a kiss that must have tasted of furniture polish, but furniture polish of the most expensive sort.

Mary said, "Thank you," and really looked so lovely against the background of the old house that I think they must have felt a slight vibration of my pride in her.

"You should have come to me, and not your Uncle Peter," Nicholas reproved her. "I am the head of the family."

"Mary is not accustomed to going to people," I returned. "I had to seek her out in disguise as a menial and I only uprooted her from the very kind family where she had been brought up, by untiring effort."

Nicholas and Dorothea thought this sounded like what they call "one of Peter's jokes," and as my jokes make them uneasy Nicholas changed the subject after saying "Oh," to show that he had heard me.

"You will be anxious to see the portraits," he said to Mary.

She admitted that she was, and he led her inside.

Dorothea said, "She seems to have dignity. I am glad. The Marston girl, who stayed with us, put the verbena leaf from her finger bowl between her thumb joints the other night at dinner and whistled on it. It was very distressing. Did you have an agreeable crossing, Peter?"

"I think there are no agreeable crossings, Dorothea."

"I have never experienced one, but one always asks."

"Is this musical young person—Miss Marston, I think you said—staying with you now?"

"No. We have very few people in the house; some French friends of yours—the Marquis de Missiac—and Francis Locker, some kind of a cousin of Nicholas' on the Van Hoeven side. I dare say you haven't met him. He is supposed to be clever like you, but I think at times he is almost pert. I have never been quite sure where the one began and the other left off."

"It is an enigma on which a great many reputations have been founded," I said. "Is Madame de Missiac here with her husband?"

"Yes, the marquise is here," Dorothea responded, "and their son. The marquise is lovely to look at, but I think she lacks solidity. It is a fault I have found in the French before."

"They proved it conclusively in the recent war," I answered, and Dorothea nodded.

I have lost more brilliant pearls of sarcasm than that in the crevices of her tufted brain and I was not surprised.

"I think so and I have always thought so," she pronounced conclusively, then added after a moment: "We are giving you your usual rooms. Old James died. The new man is detestable, but I trust you will find him competent."

I observed that Dorothea was conversationally exhausted, and withdrew.

I sent the man who'd been assigned to inquire if I might see Mary for a moment. He led me back to her dressing room where she sat in a flowery lace garment with her hair over her shoulders.

"Frightened still?" I asked.

"Just enough to like it. I feel like a lighted candle. I do love you so much, Uncle Peter."

I patted her head.

"I came to tell you who are here," I said. "There are some French people named De Missiac. They were very dear friends of mine in France. He is a marquis. Dorothea, as I remember, ends every remark she puts to a titled person with his title. It gives the effect of talking to a trick dog. I thought I would warn you not to copy her. Monsieur or madame is quite sufficient."

Then I told her about Pierre, who was with them, and Hubert, who was my favorite and who was killed—enough so that she would not think of them as quite strangers.

"Is there anyone else?" she asked when I was through.

"Just Francis Locker, a kind of cousin of ours. I don't know anything about him. It's practically a family party."

"If dinner is at eight," she said, "I'm afraid you will have to go away. The maid has promised to make me very beautiful and that will certainly take a long, long time."

XVI

I MADE it a point to be down before the other guests, and was waiting at the foot of the stairs when the De Missiacs descended. Old De Missiac began bellowing his greeting when he saw me.

"You see you could not escape us, old chap," he cried. "Pierrot must see the world and we brought him to hop about your sky scratchers. My God, it is good to see you!"

His wife covered my hand with her left hand as she had that night I bade them good-by.

"It is such a pleasure, my dear friend," she said.

It was like being back, to hear them and meet Pierre again with his coal-black hair and his turned-up nose, unchanged, but with a new soldierly air.

"You stay in the army?" I asked.

"No, sir."

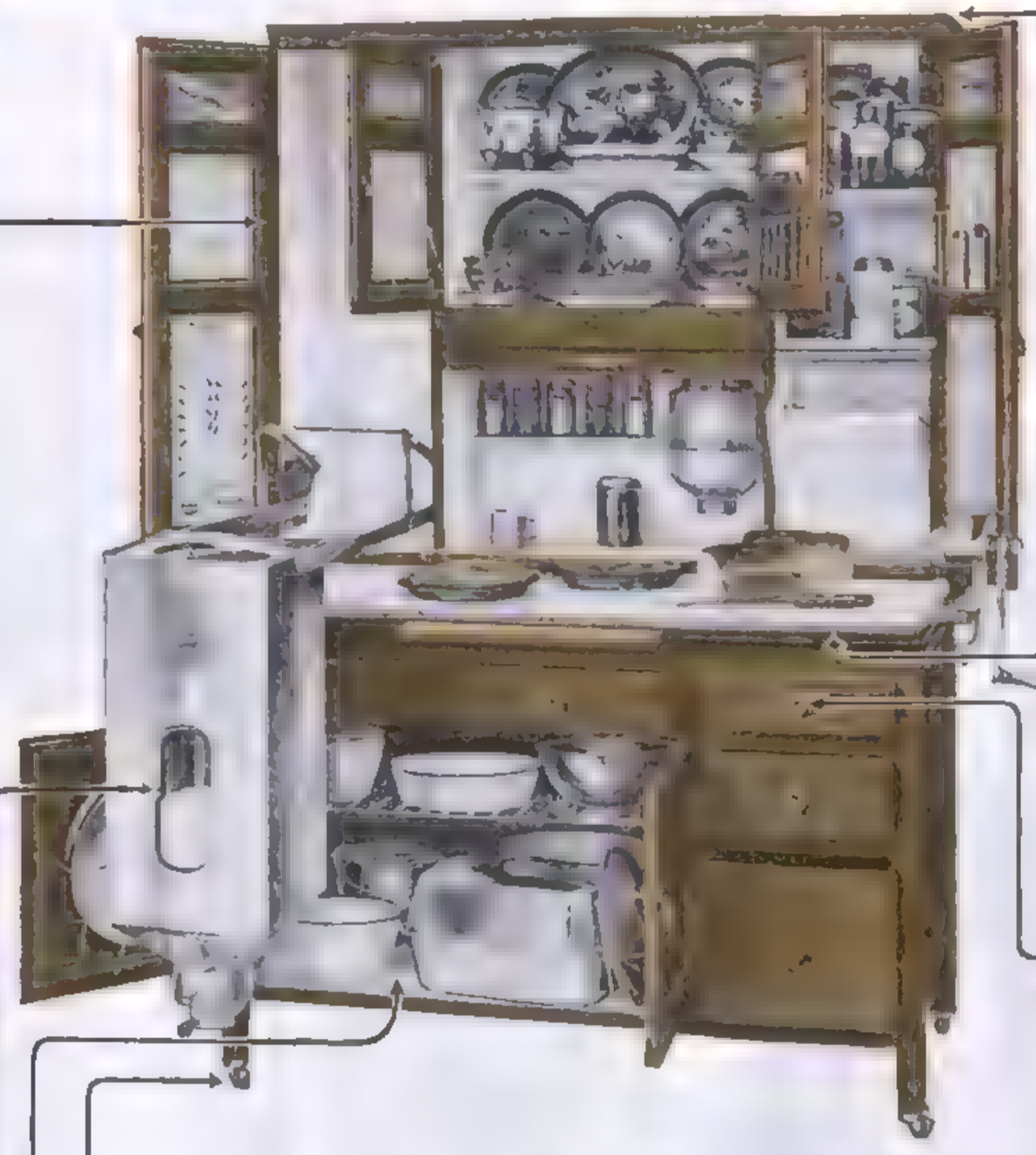
"He is too much a devil," his father explained. "Discipline does not suit Master Pierre. These youngsters unlearned all the lessons of generations in the trenches."

"Except courage," I said, and Pierre acknowledged it with a salute.

When the marquise could do so without being overheard she said, "You are entirely cured, my friend?"

"Quite, thank you," I answered.

(Continued on Page 102)



Dovetail Construction. Costs over $7,500 more, annually.

Dust-Proof Base Top Underneath the Porcelitron Work Table. This improvement costs us over $14,250 extra, annually. The Porcelitron work table is a refinement all women want.

Glass Drawer Pulls. Costs us over $2,250 more, annually.

Oil Hand-Rubbed Finish. Costs us over $4,750 more to apply, each year, than other finishes.

Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. Approved by physicians. Costs us $2,000 extra, annually, more than the best of other kinds of bins.

Automatic Base Shelf Extender. Welcomed everywhere as a long needed improvement. Costs us over $9,000 extra, annually.

Ant-Proof Casters. Costs us $10,000 each year more than ordinary casters.

"By Far the Most Convenient Cabinet of All"

MISS Constance E. Miller, a domestic science expert whose work has been read by thousands of women throughout the nation, has written us the following letter:

> "In my professional work I have, of course, seen many kitchen cabinets. But I am obliged to admit that none has seemed to me to so exactly meet the daily needs of the housewife as the Sellers. You have evidently studied kitchen work and you have certainly solved the problem of labor saving and convenience in the kitchen. To my mind, the Sellers is by far the most convenient kitchen cabinet of all."

No expense has been spared to provide unusual convenience in the Sellers. It costs us, for example, over $100,000 extra each year for improvements, developed in our factories of which no other cabinet can boast. These are not mere "selling features." Each is a major improvement without which, we think, no cabinet can ever fully serve you. We have indicated some of the more important of these features on the illustration. Note them carefully. They are Sellers creations. You find them nowhere else. And without them, we are sure, no cabinet can give you complete service.

Cost No More Than Any Good Cabinet

Strange though it may seem, the price of the Sellers is no higher than that of any good cabinet. The unusual conveniences cost you nothing more. Most Sellers dealers will arrange terms to suit your income. See the local Sellers dealer today and judge for yourself the superiorities of this unusual cabinet. Also write for our new "$100,000 Feature Book." It fully describes our exclusive improvements. We will mail you a copy free of charge.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., Elwood, Indiana

Canadian Factory: The Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Co. of Canada—Southampton, Ontario, Canada

SELLERS

Kitchen Cabinets

"The Best Servant in your House"

88)

Un-retouched photographs showing Goodyear Cord Tires in heavy duty service for the Case-Fowler Lumber Company, Macon, Ga.

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

GOODYEAR

Pioneering Progress with Pneumatics

IN explaining why he is arranging to replace all the remaining solid tires on his motor trucks with pneumatics, Mr. Henry Fowler, Treasurer of the Case-Fowler Lumber Co., Macon, Ga., writes: "Our trucks on Goodyear Cord Tires carry capacity loads of logs through mud and sand usually impassable to our solid-tired trucks. Indeed, the trucks on the Goodyear Cords frequently have pulled the solid-tired trucks out of mire and sand in which they have become stuck. Your pneumatics not only reduce fuel consumption and upkeep generally while increasing our daily trips, but they are particularly fitted for our rough work by reason of their downright toughness."

WHILE the business man quoted above and many others have been demonstrating the advantages of the perfected pneumatic truck tire, Goodyear has developed proof of an extraordinary nature.

Since April 9th, 1917, the Akron-to-Boston Express has been running night and day carrying Goodyear freight on pneumatic tires over its 1,500-mile highway circuit.

More recently the Akron-to-Cleveland Freight Line and the Goodyear Heights Busses have been adding to the evidence of cord pneumatic efficiency for all-year transport.

These extensive undertakings have sprung from the belief of Goodyear engineers in the eventual widespread adoption of pneumatics to free motor trucks of solid tire handicaps.

They have followed the original development of the Goodyear Cord construction, begun years ago, on which the whole practicability and every virtue of pneumatic truck tires are based.

They have been the means of exhaustive tests of Goodyear Cord Tires for trucks, also Tubes, Rims, Repair Materials, and others' engine pumps and air gauges made in collaboration with Goodyear engineers.

Now the cost data, developed by these pioneer fleets of pneumatic-shod highway trucks and busses, can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

SAVE TRUCKS LOADS ROADS
Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 98)

"I am glad."

"You enjoy life since you have become a wanderer?"

"I long for my hearth. But it has been of great interest. Your American men are charming."

"And our American women?"

She merely looked quizzical.

"There is one American girl you must like," I told her. "It is my niece, with whom I live."

"I shall, I am sure."

Mary came down the stairs in a white gown with a silver girdle.

"This is she," I said, and presented her.

She knew a little French and they pretended that it was a great deal and that she spoke it very well. She was flushed with pleasure at the little success when Dorothea and Nicholas bore down on us with apologies for their lateness which were entirely unnecessary as they were not late at all. As we stood talking a chirp like that of a startled toucan came from the staircase. We looked up to see the other guest descending. He couldn't have been more than twenty-five. He had dark hair, a longish nose that curved up at the end, brown eyes like mine, but kinder than mine had been at his age, and a black mustache which he twirled fiercely.

"Bless my soul," he blustered, "am I the only one in this household who has the decency to be punctual?"

"We're all down long before you, Francis," Dorothea said in an injured tone.

"That's my complaint. It's just as unpunctual to be early as to be late—and much more dangerous. Be early and you're apt to bore yourself. Follow my method and you may bore others, but they can't complain.

"Is no one going to present me to my cousins? I'm Francis Locker, son of one Edith Van Hoeven. My cousin Nicholas is evidently ashamed to introduce us. He looks as guilty as though he'd been caught saying his prayers."

"Aren't we to be granted a moment to say we are honored by the presentation?" I asked.

"You're right, you're right!" He shook his head sadly. "A chattering man goes to a woman's hell. You see, Cousin Nicholas, your butler is not as punctual as I. There go the curtains and it is two minutes past eight. Probably been bussing the barmaid."

I think Dorothea murmured, "I must speak to Edward," but I am not sure. Francis was still talking:

"I am to take you to dinner, Cousin Mary. Young Frenchman, take her other side. *Allons, enfants de la patrie*—whatever patrie it may be—*l'heure de gloire est arrivée.*"

I sat on Dorothea's left with Madame de Missiac on my other hand. She told me that Barbara Denton had come to the States; that the Ville d'Angeacs had actually started for Japan and grown so homesick at Marseilles they turned back; that Paul Verde de Lisle had reëstablished his racing stables; and a number of other things without the least interest to anyone but myself.

When Nicholas claimed her for his conversational duty and Dorothea turned her attention to De Missiac I could hear Francis talking to Mary and young Pierre. Pierre was trying to stick to English, but had evidently been forced to dip into French. Francis was scowling at him and saying, "None of that gibberish, young man. You know it has no meaning. You've confessed it's all nonsense."

Pierre roared with laughter—laughter in which Mary joined.

I had been a little doubtful as to whether she would understand Francis, and I was relieved.

"*Comment est-ce qu'on le dit en anglais?*" Pierre demanded of Mary.

"I want to learn to dance," she said for him. He repeated it.

"You do not," Francis informed him. "I'll not have you learn to make a beast of yourself. Go to dances—watch them. Feel your own superiority, but don't dance. I can't—why should you?"

"*Oh, alors!*" was all Pierre could reply.

"Women try to force me to dance," Francis went on. "Their idea of doing it is to stand before you in a crowded room and flap their arms like penguins. I simply let them flap. After a time they begin to see they're being ridiculous, and stop. They're sensitive to being ridiculous. It's a man's protection."

Pierre put his hands to his ears.

"So many words," he protested. "Is it be is still talking, or have I lost my mind?"

"You haven't lost it," Francis assured him. "It's just rattled over to one side. Get on with your food. I can't bother to improve your intellect any longer."

His eyes smiled at Pierre, who said, "*Alors, des injures!*" and began to eat with a grin.

"Well, Cousin Mary," Francis said in a moment, "can you explain letting yourself be smothered into this family after you'd escaped it so many years?"

"I suppose my mind has rattled to one side too," she admitted, "but I kind of like it."

"It's a fallacy that it's a good thing to belong to any family, but I suppose a woman must; she can't roll about the world as unattached as a china egg—not if she's a lady. Where you made your mistake was in not being a boy."

"That must be it."

"Well, why did you make it then? I suppose it was the fault of inexperience. Probably the Lord goes about and wheedles a lot of unborn babes until they consent to break their fathers' hearts by being born women children."

"I don't remember, but that sounds very likely."

"I hope you're not one of these women who expected the war to rectify that mistake and turn you into a man."

"No," she pleaded, "I don't believe I am."

"Everyone seemed to expect the war to do everything," he went on, "so it did nothing. We're beginning to agree with what the Martians probably thought all along—that the war was just a tempest in a teapot. All human readjustments are. The only difference between important and unimportant ones is whether one happens to be under the lid."

"Weren't we all under the lid in this war?" Mary asked.

"We've crawled out now," Francis replied, "and been disillusioned. I thought this war would make a hero out of me—it made an excursionist. I went away with a brass band playing in my chest and I came back mute.

"All the women who had men fighting turned into something between a saint and a knitting machine—while they were waiting. Have they retained that inhuman sanctity?"

"Don't you think it did any good," Mary asked—"all that?"

"Economic good," he admitted, "and we accept that, but we've forgotten all the rest."

Dorothea happened to have stopped talking to De Missiac. As Francis saw her looking at him he said, "Haven't we, Cousin Dorothea?"

"Haven't we what?"

"Accepted the benefits of the war and forgotten it. Do you know anyone made better or nobler by it?"

"I cannot say that I do," Dorothea said with her air of reliability.

"You see," Francis triumphed, turning back to Mary, "Cousin Dorothea agrees with me—her views are preeminently sound."

I was being served with a sauce for my cream and I happened to look down and see the slim hand of the marquise clutch at the stem of her wine glass. I glanced up at her face and realized helplessly that this was her war young Francis was discussing so glibly. I remembered Hubert and what he'd been to all of us.

"Do you know anyone it's changed?" Francis was asking.

"Yes," came Mary's voice.

"Who?"

"The people whose waiting for their boys didn't stop when the war did—who'll go on waiting all their lives. The boys they wait for won't ever turn into just ordinary people. They went away heroes and they're heroes still. That makes it harder not to be able to see them."

I noticed she had fixed him gravely with her eyes.

"You're right," Francis said. "We mustn't forget them or the chaps we left behind when we came back—the chaps the gods loved well enough to take at their big moment."

By that time Nicholas, who had rather an uncanny social instinct, had begun asking Madame de Missiac what results her husband had obtained from his experiments with something or other, and the incident was closed. A few minutes later the ladies rose to go to their coffee in the drawing-room, a demoded but rather pleasant custom that Nicholas affects.

I heard the marquise say to Mary, "*Chérie, votre toilette est délicieuse. Je me souviens qu' avant que j'étais mariée* ——"

From the way she said it I was sure they were to be friends.

Francis came to me.

"I'm a damned fool," he remarked. "Never thought that there might have been another youngster."

"If that is the gravest situation your tongue ever brought about," I said, "you walk attended by angels."

"I have no excuse," he admitted, "but there is something about Cousin Dorothea and the atmosphere here that provokes me to buffoonery. It is that cast-iron-dog look of hers, I think."

Nicholas wandered over to us.

"Mary pleases me," he said. "She has an air of consideration for older people that is very rare these days. Where are you to be this summer?"

I told him our plans were very indefinite. I could not resist saying to Francis: "It was as well for you she was beside you, young man."

"Nice girl," he acknowledged. "Doesn't dress like a wax doll. Good eyes."

XVII

FRANCIS was reading his paper as he ate breakfast when I came down.

"Can I get you an egg?" he asked.

"Infirm as I may seem, I am quite able to wait on myself, thank you. I do not take an egg."

"That is the great advantage of having people about who have reached a certain age," he retorted. "They are so afraid they will be considered senile that they resort to the most strenuous exertions to prove their durability."

"Have you seen my niece?"

"She was finishing breakfast when I came down and has gone riding with the young Frenchman. You need not be alarmed.

"I think she will be able to take care of him. She tells me she has had very little education. I was glad to hear that. She hasn't learned a lot of nonsense that would endanger any fair structure I may raise in her brain. I've given her a list of books. You don't mind?"

"That depends on the list."

"She'd never read Alice in Wonderland. I told her she need never hope to become a decent member of society before she mastered that and the Origin of Species."

"It must be a great relief to her," I said, pouring myself a second cup of tea, "to find that the ages have flowered to give her a pedagogue."

He ignored me with a grin.

"She had a woman's idea," he went on, "that all she needed in the way of reading was a meringue of the poets and novelists. I told her that until she understood science to the last detail of how plumbing is installed she could not expect to know what a sonnet meant."

"She was grateful, I trust."

"She listened to me with a certain calm intelligence which surprised me. It was punctuated by giggles from the Frenchman, who tried to buffoon the conversation, but on the whole her humility gave me a kind of respect for her."

He was tired of his fantasies, for he took the paper and pointed out a phrase or so in the account of a strike that I thought showed considerable discernment, spoke of a book he was interested in, and was about to desert me when I stopped him. He was a careless-tongued young person, but looking at those kind eyes of his I had come to a resolution.

"I wonder how much Mary told you about herself," I said.

He did not try to be funny.

"Very little, sir," he answered.

I wanted him to see her at her very best, and I knew that to show him that was to let him know her as thoroughly as possible, so I told him her story. I didn't mention Estabrook's name and I made that incident appear more a snub than anything else, but the rest I told as flatly as I have put it down in these pages.

"I trust you will keep what I have told you confidential," I ended.

"Damn it," he answered impolitely, "will you take nothing for granted?"

Dorothea's entrance interrupted my response.

"Good morning, Peter," she said. "Good morning, Francis. Why are there no eggs?"

"The question might be put to your butler with more profit than to me," I replied as she had looked in my direction, "but possibly it is because Francis ate four."

"What a gourmand you are, Francis! Don't bother to ring—I will take bacon."

She looked very martyred, but as if she knew the stake to be infinitely becoming.

"Unless you are particularly bent on making me feel uncomfortable you will let me ring," Francis said, doing so.

"Where are the other young people?" Dorothea inquired.

"They went riding. Young Pierre's mode of self-expression was learned from the obus and the hand grenade. It consists of going through a great deal of air as fast as possible. If a Villon had felt his ecstasy over this morning he would have written a ballade."

"Alas," I commented, "the lyricism of the rising generation is entirely muscular!"

"Mary went with him?" Dorothea asked.

I think that she felt an insistence on facts might lend a saner note to the conversation.

"How acute of you to have gathered that from my plural, Cousin Dorothea," Francis said outrageously.

"What is it about her, Peter?" Dorothea inquired vaguely.

"What is what?"

"I mean she's not quite like the girls one usually meets. She's ——"

"She has distinction," Francis remarked, "and you find very little of that in the Madame Tussaud circles we frequent. The French people say she is the first personality they have met."

He glared at her and I think it impressed her a little. He confided to me later that personality and distinction are hocus-pocus to the dull and that he was beating an empty cask to make theatrical thunder.

"Possibly that is it," Dorothea said. "She is certainly different. Did you get the schedule of my arrangements for the week, Peter?"

"I found it in my dressing room," I replied, "but it was far too complicated to try to understand before breakfast."

"We go to the Inn at White Brook for luncheon on Wednesday," she began. "It is the only long trip I have planned. We dine at home to-night. This noon we lunch at the Country Club. There is a tennis tournament. You will please explain anything to the marquise she needs to know. You are the only one with enough French. We stop at the Branders' for tea—why are you looking at me like that, Francis?"

"I was thinking how much you sound like a general order. Were you G-1 by any chance, Cousin Dorothea?"

She was exasperated and I could not blame her.

"Why didn't you go riding?" she demanded irritably.

"Because I fell going down your terrace steps yesterday and I am stiff. Have you ever noticed, Cousin Peter, that when a child or a woman falls it is like the mowing of a flower? The creature goes down gracefully as though the earth were its natural habitat. But when a man falls he falls with every inch of him protesting and fighting against such indignity—like Lucifer falling from the sight of God."

"I hadn't noticed," I replied, "but it is true."

"It is a parable," he informed me.

There was a sound of horses passing the window, and I excused myself and went to the terrace to see Mary coming across the lawn with Pierre. She was laughing gloriously and trying to say "grenouille" as he pronounced it.

"It's no use," she admitted. "I'll have to join Cousin Francis and call it gibberish as an excuse for not speaking it."

"Did you have a good ride?" I queried.

"We have jump," Pierre answered. "Mademoiselle is very swank the way she jump."

"I did two bars to his five," Mary explained

I don't know what made me try an experiment. I was foolishly hopeful, I suppose. In any case, I did.

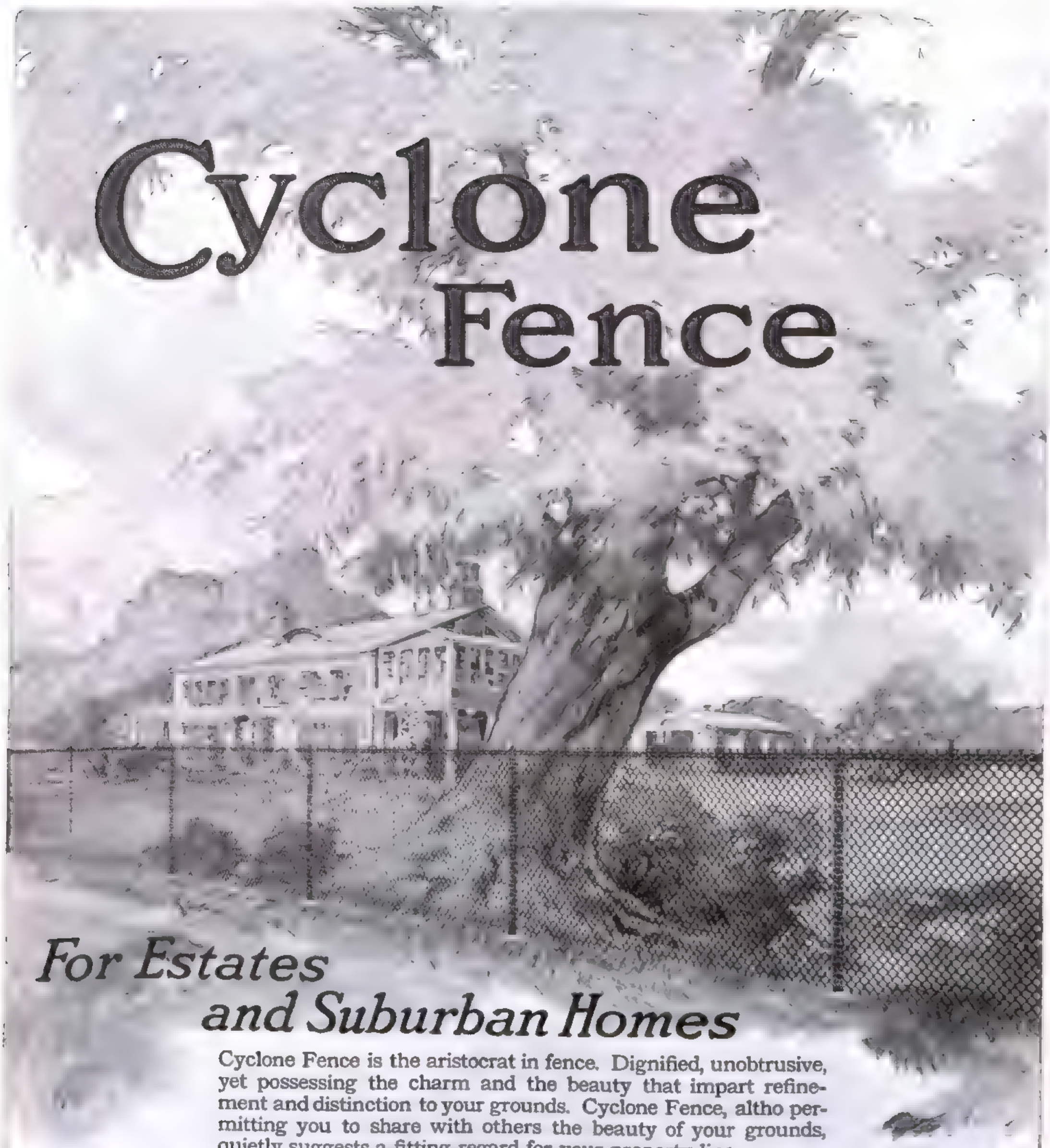
"It wasn't like your last ride then," I said casually.

Mary's face lost sunshine and I knew she could feel herself being carried down that dusky road in the major's arms.

"No, not like last time," she answered gravely, and went into the house.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Cyclone Fence



For Estates and Suburban Homes

Cyclone Fence is the aristocrat in fence. Dignified, unobtrusive, yet possessing the charm and the beauty that impart refinement and distinction to your grounds. Cyclone Fence, altho permitting you to share with others the beauty of your grounds, quietly suggests a fitting regard for your property line.

Built in various designs suitable for country estates, suburban homes, country clubs, golf grounds, parks, tennis courts, zoos, etc.

We shall be pleased to advise with estate owners, landscape architects, superintendents of grounds, etc. This service is gratis.

Phone, wire or write Main Offices at Waukegan, Ill., or Branch Offices nearest you.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories: Waukegan, Ill. Cleveland, Ohio. Fort Worth, Tex.

Branches: Chicago Detroit Rochester Philadelphia New York City Oakland, Calif. Portland, Ore. San Francisco

Look for the "Red Tag" on Cyclone Fence and Products

NUMBER 1100

(Continued from Page 13)

This was what he read, written on good paper in a bold, angular hand—apparently a part of a letter:

Papa is very sick but thinks he will be better soon. I hope so, for Mr. Marbel is simply detestable. I don't trust him. He is tricky and nasty. I try not to notice, but it seems as if I must scream sometimes. If papa gets any worse I don't know what I'll do. The Alfriston is a bad sea boat, as you have heard papa tell, and Mr. Marbel doesn't understand her like papa does. But when we sight Bullock Island, Dora —— 23-5.

"Humph!" Captain Hobbs grunted, staring at the paper. "It looks as if there had been something else written down below that last line."

"Exactly," Enderby answered—"in pencil. That letter was written by the skipper's daughter to a friend who lived here in San Francisco.

"She was going to mail it in Java. Then something happened and she tried to write down the Alfriston's position and what they were going to do. She stuck it into a bottle and threw it into the sea, but the water soaked through and erased the pencil marks."

"How did you get hold of this?"

Captain Hobbs' eyes were half closed, as though he saw the square-rigger wallowing in the distance with her flag standing out in the mizzen rigging, ensign down.

"The bottle was picked up by a gull's-egg hunter on the Northeast Farallone four years ago. I got hold of it."

"You had ought to have turned it in to the hydrographic office," Hobbs protested.

"And what good would that have done?" Enderby demanded. "There's no date except that May twenty-third, and that's only a guess on my part. No information at all that could help the Government or underwriters. It cost me six thousand dollars to find out what little I did on the strength of it."

"And that was?"

"That Stephen St. Ledger was master of the Alfriston, a British bark of fourteen hundred tons that sailed from here in January six years ago for Hong-Kong. He had with him his only child, a girl seventeen years old, named Geraldine. She had a chum here named Dora Henderson. The Alfriston was loaded mostly with copper for China. Captain St. Ledger was pretty well off. I sought out this Dora person and found out that Geraldine was a mighty fine girl, with a good education. Marbel was mate of the ship and this Dora thought him dangerous; that's the way she put it—dangerous. He was a chap of good family and no friends. The rest of the message means little enough, except that it mentions Bullock Island and the fact that the skipper was sick and the ship behaving badly."

The scrap of paper was carefully tucked away in Enderby's wallet before Captain Hobbs found words to express his opinion. It was to the effect that he had been invited by a madman to share the risk of a wild-goose chase on the authority of a bogus bottle message.

"Bottles are picked up every day," he concluded.

"And every day men trip over a million dollars and pick themselves up, swearing because their shine is spoiled, and go on," Enderby retorted. "I've paid out money for bottles like this for years."

"And all you've got to show for a bearing is Bullock Island!"

"Exactly!" Enderby responded. "And two years ago I paid a skipper of a schooner fifteen hundred dollars to put twenty bottles afloat off Bullock and another place. I picked up two of 'em last week—or they were picked up and turned over to me."

"Two out of twenty!"

"Ten-to-one shot," Enderby replied. "Not so bad."

"In that case," Captain Hobbs returned wrathfully, "if you wait long enough the Alfriston herself ought to ——"

Enderby's hand grasped his shoulder in a crushing grip.

"Don't try any betting on your own hook," he said curtly. "If you want to do what I tell you, say so. If not, I'll find someone with sense."

Hobbs grinned nervously.

"Oh, I've got sense," he said.

The next morning William Enderby found Timothy Shell in an odd humor. The papers were ready, but the senior partner fidgeted and asked irascible questions about petty things. He seemed on the point of expressing himself violently.

Enderby was a little piqued. He felt that during his years with the company he had more than justified his selection to a partnership. The books showed that almost every month had witnessed a deft, adroit business maneuver on his side with steady profit to the firm. Yet no man had ever suggested a word of praise or admiration.

True his income had increased enormously. He had prospered just as much as the others. But now, more than at any time before, he missed the appreciative note in Timothy Shell's voice.

Presently he seated himself and drew the papers toward him.

"We may as well finish this up," Enderby said briefly. His eyes glanced down the first sheet open to him and he stared. "By Jove!" he whispered.

Timothy swung on him.

"Yes, by Jove!" he mimicked in a thinly sour voice "Who the devil did you think I'd let have your stock? This is Shell, Shell & Co."

Enderby raised his eyes defiantly.

"Miss Shell will take my place excellently. But I didn't imagine ——"

"You didn't, didn't you?" Timothy rasped. "You never imagine, do you? Of all the dry-as-dust, stick-in-the-mud, ditto-ditto kind of young men ever I met you're the prize specimen! What the dickens do you suppose I grabbed you out of a rotten two-sticker schooner for and put you in this office? Your good looks? No!"

Enderby almost flinched at the savageness of the tone. Shell went on, shaking his thin fist furiously at him.

"I got you because I told myself you had imagination, quick wit, enterprise, audacity, energy, originality, vision! And in twelve years—God help me!—you've been like an old, old, old man! Enderby, you're a mossback! You've got the imagination of a Mohave Desert turtle and the boldness of a field mouse. You're almost as original as a bill of lading. A stuffed owl has you beat for vision. Good thing for Shells you're going out of it. One sure thing, my daughter isn't afraid of ——"

"You," the young man interrupted suddenly. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Shell!" Enderby got up and walked round the old man as if curious to examine him. "Absolutely right! I've been afraid all these years to call my soul my own, and here it's you I've been afraid of. Would anybody believe it?"

Timothy scowled ferociously.

"They would not! Sign on the dotted line and get out! Take your ninety thousand and go!"

Enderby picked up the check and scanned it.

"Signed by your daughter," he murmured. "Now there are some matters that need attention and I ——"

The door opened and Katherine Shell entered. Enderby rose and bowed stiffly. Timothy glared.

"Kate," said her father harshly, "what you doing in my office this time of day? You know the rule—get out! Busy!"

His daughter smiled, and Enderby was astonished to see how much he liked her expression. She came on to the desk and picked up the papers he had just signed and glanced at the check the young man held in his fingers.

"Nonsense, dad!" she remarked in a clear, resonant, low voice. "I'm your new partner. Will must tell me a lot before he leaves. If I'm going to take his place ——"

(Continued on Page 108)

"And What Have You Got by It?" Demanded Hobbs. "A Ship Awash on the Rocks With a Rag of Tops'l Shredding in the Wind! She's Been There Years!"

Break its Grip

FIRE is taking from this country an annual toll of $500,000,000. It is wiping out homes, stores, factories and merchandise that cannot be replaced. Insurance pays for destruction of physical values but will not bring back business. It cannot prevent the distress and suffering which fire causes or repay loss of life.

Your premiums in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company buy *fire prevention* as well as insurance—the advice of fire engineers, the assistance of a competent organization built up for the sole purpose of reducing your danger of loss. Write us or arrange for this through the Hartford local agent in your locality.

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

Hartford Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and The Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co. write practically every form of insurance except life.

Any agent or broker can get a Hartford policy for you.

The ideal way of washing delicate things is the way the Eden washes everything

The Eden

The Eden has many essential features found in no other washer.

If you could talk to the thousands of delighted Eden users—they would urge you to see the Eden's exclusive features before buying a washer

THE woman who takes delight in an abundance of spotless clothes—fluffy blankets—immaculate linens—knows that every feature of her EDEN washer contributes toward these perfect results.

The Eden Sediment Zone is one of the many exclusive improvements that make Eden-washed clothes so clean, sweet and pure. The dirt, as it is washed out of the clothes, settles in the Sediment Zone, leaving the wash-water clean and sanitary. The dirt is not flushed back and forth through your things in the Eden.

The Automatic Motor Release, the Safety Interlocking Swinging Wringer, the Self-oiling System, the Sanitary Zinc Cylinder with Doors that always Stop on Top, the Fully Enclosed Moving Parts—without belts, cog wheels or bicycle chains—are some of the features of the Eden construction that have made the Eden the ideal washer for the home. These are all essential things in the washer you buy.

The Eden is built to last a lifetime. Eight years of successful operation lie behind its guarantee. Ask the Eden dealer for a free trial in your own home on your own washing—without cost or obligation. Buy if you like and pay as you save. Send for our book, "An Eden in the Home," beautifully illustrated in color, free on request.

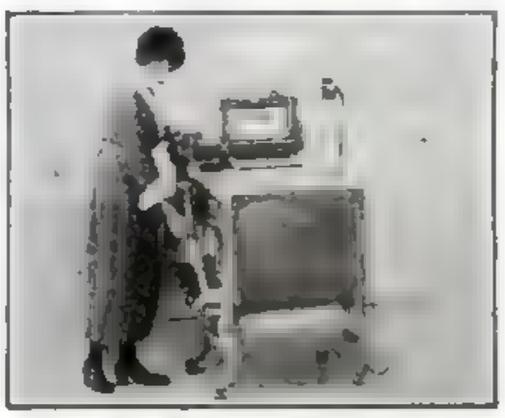
BROKAW-EDEN COMPANY

New York

Saint Louis Denver San Francisco

FACTORIES AT LOWELL MASS AND ALTON ILL

The depression in the bottom of the tub is the Sediment Zone which collects the dirt particles as they settle—the dirt isn't washed back and forth through your clothes—a most important feature, found only in the Eden.



The driving mechanism is fully enclosed and is packed in solid grease which lasts for years. This Unit System of Lubrication does away with the necessity of messy oiling—an Eden feature that you will appreciate.

The Automatic Clutch releases the motor if the washer or wringer is overloaded and prevents that costly delay from burnt-out motor and blown-out fuses. This feature is essential in the washer you buy.

The Safety Automatic Swinging Wringer has five convenient locked positions. It cannot wring while swinging or swing when wringing—another Eden safety device.

(Continued from Page 104)

"But you're not!" cried Timothy. "I'm running Shells! No place for girls!"

"Then it's no place for a girl's money," Katherine responded calmly, and reached for the check. Enderby held it out toward her.

Old Timothy stared, gulped and assumed a perfectly bland expression. It was a trick of his when an incredibly rapid mind had reasoned a course of action out in view of unexpected circumstances.

"All right, Kate. Have somebody take Enderby's name off the office door and put 'Miss Shell' on instead. Find out from Enderby what loose ends there are to tie up and be quick about it. Get the Rawdon Castle loaded and away in four days. Charter eleven hundred tons grain Columbia River in thirty days to Falmouth and cable Hudson. Get Captain Rivers to put his notes of protest in decent shape and find a new skipper for the Rameses tug. Come in at eleven-forty-five and tell me it's all done."

Enderby opened the door and together they crossed the main office, oblivious of the quick upward glances of clerks and stenographers, to the door marked "Mr. Enderby." Once inside, Katherine quietly seated herself in the desk chair and pushed a button. A stenographer appeared promptly.

"Please take Mr. Enderby's notes of unfinished business," she ordered calmly.

That young man flushed hotly, seemed about to refuse and then smiled so amiably on the stenographer that that competent young woman gasped. Her intimate thought was, "Young Frozen-Face has thawed," but her outward speech was a cool, "Ready, Mr. Enderby."

William J. spoke rapidly, clearly and voluminously for fifteen minutes. Then he took his hat, dismissed the stenographer and addressed Miss Shell.

"So far as I know, that finishes me up," he said coldly. "Can I be of any further service?"

"Yes," returned Katherine, looking at him with inscrutable cool eyes. "Sit down."

"Thank you," he murmured. "What is it?"

"I want to be sure of one thing," she said evenly, not a fleck of color betraying any inward disturbance of mind or heart. "Are you quitting because you thought I wouldn't marry you or because you thought I would?"

Enderby sat in absolute immobility for a full minute. This question from those lips struck him dumb. What was it Timothy had remarked about boldness, audacity, imagination, and so on? This girl had them all in plentiful measure. Then he met her eyes. In their jade depths he lost himself, grew dizzy, flushed, stammered, gaped at her. She poured the chill water of commonplace on him.

"I didn't gather from father's tirade last night just what was the matter," she said.

Enderby recovered himself and had recourse to an old, stale, despicable business trick.

"Will you please repeat your questions?" he asked frigidly.

Miss Shell hesitated but the fraction of a second.

"I wished to know whether you were quitting Shells so suddenly because you thought I wouldn't marry you or because you thought I would." She lifted her eyes a trifle. He felt dizzy again, but held himself straitly. She added impatiently: "Be brief, please."

"The question hasn't risen in due form," Enderby returned with extreme precision of enunciation. "How can I give you a fair answer unless I know? Kate, will you marry me?"

This time it was her eyes that fell. He saw a spot of color tint her faultless cheek.

"Be brief, please," he said a little huskily.

There was an unbroken silence in the office. Enderby's eyes grew warmer and warmer, his face more intent. Miss Shell was staring at the immaculate desk blotter as though she hoped to read on its unmarked surface an answer. Suddenly the door opened and the stenographer entered, notebook in hand.

"Oh, Mr. Enderby," she said glibly, "I missed one word in the paragraph about the charter of the Raleigh." She pointed a carefully manicured finger tip at a character on the page. "It looks like demurrage," she suggested. "What is it?"

"Damn!" answered Enderby firmly and nodded toward the door.

It closed after the girl and Miss Shell looked up. The spot of color had flooded her face.

"No," she whispered.

Enderby rose.

"Then I'll go," he remarked a little tremulously. "I believe I've answered all your questions?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the listless answer, "unless you'd care to tell me about that plan to send the Western Star to Petropavlovsk in September. Shells have never sent a steamer up there, I infer."

"It's a long shot," Enderby responded. "I don't believe your father would approve of it."

"I don't think it ever entered your head till just now," Katherine replied. "It was just a bluff—to see if I'd be taken in. You wouldn't take such a risk, would you?"

She had touched him closely. Her guess was the actual truth. To send a fast steamer to that northern port just before the close of navigation on the chance of picking up a valuable cargo of furs had often been in his mind, but he had never seriously planned it during his connection with Shells. He had maliciously interpolated it among the unfinished matters she had asked him to speak about. He grinned.

"I don't know but what I'm exactly what your father said I was—a stick-in-the-mud old scow of a conservative," he told her. "I wouldn't dare send a packet up there, though it might win anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars clean profit. But then—you'll dare."

"Oh!" she whispered. "You think I'm too bold!"

He held out his hand.

"I must be off. The best of luck!"

She shook hands frankly. Other words than the usual formal good-bys were on her tongue, but she repressed them.

"I hope I'll see you once in a while," she murmured.

"I'm leaving the coast in a very few days," he answered.

Miss Shell instantly became languid.

"Good-by," she said.

At noon Enderby found Captain Hobbs and listened to his report in silence. When the excellent mariner had detailed his experience at great length his employer glanced at him crossly.

"Close with the owners of the Resolute," he snapped. "I want to be at sea in three days."

Hobbs started to argue the point and was quickly shut up. He was unresentful. William J. Enderby had a reputation for not being patient. It was his habit to storm when he was in a hurry.

"Bill must have been turned down by Kate Shell," the captain told himself as he left. "No reason else for his being so cranky."

Within the appointed three days the little steamer Resolute duly sailed out of the Golden Gate and vanished. But her destination was not the secret that Enderby fondly fancied it was. Miss Shell, practicing arts never ineffective, had set her own yacht's skipper, fat old Hiram Forbes, on the trail and he had reported that the Resolute was bound for the region near Bullock Island—"a bit of land down below the Parry Group, miss."

"But what ——" Miss Shell began, then stopped.

She was not the woman to pry into another's business beyond a certain point. She dismissed Captain Forbes and sought information through other channels. Nothing was to be learned except that Bullock Island was pretty well out of the usual course of all vessels, was a watering station in ancient days for whalers, supposed to be inhabited by a few natives who gathered guano.

"The Resolute is no ship for that kind of trade," Miss Shell decided in the secrecy of her own room. "But I think—if nothing happens—I'll take a cruise down Bullock Island way—next year."

Meanwhile the Resolute had run down her latitude, sighted the Hawaiians and steered into the blank Pacific west of that group. Hobbs was sorely puzzled. He knew that he was in possession of all the sailing data Enderby could muster, and to seek a long-lost ship in these desolate waters struck him as an appalling and futile task. That an undeniably smart, clever, conservative man like Enderby should actually spend a small fortune on such a search made him writhe. He concluded that his employer was concealing something from him.

But Bullock Island duly came into view, was visited briefly and left astern. Enderby was now constantly on deck, taking observations, examining charts, reading the directory and digesting everything the well-stocked chart room of the Resolute afforded in the way of reports, surveys, current charts, weather charts and faunal monographs.

"The Alfriston never made Bullock Island," Enderby remarked to Captain Hobbs one fine night when they were steaming slowly along under a bright half-moon. "But I have no doubt they sighted it. I've looked up the weather of the month of May in that year and it was easterly and gales. With a ship misbehaving as we know the Alfriston did, there was but one thing to do. I figure that Captain St. Ledger would have taken one alternative, which was to steer as best he could for his port. This mate, on the other hand, probably calculated an easier and quicker way out of it. If he did we'll either find the ship within the next eight weeks or we'll have to revise our plans, take it for granted that Captain St. Ledger recovered and go southwest."

"Your bottles all landed on the California beach," Hobbs remarked. "If the Alfriston was helpless she'd drift the same as they."

"Two out of twenty came to our beach," Enderby returned. "Or three out of twenty-one if you count in the original bottle with Miss St. Ledger's message in it. But bottles and ships drift differently, according as the wind blows. Anyway, eighteen of my bottles didn't turn up and I'm pretty sure if any of them had reached the coast I'd have heard of 'em, for they all had messages signed by me in them and I'm known as a man who pays well for such information. Now my problem is to discover where the other eighteen went to. Find them and we find the Alfriston or some trace of her."

At midnight of this day Enderby ordered the engines rung down.

"By my figures this is where we start drifting," he told Hobbs.

"Drifting!" ejaculated that seaman in amazement.

"I said it!" Enderby replied. "I know every argument you can urge against it. My word goes! We drift—like a bottle!"

A week later Enderby ended an argument with Captain Hobbs and the chief engineer by going below, taking a twenty-four-pound sledge out of the rack and bringing it down on the intermediate shaft coupling. He pointed to the shards of steel and asked coldly of the astounded engineer: "How long before you can get her going again?"

"Six weeks, sir," babbled the chief.

On the bridge Enderby addressed Hobbs.

"I want no more words about this business," he said icily. "Not for six weeks."

So the little steamer rolled and swung to every veering wind and sea while the sky of the tropics slowly hardened into the chillier vault that echoes to the trades. The Resolute was drifting north. Her crew stared into the spacious quarters of the world and murmured, much as did the sailors of Columbus, it is likely. But their low, inarticulate complaints never rose in clear rebellion, even when the machinery had been repaired and at each change of the watch the engines were turned over slowly for precaution's sake. Enderby had mastered them all, from the staring, sullen Hobbs to the begrimed stokers.

"By gad," the captain confided to the chief engineer, "I'm afraid to make a sound for fear the man'll up and smash something else! It's in him! He's a devil unlicked! Stands up there and stares and listens and scowls. And nothing to see anywhere but the tilt of a cloud or the toss of a sea on the horizon."

"Mad!" muttered the engineer.

Hobbs brought his lips close to the mechanic's ear.

"No, chief, not mad. It was Enderby that landed a junior partnership with Shells. He's never lost out yet. But this time"—Hobbs made a slight expressive gesture with one great hand—"he's looking for a girl."

The two of them glanced up at the straight sinewy figure on the bridge and their eyes glinted with something much like fear.

A month later the steamer was lurching in a terrific sea piled up by an easterly gale contending with the furious tides that form that tremendous maelstrom in the North Pacific called Van Lieuw's Whirlpool. The sky was overcast with a low scud of clouds, the wind shrieked in the rigging and swept the thin trickle of smoke from the Resolute's squat funnel like a raveling pennant to leeward. From some remote and invisible region hidden by spume and mist boomed the slow thunder of a rising tempest.

"We're right in the westerly eddy of the current!" Hobbs called into Enderby's ear. "She won't stand it! We must get the steam on her and heave to!"

Enderby's seared eyes crossed the captain's.

"No," he said firmly.

But when the gale veered into the south two days later and the Resolute was being driven northward with boiling seas flinging her dizzily before them, Hobbs and the chief engineer together confronted their employer.

"It's sheer madness," Hobbs panted. "Sometime to-night we'll be across the Japan current and up against the Kuriles—no harbor, no chance for anything."

"Any minute the boilers may fetch adrift," the engineer added grimly. "No ship can stand this kind of battering. You've got to give her a chance for her life, sir."

Enderby stared at them. They met that glance steadily and anxiously, but they caught no light of insanity in his eyes or any sign of weakness in his face.

"I know exactly where we are," he assured them. "But what I must know is whether it's Plover Bay or Plunder Cape. We've come this far—I intend to finish the cruise."

They argued with growing feebleness. Neither of the two competent and experienced seamen could have explained their acquiescence in what appeared to be certain destruction. They finally fell silent, almost composed, and the steamer swept on wildly before the gale.

Night came and still neither light nor loom of land broke the terrible blankness of the ocean. The wind, if anything, was increasing. Its weight began to shear the crests from the leaping surges and the steamer now and again was half buried under crashing, thundering seas. At midnight a couple of boats were racked from their chocks and lashings and spun overside in splinters. A moment later a wild dive, a shock as if the vessel had struck a reef, and a second sea swept her from bow to stern.

"She's gone!" Hobbs yelled, clinging to a twisted stanchion.

Enderby strode out of the darkness and murk and grasped the lever of the engine-room telegraph. It dipped to "Full Ahead" and the long-silent gongs below sent up their clamor.

For ten minutes it was nip and tuck between the laboring steamer and the ravenous seas. But Enderby knew his business and presently the throbbing engines had their way and drove her out of the clutching surges.

"God!" cried Hobbs, gasping for breath. "Can we heave her to?"

"Let her drive!" Enderby shouted back. "She'll be ashore in an hour!"

Slowly the small crew of the Resolute gathered in the lee of the midship house, except for the assistant engineer, on watch, and a couple of stokers. The darkness was impenetrable. The sharpest eye could discern nothing a hundred yards from the steamer's rail. The man at the wheel had given up trying to ease his charge through the combers and was peering into the binnacle with a pallid face and starting eyes. Only Enderby seemed unperturbed. His form could be seen in one corner of the bridge, in the full sweep of the wind which tore at what remained of the canvas dodgers that had formerly walled it in.

The suspense grew unbearable. The chief engineer, with a groan of resignation, went below, stopping when halfway down to turn his old grim face up to the dripping skylight as if in farewell. Hobbs sought refuge in the shattered wheelhouse and swayed beside the steersman drunkenly, his shadow lengthening and shortening on the seeping, quivering wall.

"It'll be just a roar in our ears and then good-by," he muttered to himself. "Rocks! Nothing but rocks!"

The expected roar of breaking water crashed on their ears at two in the morning. A shout from somewhere, a cry in the murk, and the crew of the Resolute tumbled up and gathered in the slight shelter of the wheelhouse. Enderby, braced above them, never looked down. His eyes were set on something beyond the glimmering seas; his ears listened to something besides the din and thunder of surf rolling against an iron coast. His voice, heard through the trap hatch, tranquilly directed the man at the wheel.

"By gad, one'd think he was steering up a channel!" Hobbs gasped.

(Continued on Page 110)

How you can make your business more profitable. Or how you can get into a profitable business of your own.

(This advertisement is addressed to business men who have retail stores in good locations—one store or a group of stores; also to men who are not in business for themselves, but would like to be.)

YOU know what makes a business successful: (1) Small investment and frequent turnovers; (2) Good profits; (3) Low expenses; (4) Simplicity of manufacture and management; (5) Great volume of sales; (6) Self-advertising and selling; (7) Ease of expansion; (8) Safety.

Check up the business you are now in. Does your business give you 100% satisfactory answer to these requirements? 90%? 80%? or even 50% on all of them?

We are going to tell you about a business that checks up a high percentage on every one of these essentials, and is a first-rate business to go into by itself or can easily be added to many kinds of retail business.

It is the candy kiss business, with the machine making kisses in the store window. It stops the crowds; pulls them into your store; sells them kisses and whatever you have to sell. It makes a powerful appeal to human curiosity and love of moving machinery. It is manufacturing, advertising, and selling, all in one.

Now let us check up this candy kiss business and see how high a percentage it shows:

1. *Small investment and frequent turnovers.* Very little money is required to start the kiss business—only a few hundred dollars, if you already have a store of your own, and not very much more if you have to rent a store. You turn this money over a great many times a year.

2. *Good profits.* Your rapid turnover shows a good profit each time, making a larger total profit for the year.

3. *Low expenses.* Expenses are low. The business is cash—no credit risks; no customers' accounts to keep; no returned goods; no delivery costs. There is no waste or dead stock. Your cost of selling is low; you sell direct to consumer—no middlemen to pay. Your kiss business helps sell your other goods—the machine in the window brings the passersby into your store. It has turned more than one unprofitable business into a success.

4. *Simplicity of manufacture and management.* The business is simple. Automatic machines are great money-makers. You make the same thing over and over again—no time lost in changing operations. Very little supervision is needed. You get your power from your electric light. Your materials are easily obtained on short notice.

5. *Great volume of sales.* There is a great and rapidly growing demand for kisses; because kisses are good candy at a moderate price. The machine in the window focuses this demand right on your store, and that means sales—a store recently starting in a town of 100,000 population made a thousand sales in one day the very first week. How would you like to have a thousand more people come into your store tomorrow—and buy?

This is Kresge's Five-and-Ten-Cent Store in Newark, N. J., with the machine at work in the window. Does it stop the crowds? You can see for yourself. Do they buy kisses?—almost as fast as the machine can make them. Does Kresge make money out of it? Send for our book, and figure it out for yourself.

6. *Self-advertising and selling.* Everybody likes to see a machine in motion. People like to see the clean-wrapped kisses coming out of the machine like butterflies. Yes, the machine stops the crowds; they stop; they look; they come in; and they buy. The kiss machine gives you manufacturing, advertising, and selling, all in one. It gives you all the steps which Sheldon, the great teacher of salesmanship, says are necessary to a successful sale: (1) Favorable attention; (2) Interest; (3) Desire; (4) Action. Your business and your trade name are being established while you make money. No cost for advertising. Your manufacturing is advertising. It never fails to work when you have a good location and passing crowds. You sell your kisses and you sell other goods—soda, candy, cigars, groceries, drugs, or whatever you have to sell.

7. *Ease of expansion.* If you want to move or open another store, you can get your new store ready, move over-night, and be doing business by noon the next day.

8. *Safety.* We keep in close touch with all purchasers of our machines; and the least we have heard of anyone making in the kiss business was $3,000 in his first year. One man made $21,000 last year.

Are you a man with a business of your own in a good location, selling some article that goes well with kisses? Does your business check up 100% satisfactory on all these things we have been talking about—on any one of them?

If it does, you already know what a real money-maker is; you will send for our book right away.

If your business doesn't check up right, you need to add a real profit-maker, that will also pull the crowds into your store, sell more of your other goods, get more value out of your rent—you need the candy kiss business. So send for our book.

Or *are you a man looking for a good business* which requires only a small amount of money and gives a good profit? Do you want to own your own business and be independent? Do you want a simple business with a good demand, easy selling, low expenses, and a great margin of safety?

Whichever kind of man you are, fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us. We'll send you our careful book "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business" which answers very fully the questions you probably want to ask about this profitable business and tells how to get into it.

Cut this coupon out right now.

PACKAGE MACHINERY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD MASS

NEW YORK OFFICE 30 Church Street — CHICAGO OFFICE 111 W Washington Street — LONDON W H Berry & Son

Coupon Cut out, fill out and mail A J 7 20

Package Machinery Company
Model K Dept Springfield Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business

My present business is _____

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 108)

A sailor thrust out his arm and shouted. Alongside the rushing steamer a patch of ballooning white showed an instant, high up, held above the sea. It vanished astern.

Hobbs leaped for the bridge, roaring out: "A ship in there!"

Enderby turned and faced him on the wildly swinging bridge. His eyes were lit with triumph. He put his palms to his mouth and bellowed: "The Alfriston! Ashore on Plunder Cape!"

Then he opened the trap hatch and called down: "Hard aport!"

The wheel revolved swiftly under the sailor's frantic hands and the steamer slowly swung amid the tremendous seas, clove on into a roaring field of foam, rolled far over and slipped down a great dark declivity endlessly, as though the ocean had been cleft and an abyss opened. The wind was shut off as one shuts off a fan.

"Gad!" Hobbs sobbed. "She's gone!"

But the deep valley flattened out, the water stormed up the Resolute's flanks and boiled over her rails. She was flung into the full blast of the gale, held there till every fiber of steel vibrated and the drum of her toiling engines sank away into a low obscure hum. Then she swam softly into the lee of the shadowy cape and slowly turned her battered bows seaward, taking the rush of the chop with an easy and regular motion.

When the steamer was anchored Enderby came down from his self-appointed post and smiled into the drawn countenances of his officers.

"The end of eighty days' cruising," he said mildly.

"And what have you got by it?" demanded Hobbs, suddenly truculent from overstrain. "A ship awash on the rocks with a rag of tops'l shredding in the wind! She's been there years!"

The man he spoke to merely nodded and passed on into the dimly lit saloon. A boy came to his call with coffee. The captain and the chief joined him, growling together.

"By the way, cap'n," Enderby said briskly, "keep a good watch out the rest of the night for a small boat. Likely these people will come off."

"People!" repeated Hobbs. "Humph!"

"Well," said his employer quietly, setting down his cup, "I saw a light burning ashore."

"There's never been anybody on Plunder Cape in my time," croaked the engineer. "I saw no light."

"I saw it," was the curt reply. "Waken me if anybody comes off."

He got up heavily and strode away, staggering slightly with weariness. Hobbs turned blighted eyes on his companion.

"Lights!" he rasped. "Small boat comin' off in this weather! Plunder Cape! After six years!" His lips sagged and he breathed stertorously, the veins in his temples swollen to the pulse of his overladen heart. He closed his eyes slowly, with a wide look of scorn, and slept in his chair.

The engineer, a hardier, tougher man, supped his coffee with slow relish, now and again throwing his head back as if the muscles of his neck were stiff. Slowly he relaxed and his aged, scarred face assumed a kindly and benignant expression.

"So there was a girl," he mused in a low tone. He considered this placidly, sinking in his seat. "A girl! Huh! Enderby's young yet."

He dropped his chin on his breast and slept.

The dawn came slowly, with pallid flushes across a low bank of scudding clouds. It grayed the sea, drew out of the dusk the stark outlines of the rocky cape and finally made plain a small cabin perched amid green brush just back of the beach. Enderby straightened himself up and studied the little cove in which the Resolute swung to her anchor. Beyond the outjut of the headland he saw the seas racing furiously, with vast turmoil of spume and spray. A mile or so out of the lee the dark surges fell once more under the power of the gale and rushed away into a blind smother.

"The wreck must be right in the jaws of the pass," he told himself. "I wonder ——"

He called a hand and together they lowered a dinghy into which Enderby got and pulled for the beach. He did not glance over his shoulder as he rowed, except when almost on the shale. Then he thrust out strongly, leaped overboard into water waist deep and dragged his little craft to security. He carefully made the painter fast to a drift log and then quietly walked up and toward the cabin. He was almost to the door when it opened and a figure in oilskins stepped out quickly, closing the door. Enderby smiled.

"Miss St. Ledger!" he called.

The woman—for it was a woman—lifted her head and stared.

"Miss St. Ledger!" Enderby said again very clearly.

The woman did not smile. Instead she quietly raised the revolver she held in her right hand and leveled it at his breast.

"Go away!" she said in a low voice.

He caught the expression of her eyes and his own clouded. He seemed to be thinking not of the weapon aimed at his heart but of something far different. When he spoke it was in a new tone.

"Don't shoot me till I tell you about Dora Henderson and your bottle letter."

"Oh!"

"Yes, Miss St. Ledger. Your bottle finally arrived. Did you get mine?" Then he added: "I'm Enderby, you know."

She put up the revolver with trembling fingers and came forward. He saw that she looked absurdly young. Her cheeks were faintly colored under their tan.

"I found four bottles," she said in a husky voice, "more than a year ago!"

"You've been six years here," he said gently. "I didn't get your message till three years ago and I couldn't find you any sooner. Are you—alone?"

"The rest left after we'd been here three months," she answered, coming still closer, as if to assure herself that he was real. "They took the long boat and went away."

"And you've been all alone since?"

She nodded.

"Except for your letters that came in bottles," she murmured.

"I—I didn't know just what to say in those letters," he stammered. "I didn't know whether you'd get them or not."

"They were very nice," Miss St. Ledger replied gently. "I knew you would come—sometime."

"And then you were going to shoot me!"

"I had to shoot—once," she said simply.

"Marbel?"

"Yes."

They looked at each other in silence for a while. Enderby felt very calm and content. She was beautiful, he told himself, and well balanced. After so many years most girls would have become hysterical at being rescued from such a spot. He scanned her with friendly eyes.

"And we will go away to-day?" she murmured. "I'm all ready."

It struck him suddenly that she took this affair very much for granted. He wanted vehemently to force her to confess that he had achieved miracles in arriving. His contentment was wiped away. He felt horribly upset. There was so much to tell her, to ask her, to find out. And she was visibly impatient to be gone.

"All right," he muttered uncivilly, "if you're in such a hurry!" A thought pierced his heart. "Ah," he said hoarsely, "of course you're in a hurry! I might have known!"

"Yes," she assented gravely, her eyes moist with unshed tears.

"Do you think he's still waiting for you?" he demanded brutally. "He didn't come after you, did he?"

She met his gaze with unfaltering steadfastness. "He couldn't," she said quietly.

Enderby stared, swore under his breath and then snapped: "If you're ready we'd better be away. This gale, if it is only a summer's storm, seems to be making instead of letting up."

With perfect composure she led the way into the cabin, which was of one room rudely constructed and bare of all comforts. The girl pointed to a roll wrapped in canvas.

"That is all, I think."

With this on his shoulder Enderby looked round the room. It struck him as preposterous that a woman should have dwelt alone so many years in such a hut. There was no sign of any attempt to make it cheerful or homelike. Clean it was, to be sure, but nothing delicate adorned the rough wall, no littlest thing testified to a solitary feminine impulse toward decoration. He went out and she followed without a backward glance.

When they reached the Resolute's deck Enderby took Miss St. Ledger to his own large cabin and gruffly invited her to make herself at home.

"No one will disturb you," he remarked. "But I'll have the steward bring you some breakfast."

Hobbs was openly and frankly astonished at the success of the expedition and shook Enderby's hand vigorously.

"I never knew a better bit of work," he said heartily. "To think how you managed it! Bill Enderby, you always win!"

"Not this time," Enderby returned. "I lost!"

"But the young lady? She's all right? Surely! My word, what a story she'll have to tell your grandchildren!"

"She—she's not the girl," Enderby stammered. "Forget it! She's engaged to be married to another chap."

"Where? On this island? When's he coming off?" Hobbs demanded fatuously.

"He's up the coast and has been since the Alfriston sailed," Enderby returned. "He's waiting for her."

"By gad!" the captain exclaimed, flushing with pleasure. "Wonderful! A friend of yours, of course! And you turned the trick like a master sailorman! I'll tell the lad that when we get back. Nobody but Bill Enderby could have figured it out so closely."

Enderby stared at this unusual torrent of speech from the usually taciturn Hobbs and departed to a small cabin aft. There the chief engineer found him when he came to talk ship's business.

"We're woefully short of coal," the engineer told him. "Of course we saved a lot in one way, but the fires ate it up steadily just the same. We can't steam a thousand miles more."

Fully convinced of this fact after some talk, Enderby turned the chief out and sat down with his problem. All that day and the next he kept his room in spite of urgent summons to the saloon. The third morning he went ashore and examined the wreck of the Alfriston, easily approachable now that the sea had moderated.

"No coals there," he reported briefly.

"There's only one thing to do," Captain Hobbs urged. "Send word to San Francisco."

"No wireless," Enderby retorted. "Better scheme is to drop into the Japan current and make it slowly along till we pick up some vessel. Then we can transhipp our passenger and go back for this copper. There's plenty of it still in the hull of the Alfriston. That's what'll pay the bills, cap'n."

This decided, Enderby visited Miss St. Ledger. He found her quietly cheerful in the company of the chief engineer. She received him in the most friendly manner. He observed that she was still dressed in rough sailor clothes. His polite query drew out the confession that all her own clothes had long ago been worn out.

"Another reason why we must speak some steamship," he told her. "Well, they'll be plentiful when we get south a few degrees."

"I would like to be properly dressed when we reach San Francisco," she murmured.

The very simplicity of the words, with their clear implication, stung him. He scowled at her. She met his eyes tranquilly.

The chief engineer soon departed on his business and Enderby found himself alone with Miss St. Ledger.

"I think we had better come to an understanding," he told her awkwardly. "I believe you hardly comprehend my position."

"I can never repay you," she said.

"That statement might be taken in many ways," Enderby responded. "But first, let me have some account of what happened to the Alfriston. Just when did you drop that bottle message overside?"

"I was writing to Dora Henderson," Miss St. Ledger answered, wrinkling her smooth forehead. "I can't remember just why I didn't finish it. But father became very ill and sent for me and Mr. Marbel. It was bad weather and the bark was really behaving frightfully, so my father asked some questions and then told Mr. Marbel to use his own judgment. That seemed to be all he said, you know—just: 'Use your own judgment, Mr. Marbel.' But it wasn't all he meant to say. However, the mate slipped out and I sat by father's side till midnight, when he died.

"The next morning we buried him. We were somewhere off Bullock Island, I understood. Then Mr. Marbel's entire manner toward me changed. He knew perfectly well I was promised in marriage to a—a better man, but he swore he would sink the Alfriston if I didn't agree to be his wife. So I was desperate. I came down into my own cabin and locked the door. My letter to Dora was still pinned to my desk. It was the only piece of paper at hand. So I wrote my message on the bottom of the sheet and put it in a bottle and threw it out the porthole."

"It's too bad you didn't use ink," Enderby put in. "Your pencil notation of the longitude and latitude was washed out by the water that leaked into the bottle."

Miss St. Ledger blushed.

"I—I forgot to put things like that down," she murmured.

Enderby's lean face suddenly became tense. He leaned forward with an expression of immense solicitude.

"Just what was it you—er—wrote in pencil on that letter end?" he asked in a curiously flat tone.

The girl tossed her head with a hint of coquetry.

"It was a personal message," she replied, "to the gentleman I am engaged to."

"You mean to tell me that instead of setting down directions for anyone to find you and the Alfriston you wrote a—an affectionate message to him?"

Enderby stared with unbelief written plainly on his face.

"Yes."

"Why?" he demanded loudly. "Preposterous! Your father is dead, the mate is a rotter and you're alone on an unseaworthy ship. You drop a bottle over—your only chance, I take it—and instead of setting down facts you use your priceless opportunity, your last chance to communicate with the world, to tell some young fellow thousands of miles away that you—that you ——" Enderby laughed harshly. Then he repeated sternly: "Why?"

"I wanted—I couldn't think of anything else!"

He considered this with apparent coldness. She sat with her pretty hands folded in her lap and a look of pathetic longing on her face. Very slowly he relished the simple truth of her nature. It struck him that here was a character of infinite purity. This girl—a mere chit of seventeen—had been bereft of her sole protector, abandoned by rude destiny to the willful caprice of a brutal youth with no unselfish thought, and instead of crying to the world for help she had taken her last bit of paper and set down in angular script the assertion of her deathless loyalty to a lover.

"You never suspected that the pencil marks would be erased?" he murmured.

"I hoped not," she replied quietly.

"It's over six years now since you sailed from San Francisco," he told her.

She displayed a slight tremulousness, as though her strength of endurance were being wasted. Enderby felt flooded with sorrow for her. He gulped at sight of her fidelity.

"What happened to Marbel?" he demanded in an altered tone.

"I shot him four days after my father was buried," she replied.

"While the bark was still in the neighborhood of Bullock Island?" Enderby flushed suddenly. "Will you believe it?" he said gently. "I staked my fortune on that! You know in your bit of letter to Dora you told of this man Marbel. I could see what would happen. And when he was gone, of course, the bark was helpless—it simply drifted."

"Yes," she replied, plucking at the skirt of the heavy sea jacket she wore. "The second mate had been swept overboard. Nobody any longer knew how to navigate the ship. So we drifted, setting what sail we dared. We went ashore one afternoon in a dead calm just where you saw the wreck."

"And the others left you on the island?"

"They stayed till we knew no ships ever called there. They wanted me to go with them, but I had to wait of course."

Enderby rose and stared out of the port at the gray sea. He felt himself oppressed. All that this girl was saying was simple fact; she had nothing to conceal. And yet it sounded as irrational as a conversation in a dream. "I had to wait of course," she had told him. He saw depths at his feet never suspected. Was it possible that men and women acted under the obscure influence of a power they knew nothing of? It seemed to place all man's calculations and laborious reckonings in contempt. He turned to her.

"Why did you have to wait—of course?" he demanded.

"Because the Alfriston was here."

"Naturally! Yet the others sailed away? You knew you might wait here for years—scores of years! You might die—all by yourself! There was not the slightest reason for your stopping on this island." He shook his head at her slowly. "You had a good reason, Miss St. Ledger."

(Continued on Page 113)

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

Beautiful, sanitary —and low-priced!

Insist on the Gold Seal when you buy Art-Rugs or Floor-Coverings. It identifies the genuine guaranteed Congoleum. Look for the Gold Seal when you buy

IN these days of high prices it is pleasing to know that one can still get beautiful, sanitary, easy-to-clean rugs for little money.

Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs meet perfectly the nation-wide necessity for economy in the home. At the same time they have all the style of expensive woven rugs but are made of a durable material with a smooth, waterproof, printed surface that does not collect dirt and moisture to menace your health.

A few moments with a damp mop bring back the charm and beauty of these rugs.

Besides they have the remarkable feature of requiring no fastening to the floor and will not curl or "kick-up" at the edges.

Popular Sizes — Popular Prices

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 9.75
7½ feet x 9 feet	11.85
9 feet x 9 feet	14.25
9 feet x 10½ feet	16.60
9 feet x 12 feet	19.00

For Every Room in the House

Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs come in a wonderful array of patterns designed by some of the leading rug designers with studios in London, Paris and New York. You will find at your dealer's just the pattern and size to suit those rooms which now cause you so much work to keep clean.

Don't Forget This

There is only one grade of Congoleum and that is *Gold Seal Congoleum*. It is identified by the *Gold Seal*, facsimile of which is shown above.

The market is full of imitations and you must be careful to see that you get the genuine *Gold Seal Congoleum*.

All genuine Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings by the yard are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We will positively make good if you're not perfectly satisfied. If you do not find the *Gold Seal*, look for the name *Congoleum* stamped on the back.

Congoleum Gold Seal Floor-Coverings

Gold Seal Congoleum is also made in roll form in a wide range of beautiful patterns suitable for use where you desire to cover the entire floor. Price $1.00 per square yard for both two yard and three yard widths.

Color Chart Free

Send to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug Chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. We also have color folders, illustrating Congoleum Floor-Coverings. State which you want.

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice

Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED

PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO DALLAS

The pattern on the floor is Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 103. The 6 x 9 foot size retails at $9.75

TEMPTING little sugar wafers of delicious flavor. Tempting, mouth-cooling flavor of fragrant plants and leaves—a fresh, cool breath that lingers. Tempting as a bubbling, icy drink when you've a tired, thirsty throat. Tempting when you're hungry—when nerves are "jumpy"—when you just want "something to munch." Tempting in the motor—on the links—at the dance. Tempting little packages—quick to slide into your purse or pocket corner. Tempting at every candy counter. Tempting *today*.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 110)

She blushed faintly. He realized that she was tremendously beautiful in a still, serene way.

"How could I leave—after I had sent a message that I would be on the bark?"

"A message to—to him? In pencil! On the fag end of a sheet of paper! In a bottle! Thrown overside many thousand miles at sea! You mean to tell me that you stayed here simply because of that?"

"Of course!"

Enderby was balked. He tried another road to understanding.

"How did you know somebody would turn up? That I would come, for instance?"

"Oh, I knew!" she cried. "I—I prayed!"

He caught his breath. Then he pursued her relentlessly. It was impossible for him not to penetrate to her secret, to the mystery of this astounding faith.

"Prayed? What did you pray for?"

She looked at him in a startled fashion as though he were outrageously dense and lacking in understanding.

He repeated it slowly: "What did you pray for?"

"Him," she said

He insisted on more.

"For him to come?"

"Yes."

"Ah, but he didn't!"

"He couldn't!" she cried in sudden pain.

"But I came!"

She drew back in her chair before his attitude. He saw that she was touched by a sense of failure.

"You bet I came!" he went on. "I gave up my business, my income, my fortune! I left everything worth a man's while! I stood being called a fool, an ass! I gave up a thousand things—to come here to you! I fought with my own captain, my own crew! I almost wrecked this steamer! I used every faculty God ever let me have! I took a thousand-to-one chance! Months—months I've spent tracking the Alfriston! And finally I find her—and you! If the people who knew me back in San Francisco could have even an inkling of all I've done the past three years they'd mark me down as crazy. And when I succeed you take it all for granted. You pay no attention to me at all. You're thinking of him, some fellow on the coast who's long since given you up for dead and gone a-wooing elsewhere."

To his astonishment Miss St. Ledger smiled. He stared.

"Surely!" he insisted. "It's more than six years since you saw him. He thinks you're dead."

"You poor man!" she murmured.

"Poor man! Me!" Enderby stammered, nonplused. "Why? Haven't I found you?"

"But you were only the answer to my prayer," she replied with utter simplicity. "You came so that I could go back to San Francisco."

"An errand boy!" Enderby muttered wildly. "I rescue you and that's my reward. Hang it all, I've done something that will make half the sailormen in the world shake their heads and tell me I've performed a miracle, and you treat me and all I've done as though I was only an errand boy, a chance messenger! What will they say when I get back? You're right! 'Poor man' is my name!"

"But—but," she said in protest, "somebody will understand! She will understand!"

He stopped dead in his nervous movement back and forth.

"She!" he ejaculated wonderingly.

Miss St. Ledger rose and put her little hands on his shoulders.

"Of course!" she said between laughter and sobs. "The girl who loves you! Don't you see?"

He frowned. He felt himself slipping back into another world, a realm of flitting dreams, of bright evasive fancies, of mysterious silences. He caught himself up.

"But she wouldn't marry me!" he muttered.

The girl shook him slightly.

"Did you tell her?" she whispered. "Did you tell her you loved her?"

In a voice he did not recognize as his own Enderby replied: "No! Twelve years! I never told her. I—I didn't know I did—till now."

"Oh, what a terrible waste of time!" Miss St. Ledger said mournfully. She looked into his eyes and he saw that her pity was unaffected. She was like a messenger mysteriously appearing to unfold the final secret of happiness. He saw that to her simple and inexperienced soul love was the one thing in the world—love proclaimed and adored. She gazed at him as though she were looking at a man who had willfully tossed aside life's most splendid jewel.

"I'm a fool!" he murmured. "That's what they called me. I thought I was anything but that."

"Is she beautiful?" she asked quietly. "Really beautiful?"

"Are women a man loves ever anything but lovely?" he demanded, recovering himself.

"Sometimes," she answered sorrowfully. "How can one love what isn't beautiful?"

"Well," he said, quite overwhelmed, "she is beautiful." Then he added: "But all that's past and gone. It's too late."

The girl drew back, evidently hurt.

"You shouldn't say such things," she remonstrated. "It's unjust to a woman."

He looked at her a moment and then turned away.

"I must see about getting out of this cove and on our way," he muttered, and departed hastily.

The gale had died into a smart breeze when the Resolute steamed past the wreck of the Alfriston and into the open sea. Captain Hobbs seemed doubtful about the future and spoke at length of coal and provisions.

"And before long the autumn gales will begin," he concluded. "What'll happen to us then, drifting about without any wireless? You'd ought to have installed wireless, Enderby."

"And have my officers yelling to the coast for help?" was the retort. "Not for me! We don't need wireless."

"You may think so," Hobbs replied offendedly, "but time will tell."

Six days thereafter the Resolute's engines came to a standstill. What fuel remained must be saved for an emergency. The crew were busied setting a few rags of canvas the lockers of the steamer provided.

"I'm glad we didn't load that copper in her," the chief engineer remarked. He had quit his engine room as one leaves a closed workshop and now spent his time lounging on the bridge. "If that for'ad hold were full of dead weight we sh'd be in a bad way."

Hobbs grunted.

"No fear, chief! Enderby'll bring a sounder ship than this to fetch the metal away. Look at the way he treats this steamer! No regard for it at all! He acts as though he despised this vessel! I'll bet he didn't suggest loading the copper aboard because he thought the Resolute wasn't good enough for such a rich cargo!"

"It would ha' been fair foolishness," the engineer remarked. "I give Enderby credit. I never want to sail with him again—but he's got you all beaten, cap'n. He's a real master mariner. Anyway, what are ships compared to people?"

Such heterodoxy drove Hobbs into sullenness. He belonged to that steadfast school of sailormen to whom a ship is the greatest entity in the world; men who give life and hope and dreams for the sake of a worn-out hulk; men who speak of the ship as other men speak of things divine and inestimable. He glowered over the blank sea with his eyes wrinkled in despair.

To all outward appearances William Enderby thought little of his vessel's plight. He was like a man who has spent years in preparing his mine, has set it off and, instead of hidden treasure disclosed, finds himself staring into a bottomless abyss. The only person who could stir him out of his moody humor was Miss St. Ledger. In the intervals of fashioning herself fitting garments, from what scanty stores the steamer offered she would talk with Enderby. And she never for an instant deviated from her single, purposeful insistence on the potency of sincere and simple faith.

One afternoon, when the barometer was falling and the sky was darkening as if an evil scum were forming across the blue, she stopped Enderby in his eternal tramp up and down the narrow deck outside the cabin.

"It's going to blow very hard," she told him quietly. "I learned a lot about the weather in this region during my six years at Plunder Cape."

"It's going to blow," he answered lifelessly. "But what can I do? We've barely coal enough left to keep the engines turning twelve hours. We may need that power. I can't venture to waste it on merely steaming ahead."

"I'm not complaining," Miss St. Ledger returned amiably. "I thought ——"

"But you alone of us all have good reason to complain," Enderby burst out. "You have endured all this time. Back in San Francisco—well, I don't see why you're as patient as you are. If I had someone—waiting ——"

"Oh, but you have!" she answered.

"How the dickens do you know?" he demanded.

She smiled to herself, dreaming.

He stared at her and suddenly burst out: "Why wasn't I—why couldn't I be the man—for you? Look what I've done for you! Spent my money and my years and my days and my nights—and you don't even think of me! I never enter your head! It's absolutely incredible! Nobody would believe it for an instant—nobody, I tell you! I—I've won you! I staked my all on finding you! What's the matter? I win! Nobody denies that I won—and I can't collect!"

"But you don't love me!" she said rebukingly.

Enderby felt a sudden overwhelming desire to hurt her, to pierce her smooth armor.

"I'm not so sure of that," he said, fixing his eyes on her boldly. "Nobody would believe I didn't. Long ago, when I first got hold of that message of yours, I hated Marbel. I used to start up at my desk in my office and see him threatening you and I'd sweat. I tried to get you out of my mind, but I knew you were beautiful. I managed to get a sight of your photograph at Miss Henderson's. I read some of your letters to her, written when you were at school in France. And then I gave up everything and took all my money in my pocket and came for you. I even figured out how pretty you were, whether you were worth while—worth all this expense and trouble. And when I've done all this you dare stand there and tell me I'm not your man!"

"No," she said firmly, "you're not!" She lowered her voice and came nearer to him so that he caught the faint fragrance of her hair. "Why are you so wicked? She is waiting. She's waited twelve years, you tell me."

"Waited? Has she?" he demanded of the sky. "I think not!"

Under her still deep eyes he stirred nervously.

"Anyway," he went on, "she won't have to wait any longer. By this time the Resolute is posted as missing and I'm thought lost at sea. I reckon nobody's waiting for me, young lady—no one."

She raised her voice.

"What a coward you are," she told him, "to have so little trust in a woman's heart! What does it matter if she does hear you are dead? She will always wait!"

"I hope not," he said in an altered voice. "We may never get into port. We should have been sighted long ago. Winter is coming on. Such talk is foolishness."

"You are a coward!" she reiterated passionately.

For the first time he saw her shaken to the depths. Her eyes filled with tears, her lips trembled, a sob choked her throat.

"Why? How?" he asked, puzzled.

"Because you don't simply accept the truth," she sobbed. "It is true, if you would only believe it—and trust her! She is waiting!"

She swallowed hastily and went on: "It's men like you who kill women. You think women are faithless."

"They are, and you know it!" he answered huskily.

"To men!" she cried. "Faithless to men who demand their loyalty in spite of love! But no woman is ever unfaithful to her love—never—never!" She choked. "Men say they know what love is—we women practice it. It is always with us. We take what it gives. We trust it. We pray to it. We die for it. It is our heaven. And you won't believe in it! You are an atheist, you have no God!"

Enderby was silent. Presently he offered a last argument.

"Then it's nothing—what I've done? And it doesn't matter that he—the man you love—isn't here, while I am here?"

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"He would have come if he could have," she whispered. "I know that!"

"And you think that it makes no difference to—to her that I quit and went away, and probably have been posted as missing?"

She looked at him appealingly.

"Of course not! If you would only believe! If you would trust her!"

He turned on his heel and left. He had nothing to say to anybody for a couple of days, while the weather slowly worsened and the little steamer drifted under useless sails. Then he went into Miss St. Ledger's cabin late at night. She was sitting on the lounge, brushing her hair.

"Sorry to intrude," he told her abruptly, "but what you've been saying has stuck in my mind. I'm a betting man and always have been. It's a million-to-one shot, this is, but I'm game. If I win—well, I'll win."

She rose, throwing her heavy hair over her shoulder. Her eyes were lit with mysterious fire.

"Yes?" she murmured.

"In a way it's a surrender," he went on, frowning. "It'll be the first time I ever gave in. I've always done things myself, never asking help. It's been, 'Where's Long-Odds Bill Enderby?' and then, 'By Gad, Long-Odds Bill just got in. Did ye hear what he did? Nobody knew a word of it till he landed on the pier.' That is what I've been. I always played a lone hand and bet my last dollar. But now I'm ready to quit. I'd stick it out, maybe, if I didn't want to see if you're right. If you are, I win more'n I figured I could win."

"Yes?" she whispered, and he was thrilled by her tone.

"So I'm going to bet on a woman's God—the God you pray to. I'll probably lose."

"Then you're going to trust her."

"Exactly! I thought I'd let you know."

He stared into brilliant eyes a moment, turned away and went out.

"Chief," Enderby said without preface, "I believe we have the makings of a wireless installation on the Resolute, haven't we? Can you fix it up?"

The engineer knocked out his pipe, refilled it, lit it and blew smoke to the tilted ceiling.

"I think I can," he remarked. "Gimme eight days—you've figured it's our only chance?"

Enderby seemed oddly embarrassed.

"It looks like it," he admitted.

"You keep this vessel right side up for eight days and I'll have a spark for you," the chief answered confidently. "I've messed considerable with wireless in my time." He pulled his jacket on and reached for his cap. "I do want to get ashore again too," he continued, "so I guess you can count on me doing my best."

Captain Hobbs received news of the fresh effort with some reluctant expressions of satisfaction.

"It had ought to ha' been thought of sooner," he told Enderby. "But you're running this packet."

In three days the battered men on the Resolute agreed that the wireless held their sole hope of safety. The steamer had begun to leak from the terrific strain she had been forced to endure. Her scanty canvas had blown to ribbons and now she lay dragging at a sea anchor, while wind and sea swept over her. What coal remained was all too little to keep steam up for the pumps.

Of them all, two only kept temper and good spirits. Miss St. Ledger seemed unable to realize their plight. Enderby was uplifted by a mysterious enthusiasm which kept a grim smile on his lips and a cheery note in his voice. The wireless was being fashioned as quickly as poor tools and materials would allow.

And at the end the chief engineer had to confess that a receiver was beyond his power to make.

"I've got it all ready but that," he told Enderby, the two of them alone in a cabin. "That isn't much, but you'll have to go it blindly, send out your call and trust in God. We'll never know whether it was picked up or not unless some vessel booms out of the mist to answer it."

"We'll make it do," Enderby agreed. He met the chief's eyes and that weary mechanic was amazed to see a twinkle in his superior's glance. "You know me," Enderby went on. "Long odds are my meat. I'll bet my pile this time."

"Your pile is bet," said the chief significantly. "Either someone hears our call and comes—or we go under. I give her three days more to swim."

That night Enderby handed the chief engineer the figures of the Resolute's position.

"I'll just fire it out broadcast," was the response.

"No," Enderby replied, "call Y K S."

The engineer stared, swore under his breath and remarked hotly: "Look here, I

(Concluded on Page 115)

Floors of Art for Rooms of Comfort

Especially in the lounging rooms of the home—the rooms where you seek relaxation and enjoyment—should the furnishings be harmonious to the eye and grateful to the senses.

Contributing in no small way to these conditions are Blabon Art Floors of Linoleum.

Look at the cheery sun-room here! The Blabon floor in the beautiful inlaid tile pattern No. 352 is quiet and resilient to the tread.

And the hospitable living-room! There the Blabon floor, with its artistic carpet inlaid pattern No. 409 in soft warm tones, will never fade nor the pattern wear dim as long as the linoleum remains—the colors go clear through to the burlap back.

The beauty and comfort of Blabon floors are only equaled by the ease with which they may be kept clean and bright—a light regular mopping is all that is necessary. Being without cracks, they are both warm and sanitary. They are likewise durable and economical; and with appropriate patterns for every room in the house. Write us for illustrated booklet, or ask your dealer for Blabon Art Linoleums.

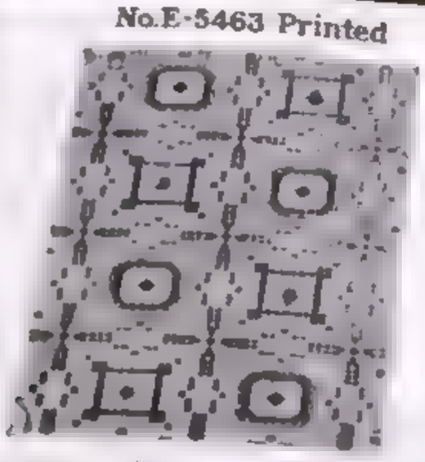
The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 68 years

BLABON Guaranteed ART Linoleums

Look for this label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

Important Notice:—Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

No. E-5463 Printed

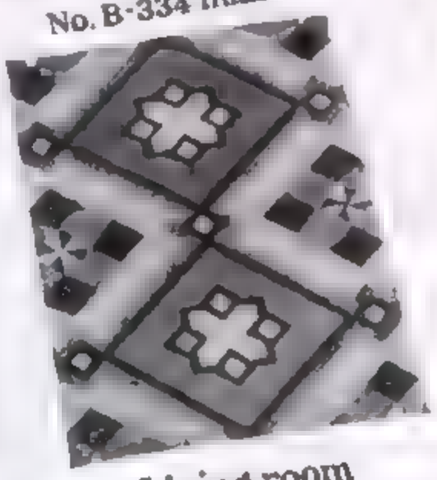


No. 317 Inlaid

Patterns appropriate for Sun-room

No. E-5478 Printed

No. B-334 Inlaid



Patterns appropriate for Living-room

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Concluded from Page 113)

have a notion this affair won't send over six hundred miles—if that. And you want me to try to reach some particular ship when heaven knows there may be no ship at all within range of us! And we're sinking!"

Enderby towered above him.

"It's me talking!" he boomed. "Long-Odds Enderby! You call Y K S and tell 'em our position! Sabe?"

"But I can't tell whether they get it or not!"

"Do as I tell you!" came the command.

"Lemme put in that we're sinking, anyway!"

"No!" Enderby said with finality.

The engineer glared up at him a moment, then his aged face became composed. He leaned forward and laid his scrawny finger on the key. All night long, at five-minute intervals, the improvised wireless on the steamer sent out its laconic call:

"Y K S—Y K S—Y K S—Y K S—forty-six-thirty-ten north—one hundred-seventy-one-twenty-eight west. ENDERBY."

In the first dawn the chief rose and faced his superior.

"Well," he cackled, "that ends that—machine's burned out."

Enderby nodded and went to the bridge.

"Cap'n," he said through the hollow of his two palms, balancing himself against the shrieking wind, "I'll take the hands and begin cutting her up for the furnaces."

Hobbs turned his wintry face to him and his lips opened and moved. No sound came. Enderby waved his hand, released his hold on the frosty rail and was blown to leeward. He vanished down the ladder.

All day long they chopped and sawed and hacked at the wooden fittings of the doomed steamer. The fires flamed and hissed and bellowed over the new fuel and the steam throbbed in the gauges and the overloaded pumps renewed their struggle with the incoming water. That night they stripped the main saloon and fed it to the flames. In the morning the pumps showed more speed. The vessel rode more lightly. They were gaining on the leaks.

"But in two days more we'll have burned the last of the wood," Hobbs remarked. "I wish the wireless had lasted a while longer. What ship did you say you called?"

Enderby smiled under his grime.

"I didn't say," he murmured.

"By gad," Captain Hobbs told the chief, "I believe the man is crazy—he and that girl! They look at each other and grin and the rest of us sweat and worry. How long d'ye think we'll last, chief?"

"I dunno," was the response. "Does it matter?" And with this assertion of entire cynicism the engineer betook himself to his engine room, where he remained darkly meditative over his pumps.

Alone in his cabin, which was stripped to the bare ribs, William Enderby faced the end.

"I won several times," he told himself, setting his jaws grimly. "I ought to show myself a good loser. I wonder whether Kate will ever know I bet on her at the last—and lost? My fault all through." He thought of her with an odd sense of understanding and sympathy. "I reckon she bet on me too—and lost," he soliloquized. "In fact, we're all in the same boat, even that girl off the Alfriston. She has lost with the rest of us."

He listened to the thump and clamor of the seas storming the devoted steamer. The deck under his feet leaped to the strain. As from a great distance he heard the hollow throbbing of the slackening pumps. In another hour they would be silent. And then?

He knew that every preparation had been made that could be made. Feeble precautions! Nothing could avail! It struck him as curious that after six years of waiting Geraldine St. Ledger should after all never be heard of. No one would ever suspect that she had lived and loved and hoped for years after the Alfriston had been finally marked off the world's shipping registers. He tried to picture the man she was engaged to. He felt like laughing at the huge jest fate had played. Suddenly he lifted his head alertly, ears intent—the pumps had stopped.

"That ends it!" he said aloud, and picked up his cap and put it on his head. He buttoned his jacket slowly, settled the stiff collar about his throat. With a slight smile he cast a final glance about him. He took the door knob in his hand.

"Now to pay my bets," he murmured, and stepped out into the fury of the storm.

As he battled his way up the narrow alleyway the glimmer of the mounting seas so close at hand gave him an impression of great speed. They rose, flashed ahead of him, swept along the steamer's side and rustled past him into the smother astern. But he knew that the Resolute was practically motionless so far as movement over the ocean's bottom was concerned. She lay held betwixt wind and tide, pulling doggedly at her sea anchor, slowly sinking.

At a jog in the deckhouse Hobbs caromed off him, yelling inarticulately. Enderby felt the urgency of his cry and clutched him.

"What is it?" he shouted.

Hobbs yielded him a single frantic glance.

"Lights to leeward!" he bawled. "And we can't launch a boat!"

He sped on, a grotesque flutter of shadow before the gale.

With a stronger step Enderby hastened on and up to the bridge, where he was alone. A glance told him that the sea anchor still held, though gradually disintegrating into its components of broken spars and torn canvas. He peered to leeward. At first he saw nothing. Then an infinitesimal pinch of yellow light glowed just above the sea. With a quick movement of his arm Enderby tore a rocket from its case, knocked its head against the rail and held it over his head.

The sparks trailed off in the wind. Then a single ball of blue rose into the air, hung an instant and was swallowed up. No more came. The rocket was useless from dampness.

For a long time he tried to pierce the gloom into which the light had faded. Nothing further appeared. Just as he was turning away in despair a slight thread of flame showed amid the flying scud. He grunted in understanding. They were seen.

An hour later the strange vessel had crept up to within half a mile, showing many lights. But neither Enderby nor Hobbs could make out any more.

"We've got to wait till daylight," Enderby said at last.

"Got to," Hobbs acquiesced, ignoring the sluggishness that told them the steamer was dying under their restless feet.

"I'll keep her afloat," Enderby went on, waving his hand and was gone.

Men's wills triumphed over the sea and dawn found the Resolute still swimming—feebly but surely. And the vessel that had come to their aid was a scant cable's length away now, diving and plunging and rolling.

"By gad," Hobbs said in awe, "it's a little yacht!"

"Exactly!" Enderby responded. "And old Hiram Forbes at the wheel."

"The wind's fining down too," the captain remarked. "It won't be too bad."

But in spite of every effort it was noon when they got their boat away from the Resolute. The sea was still heavy, and Enderby, at the steering oar, gritted his teeth as he realized what a struggle was before them.

He dared not so much as look round when Hobbs' cry told him the steamer was taking her final plunge.

When they had won to the yacht another half hour was spent in getting aboard of her. At last the task was done. Their splintered boat floated quickly to leeward, no longer needed. Enderby gave a final glance round at the blank sea and went below.

Katherine Shell met his eyes stonily.

"Your young woman is in my room," she said icily. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to berth with Captain Forbes—or wherever he can find room for you."

He stared and his face whitened under the salt rime. He saw the expression on her face and bit his lip. Without another word he went out and stumbled blindly down into the crew's quarters.

A week later Captain Forbes solicitously invited Enderby to come on deck.

"It isn't a square deal you're getting," he said bluntly. "Hobbs has told me a yarn I couldn't ha' believed of any man but you. And the nerve of you callin' for us at the last minute, just like ye knew we were within hail!

"You're a master sailorman, Enderby, and I wish't ye'd come up on my deck and visit my bridge. I'd be proud."

"Miss Shell is in command of this vessel," was the quiet reply. "I understand you're going into De Fuca Straits. I want you to set me ashore at Townsend."

Forbes filled his pipe thoughtfully, his big face solemnly turned to the skylight.

"I dunno just what's happened," he mused. "First off, you quit Shells, and then you're supposed to be missin' in the Resolute and pretty soon nothing will do for Miss Katherine but a cruise to Bullock Island and then a turn north. Before we get well started for home at last comes your call out o' the air and up we goes full steam to find ye. Lucky we did, and in time too. I thought Miss Katherine'd ha' stormed hell that night because I dassent edge any closer in the dark. Then the first aboard out of your boat is that girl—and from that minute to this I haven't had a civil word."

His pipe was ready and he lit it. When it was going Forbes went on.

"I asked that new girl a question or so. Seems she wanted to get a wireless to the coast. I managed it, ketchin' the Niagara to relay it."

"To a -a man?"

"Yes," Forbes admitted. "I reckoned it was her man. After six years! I wonder ——"

In the chill air of a wet morning the yacht steamed gently to the wharf in Port Townsend and Enderby shook hands with Captain Forbes.

"I really don't like this business, cap'n," Forbes growled. "But you know your own business. We'll lie here for a couple of hours while I get some oil aboard and send off the mail and report to the customs. But if you won't stop you won't."

"I think I'll quit the game," Enderby replied coldly. "I've lost several bets lately. Thank Miss Shell for me, will you? I'll arrange in San Francisco for the men and officers of the Resolute. I reckon I'm still rich enough to pay them off."

"Hobbs was telling me there's a mint o' copper in that wreck," Forbes suggested.

Enderby slapped his thigh.

"I nearly forgot! Glad you reminded me! I'll buy that from the underwriters for twenty-five dollars—according to their forms—and then give Miss St. Ledger a bill of sale.

"You tell her for me that it's my wedding gift to her and him."

A voice came out of the mist and the two men turned sharply in its direction.

"Miss St. Ledger?" repeated the voice.

Its owner emerged from the obscurity and showed himself a man of twenty-six or seven, evidently in a state of great repressed excitement.

"By heavens, it's him!" Forbes gasped. He addressed the young man: "Aren't you? Aren't you Miss St. Ledger's young man?"

Another voice—cool, placid, utterly tranquil—came from an open door on the yacht. Miss St. Ledger stepped out.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she said.

The young man gasped, saw her and stumbled forward—wordless. Miss St. Ledger slipped over the rail and to the wharf. All her serenity and composure were gone.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" she cried passionately.

Enderby and Forbes turned their backs ostentatiously.

"What were you saying about losing all your bets, Cap'n Enderby?" Forbes demanded loudly, coughing afterward vigorously.

"I bet I'd make a fortune, win the prettiest girl in the world for my wife and show old Shells I had some imagination," Enderby returned. "All I did was get that girl back to her man." He waved a hand at the couple staring into each other's eyes a few feet away. "I missed my fortune, lost the girl and owe Shells money for rescuing me and my crew on the high seas."

"You gave most awful odds, cap'n," was the response. "I know you pulled off some tremendous things, but a man can't win every time."

"Well, I staked all I had on this affair," Enderby said gloomily. He gazed at the unconscious couple with curious eyes.

"Who did you think was the prettiest girl in the world?" demanded still another voice.

Enderby whirled and faced Kate Shell.

"You!" he answered.

"And you made me the subject of a bet?" she went on icily.

"Eleven hundred to one," he replied.

"I've been talking quite a good deal with that young woman there," Miss Shell continued very composedly. "It seems a pity for you to lose everything. You ought to keep the copper. It's worth ——"

"Damn the copper!" Enderby said savagely.

"By all means," she assented sweetly. "But if you lose the copper what have you left—to show for your winnings?"

He gazed at her in silence.

"Your luck turned—quite suddenly, didn't it?" she went on. "You always did win, didn't you—before?"

Still no answer.

"It seems too bad," Miss Shell pursued evenly. "I have always felt that somehow—you got what you went after. I rather bet on you. And now you've lost—everything?"

"No," he said firmly, "I haven't. I've won more than I deserve. I know now what it is to love and to have faith in it. That's mine. Kate, I've loved you for twelve years and never knew it. I thought it didn't mean anything to me. I've discovered that it means everything. You don't love me, but I love you—and always shall."

"Oh, but I do!" she cried, suddenly breathless.

"You—do—what?" he asked slowly.

"Love you!"

William Enderby strode across the main office of Shell, Shell & Co. amid the glances—envious or admiring—of the clerks and thrust open the door marked "Mr. T. Shell." The old man behind the clean desk glanced up, took off his eyeglasses, wiped them, set them on his nose again, stared at his visitor and snapped: "Well?"

Enderby pulled out his wallet, extracted a smooth check and laid it before Mr. Shell.

"One hundred thousand dollars, sir," he said quietly, "for your interest in Shell, Shell and Co."

"Whose money?"

"Mine! Every dollar freshly made, with William J. Enderby's mark on it."

"You lost your ship," Timothy snapped. "I hear you lost everything. And you turn up with this money in hand—all yours, you say. And you want to pay me your price for my interest in my company. I'll have you understand that my daughter is a partner here. I refer you to her."

"I've already bought my wife's interest," Enderby replied quietly. "I made a deal in some copper—up north."

He made a slight gesture with one hand toward the pole.

"Your wife?" Mr. Shell repeated slowly. He stared out of the window. The silence was profound.

A door opened and a carefully groomed clerk entered, bearing sheaves of letters.

"These need your attention, sir," said the newcomer.

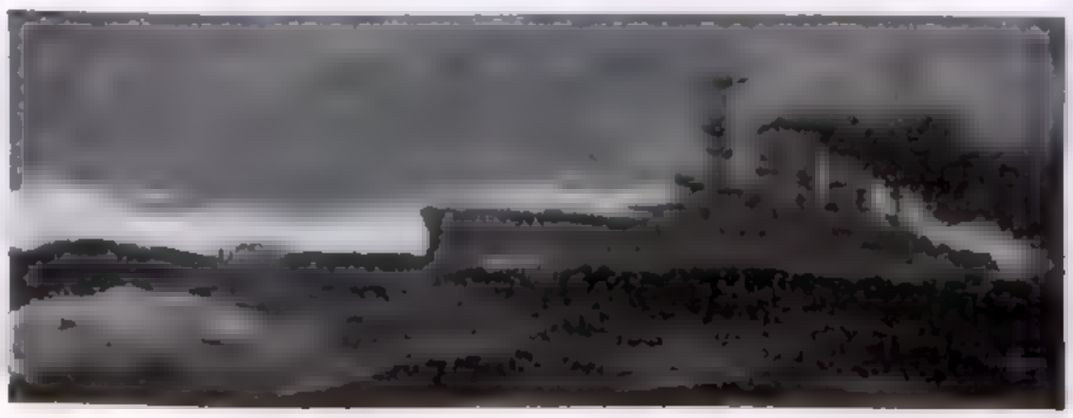
The old man stirred briskly. He indicated Enderby with a wave of his hand. He picked up his hat.

"New president and manager of Shells," he remarked. "Give him the letters."

He picked up Enderby's check and folded it neatly.

"Glad to have bets settled so promptly," he remarked. "I thought I was going to lose for a while." He tucked the valuable paper in a pocket. "Lucky number!" he murmured.

"Number 1100," said Enderby.



TWO of the popular ALADDIN Cooking Utensils—the Aladdin *Enameled Steel* coffee pot and the Aladdin *Aluminum* double boiler—are illustrated with this No. 33 New Perfection Oil Cook Stove, Warming Cabinet, and Oven.

A—In the Long Blue Chimney burner marked "A" you can see the *low* flame. This burner gives the lowest flame adjustment possible in an oil cook stove, and the most economical. It is used for such purposes as keeping the coffee or the tea-kettle simmering.

B—This pictures the *medium* flame—the *all-blue* flame—of the Long Blue Chimney burner. Because this flame is used for so many cooking purposes the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove has frequently been called "the blue flame oil stove"—but this blue flame is *not* the hottest flame.

C—The *high white-tipped* flame, shown in the Long Blue Chimney under the oven, is the hottest and fastest cooking flame. The intense white heat of this flame is driven, full force, directly against the bottom of the utensil.

NEW PERFECTION

What Some of the 3,000,000 Users of New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves May Not Know—

THAT the *hottest* and *fastest-cooking* flame of the Long Blue Chimney burner is the high, white-tipped flame pictured here.

The heat from this flame is clean and intense, and is driven full force directly against the bottom of the utensil.

So dependable is the high hot flame that you can set it just where you want it and leave it untouched for hours — without smoke or disagreeable odor.

The fact that 3,000,000 housewives already are using New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves means *something* to you. *The majority of women who cook on oil stoves have endorsed the Long Blue Chimney burner.*

Think of it — meals for one-eighth of the people of the United States are cooked over the Long Blue Chimney burner.

The instant you light the Long Blue Chimney burner, it is ready to use. The low (A) flame, the medium (B) flame and the high (C) flame give full heat immediately — you don't need to wait several minutes for the flame to generate

New Perfection Stoves are made in four sizes — one, two, three and four burners. Sold by good dealers everywhere. Be sure and get a New Perfection oven too — it bakes perfectly.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the Long Blue Chimney burner or write for free New Perfection booklet.

Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7621 PLATT AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also makers of
ALADDIN
Cooking Utensils,
and PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

SPEEDY

TOUCH a match to the burner, and the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove is ready for use, instantly. No fire to build, no slow-generating flame to wait for. The Long Blue Chimney burner gives you as speedy a start as a gas stove.

Minute-saving short cuts like this help to shorten kitchen hours.

STEADY

SET the flame where you want it—you can always see it through the mica door—and it stays just where you set it. It makes no difference whether you use the low, medium or high flame, there's a steady flow of clean heat directly under the utensil.

What a comfort to know your New Perfection does not need watching!

CLEAN

DOES not blacken pots or pans. The Long Blue Chimney burner turns *every* drop of kerosene oil into *cooking heat*—none of it escapes in smoke or soot or disagreeable odor. Scientific tests have proved that the Long Blue Chimney is exactly the right length for best cooking results.

HOT

FOR *every* cooking purpose there is always an abundance of steady, clean, intense cooking heat directly under the utensil.

The Long Blue Chimney burner—*with its speedy, steady, clean cooking heat, ready for use at the touch of a match*—banishes coal and wood stove drudgery—gives you more time *out* of the kitchen.

Oil Cook Stoves & Ovens

THE adoption of the Wagner Made-to-Order Electrical System as standard equipment is more than a matter of circumstance. It signifies that, in the judgment of automobile engineers, a car is better for having an electrical system built to meet the car's own individual requirements.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations*
Buffalo *San Francisco Milwaukee *New York *Chicago *Philadelphia *St Louis *Cleveland *Detroit
St Paul *Denver *Omaha Cincinnati *Los Angeles Washington, D. C *Minneapolis *Kansas City *Indianapolis
*Atlanta Montreal Toronto *Boston *Pittsburgh *Seattle

Selling Agencies
New Orleans Salt Lake City
Memphis Dallas

Wagner Quality

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE STARTER THAT IS BUILT TO ORDER

WELLINGTON GAY

(Continued from Page 21)

run these mills without the need of steam, gas, electricity, wind or water, and divers other nuts whom I shall have to shoo away from our busy midst.

"Well, boys, as Julius Cæsar tellingly said, '*Labor vexit mensa*,' which means—virtue gets its reward. You know I discovered Mr. Gay, boys. Years ago when Mr. Gay, then a young man, merely a boy in fact, came into the office where I happened to be at work and set me right on a difficult problem in mathematics with which I was at the moment wrestling, I said then and there, 'Some day this young gentleman will be head of Steelburg Mills.' Was my prophecy correct? Look at the signature at the bottom of this letter—'Wellington Gay, general manager.'

"And say, boys, aren't the mills tickled? A man at the head of them who worked his way up from their own ranks—that's what they like! Actually I feel sorry for you stiffs when I think what is ahead of you in the way of work. You'll never be able to keep caught up—never! This old dump is going to hum henceforward as it never hummed hencebackward. Mr. Gay will send word to the mills, 'A little more zip, please,' and you chaps will have an extra thousand tons or two of steel products to take care of. Cogitate on it.

"Oh, the mills are for him! Look how they elected him councilman from this ward, with the whole rotten city-hall bunch fighting him simply because he was decent and stood for law enforcement. Pretty small spuds of the city-hall gang, wasn't it?—trying to discredit him by bringing up the question of his birth, telling it about that he was the son of some old drunken hag that used to be in the bughouse here. But he denied nothing, affirmed nothing—paid no attention to their mud slinging, and beat them all hollow. Though a good per cent of the mill men admired the morals of the city-hall gang, they stuck by Wally. And he's getting things done for old Steelburg too. I noticed a street gang filling in that hog wallow up in front of the Falls House yesterday. What d'ye know about that?

"Well, boys, I must hasten to write a letter to Mr. Gay accepting his kind offer. I know he's in a hurry for me to enter upon my new duties and I know I'm in a hurry. Isn't it so, boys? *Labor vexit mensa.*"

The growth of Steelburg Mills continued, a steady growth and a very rapid one. Another blast furnace had been erected on the former site of Vinegar Gully; a new steel foundry had gone up and was turning out steel castings; another bar mill had been built; another two-vessel Bessemer was blowing steel; and a new Open Hearth was under construction. Stanley Kirk's furnace plant at Ferro Junction was now in reality an adjunct of Steelburg Mills—the entire output of the furnaces was being purchased by the mills and going there in hot-metal form.

Then Stanley Kirk proposed selling his plant to the mills. He went first to Wally Gay to ascertain his views on the subject.

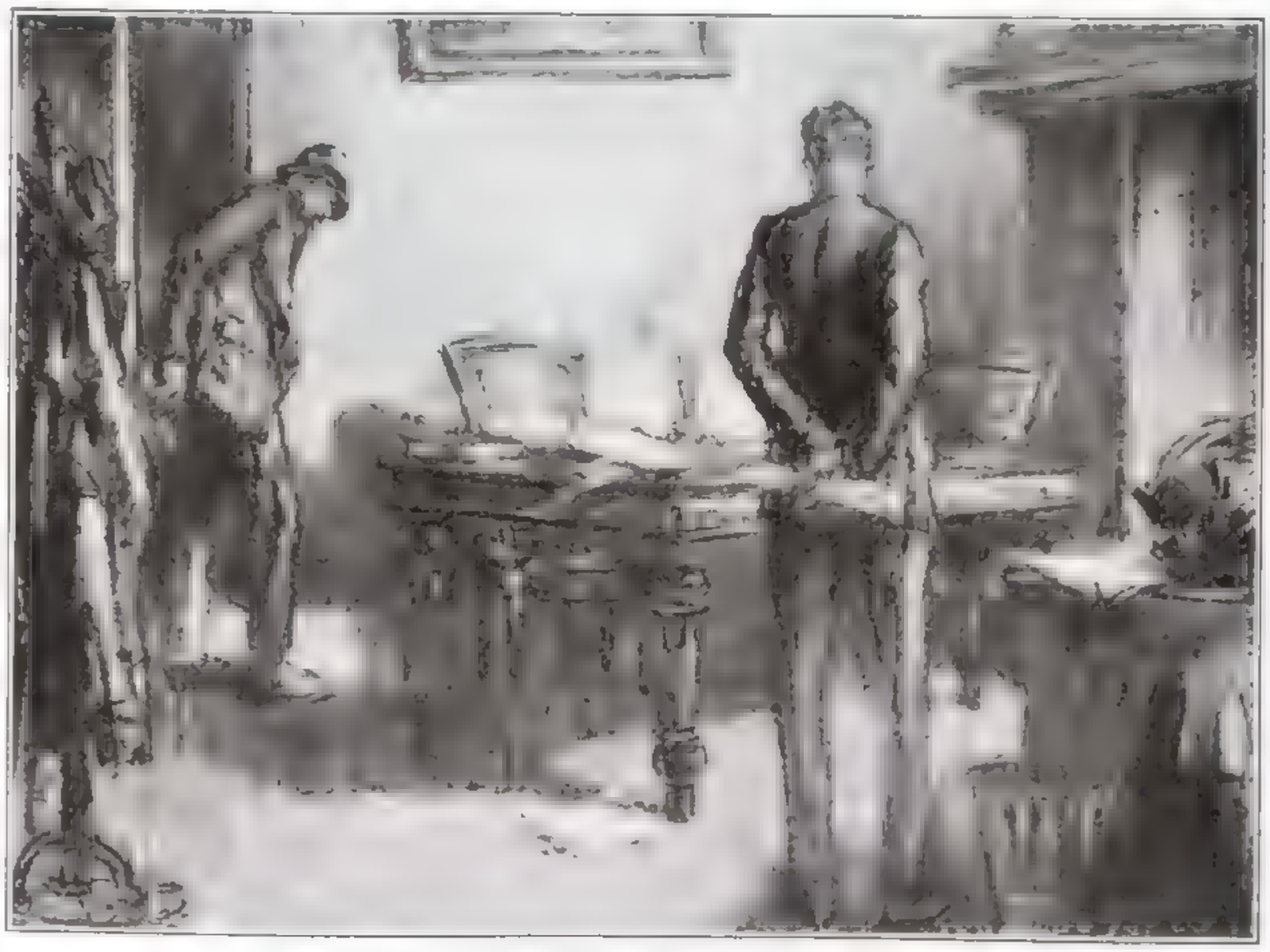
"If we can procure control of the railway between here and the Junction I will recommend the purchase of the furnaces," said Wally. "If we cannot buy the railroad we don't want the furnaces. With the railroad in our possession we can arrange our shipments, both incoming and outgoing, in such a manner that we can participate in the freight charges on every car of material we handle. Look here."

He took paper and pencil and began an arithmetical demonstration that caused his caller, watching the moving pencil, to exclaim again and again. When the figures were all assembled Kirk took the sheet and studied it for several moments.

"Well, I can see that the sale of my furnaces to Steelburg Mills is assured," he laughed as he laid the paper down. "For I know the old stub line can be bought—it can be bought at a low figure. And if you present your plan for going into the railroad business to your board of directors as you have here presented it to me there will be a transfer of property in short order."

Steelburg Mills bought the stub line connecting Steelburg and Ferro Junction and at the same time took over the Kirk furnaces. And Wally Gay became manager of the important iron plant that had been established in early days by old Kent Masterson, operated through a long period by Kent Masterson, Jr., and had become the property of Dunwood Masterson, to be sold by him to Stanley Kirk.

A few days after the transfer of the properties had been made Wally traveled to Ferro Junction on the hot-metal train. The road had been repaired, in places entirely rebuilt, since that night years before when he had watched the four huge ladles of hot metal ripping and pouring down the hillside following the collapse of a bridge. He shuddered as the train passed the spot where the wreck had occurred, where he had found the woman, Nan Sorrel, lying in the road with the red metal washing about her, her face in the yellow clay, her clothing aflame—where he had watched her die.



"I'm—I'm Going!" He Stammered, and Opened the Door and Slipped Out

Was Nan Sorrel his mother? He had no doubt of it. The man Damrosch had never come back bringing the proofs that she was, as he had said he would do, but the few words the woman had spoken just before she died had convinced him. It would take much to shake that conviction.

When the train reached the Junction he did not at once go to Kirk's office, but walked off toward the furnaces. The furnace superintendent had been to Steelburg that morning to see him and he had told the man he would come to the Junction that afternoon to go over the plant with him and to get acquainted with a number of the men.

United States Senator Dunwood Masterson was with Stanley Kirk in his office that afternoon and from where he sat he saw Wally passing through the yard. He rose and went to a window.

"Come here, Stan," he said sharply.

Kirk joined the senator at the window.

"Look at him! Do you see it?"

"Oh, yes, I have seen it ever since you spoke of it to me."

"Explain it."

"I can't."

"Suggest something."

"Nothing."

The two stood watching the new manager of the old Masterson iron plant. He was not a great distance from them. They saw him stop and begin examining a locomotive crane that had been wrecked and cast to one side of the railway tracks. The figure of the man they watched was a striking one—strongly built and powerful, straight and symmetrical; and the face told of unusual strength of character and seen in profile it was singularly attractive.

The furnace superintendent came up and joined Wally. After a few minutes at the derailed crane they walked away together toward the furnaces.

Masterson left the window muttering, "I can't understand it! I can't."

Kirk returned to his desk and resumed his work there. For a long while there was silence in the room. Then Masterson spoke:

"Stan, there was a man came to me three or four years ago and asked me if I was interested in Wally Gay. A queer-looking fellow he was, too, with his tiny eyes, his enormous nose and an almost complete absence of chin. I told him I was interested in Wally Gay in a way. He then asked me if I would like to know where he came from. I answered him that I would. Then, would I pay for such information? I replied that I would if his demand were reasonable. He said he would furnish me with the number and initials of the car in which Wally Gay came to Steelburg Mills, with the date of the car's arrival there and also the point of shipment of the car, for two hundred dollars."

Stanley Kirk had dropped his work and was listening intently.

"Well?" he said questioningly as Masterson paused.

"I was of course interested, greatly interested. I asked the fellow what were his proofs. He said he had original papers carrying the information he wished to sell me. So I agreed to his proposal.

"He then showed me what was, he said—and I fully accepted his statement—a page from a car-record book listing loaded cars received at Steelburg Mills. Before one of the numbers was a faded blue-pencil cross mark which had been put there by the yardmaster at Steelburg Mills, he claimed, to mark that car as the one in which Wally Gay, the infant, had been found by Joe Gay. The date of the car's arrival was at the top of the page.

"I asked him how he knew the cross mark had been put there for that purpose.

"He said the man who had put it there—McKnight, McNutt—I forget which—had told him he put it there. He stated he had once worked for McKnight or McNutt. This man is now dead, I have learned.

"Then he showed me a page cut from a receiving clerk's book whereon was set down the point of shipment of the car—it was a car of pig iron."

"Where was it shipped from?" asked Kirk.

"From here—from these furnaces. It was while you and I were in partnership—a few years before I turned over everything to you."

"Well?"

"Nothing—that's all. I paid the fellow and made a memorandum of the data. I have it yet. I tried to procure the papers he held, but he would not surrender them. Once afterward when Wally was visiting me I tried to bring up the subject of his origin, but I failed—something I saw leap into his eyes as I broached the question warned me to drop it."

"The child could have been placed in the car between here and Steelburg, or even in Steelburg, before the car was shoved into the steel mills' yards," said Kirk, turning back to his work.

"True—I thought of that. The information the fellow sold me was worthless. But there was a strange coincidence, Stan, that I noticed at the time I was looking at his papers. The date of the car's arrival at Steelburg was the day following my wife's coming here to my house."

Kirk wheeled about suddenly.

"Is that so? And she came at night, didn't she?"

"Yes."

Kirk sat tapping his hand with his pencil.

"Are you sure ——" he began, but he did not finish his question. And again after a moment's silence he turned back to his work.

Masterson rose and went to a window. From where he stood the ruins of the old Masterson mansion could be seen, and Kirk stealing a glance at him saw that his eyes were turned in that direction.

"Stan," said the senator, coming back to his chair, "I shudder yet, I grow sick at heart whenever I think of the awful experience of that poor girl that night. Coming here alone, arriving at that great gloomy old house up there on the hill in the middle of the night—sick, frightened, half drowned from her experience with the drunken cabman who drove her out from the city, and then not finding me there—finding no one but crazy Nan Sorrel, crazier then than she had ever been before. God, what she must have suffered! Oh, if I had only been at home that night! But I had no thought of her coming—she had not notified me—I had no idea of her whereabouts. Before that time I had arrived at the conclusion that she meant to keep her parting word with me—that she would never see me again.

"I have told you, Stan, what a delicate creature she was and how little she knew of the hard and ugly side of the world and of life. She was the daughter of my teacher in mathematics at college, who died soon after I had finished school. He left her with abundant means, but quite alone in the world—she had not, to her knowledge, a single relative. I went back there to the old college town and we were married and at once started for Europe on an extended tour.

"I doubt if there was ever a happier pair than were we two on that long honeymoon of ours as we wandered slowly through Europe. Then the sudden ending of that happiness, the awful ending of it—that black day in my life, in New York soon after our return to America, when, in a

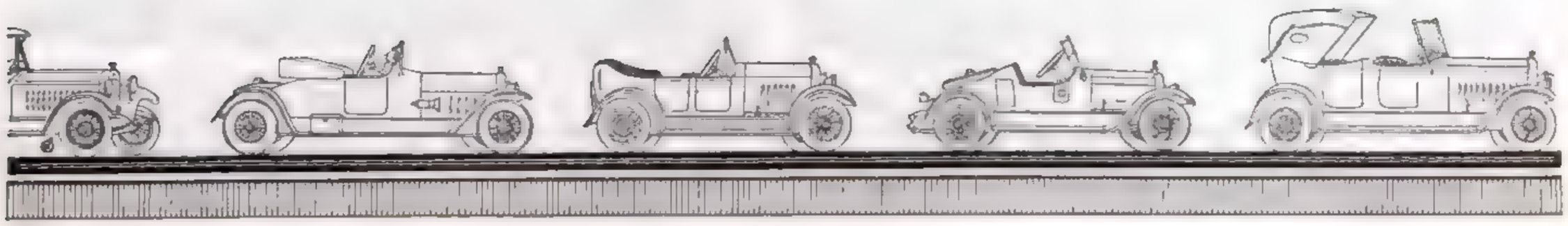
(Continued on Page 122)

DURATEX

HIGHEST QUALITY

A Better Automobile Upholstery

Waterproof
Sunproof ~
and
Remarkably
Durable ~ ~



DURATEX
COATED FABRICS

The Scientifically Developed Automobile Upholstery

IN this day of advancements and scientific progress why should automobile owners put up any longer with the weakness of ordinary upholstery?

Duratex is the better automobile upholstery.

It is made by a house with fifty years experience in the making of fine leathers—*and it is made especially for outdoor use.*

Automobiles are not parlor furniture—they are used outdoors—and what is the sense of using upholstery material that is damaged by exposure to the sun, rain or snow?

Duratex is waterproof — absolutely. It can even be washed every day with soap and water.

The sun can never fade it—and Duratex never stiffens, or cracks, or scuffs.

Even in the hottest summer weather it never "spews"—that is, no oil ever comes to the surface to soil dainty clothing, as so often happens.

Duratex comes in black and in beautiful blues, greys, greens and browns—and the colors stay fresh-looking.

Why be satisfied with anything less than genuine Duratex—the better automobile upholstery—*on your car?*

Get the best value your money will buy—ask for Duratex on your car and *get it.*

The DURATEX COMPANY

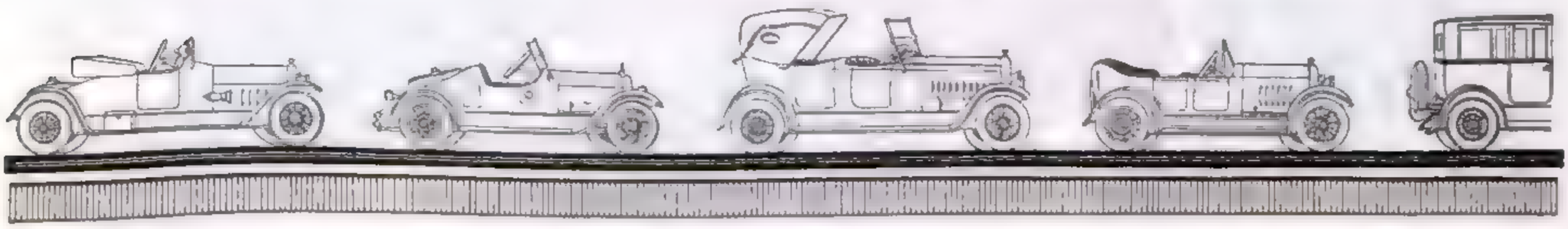
Thos. A. Kips President

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS NEWARK, N.J.

DURATEX

BRANCH OFFICE BOOK BUILDING DETROIT, MICH.

Duratex Products: Furniture Upholstery Hand Bag Materials Book Binding Materials Automobile Top Materials Rubberized Materials



(Continued from Page 119)

moment of unreasonable, ungovernable anger, anger so violent it was all but insanity, she left me, declaring she would never see me again. I did not believe her, for I knew she loved me as dearly as I loved her, and I sat down and waited and waited for her to come back to me, confident that she would. But I waited in vain—she did not come back, and all my searching failed to discover her, failed to uncover the least clew to her whereabouts. Then, months afterward, I find her dead—dead in my own house here—with crazy Nan Sorrel sitting at the foot of the bed on which she lay, staring at her and muttering and jabbering idiotically. It unnerves me, Stan, to recall it all."

Kirk had abandoned his work and sat with his hands thrust deep into his pockets. And again there was a long period of silence in the room.

"Why do you suppose he had Nan Sorrel buried in the Junction cemetery, Stan?"

"I believe he did it because he had seen her die a horrible death in the hot-metal spill—his pity was stirred, his sympathy for the unfortunate creature aroused. That explains it to me. I can offer no other explanation, I can imagine no other. You know, the city-hall gang in trying to defeat him in his campaign for councilman spread the report that Nan Sorrel was his mother, but I ——"

"What?" Masterson's voice was raised to a shout. "Absurd! Ridiculous! Idiotic! Why, Stan, I never heard of that—I was in Washington at the time! Tell me about it!"

"Oh, they did it! It was a monstrous thing to do, but you know that gang. He never made any reference to the charge, spoke about it to no one, ignored it completely, but I think ——"

The door behind the two men opened and the subject of their conversation stepped into the room. They both started and for an instant surprise and consternation showed on their faces. Then Kirk recovered his composure and spoke.

"Hello, there! Come in and take possession! But, no, I can't let you do that either—not for a week yet. I verily believe it will take me that long to get all my personal junk collected and sorted out."

"Take your time," laughed Wally. "Tompkins will keep the furnaces turning out iron. That's what we're in need of—not office room."

Masterson rose and shook hands.

"I'm down here bidding Kirk and the old place a final good-by," he said, smiling.

"Oh, continue to consider it the old place and come down whenever you feel homesick for the furnaces. Sometimes you'll find me loafing about here—Tompkins will always be here. You know Tompkins, don't you?"

"Oh, dear, yes! I gave Tompkins his first job. I'm glad he has gone ahead as he has. He was a good boy."

Conversation passed between the three for a few minutes. Then Kirk asked, "You gentlemen will excuse me for a little while, will you not, if I continue with my work? I'll be through shortly."

Masterson and Wally turned to each other and the subject of the old Masterson furnaces was introduced. A question rose as to the exact location of the first charcoal furnace old Kent Masterson had built.

"Tompkins has told you wrong," said Masterson. "Come with me and I'll point out the exact site." And they left the office.

"Things have greatly changed about here since I managed the plant—and for the better, too," remarked the former owner of the place as they passed by the towering stacks, with the shrieking and whining of the air that was being forced through the mains and tuyères, in their ears, and with the earth beneath their feet pulsating to the rhythmic beat and pound of the blowing engines. "Steelburg Mills makes a great acquisition by taking over this group of furnaces. Your management will extend over this plant too?"

"Yes, it has been so decided. Ferro Junction will from now on be our shipping inlet and outlet. Ore, limestone, coal—all our raw materials will come this way, and all or very nearly all our outgoing shipments will pass through the Junction. The Midline is in for a jolt, a hard jolt. They have been gouging us in more ways than one. Now we shall be independent of them."

"Your idea?"

"Largely, I suppose."

"A good one—a big one."

Their way to the site of the old charcoal furnace led them past the ruins of the old stone house on the hill above the roadway. As they returned Masterson paused in front of the place of desolation.

"My grandfather built that house, my father remodeled and enlarged it, and I—I abandoned it to ruin. I must have it pulled down—I really must. I have been intending to do that for a long while."

"I clubbed chestnuts from a tree up in that yard once," laughed Wally.

"You did? From the big tree near the house?"

"Yes."

"My grandfather planted that tree there. Let us go up and see if it is yet living."

They climbed the weedy terraces and entered the brush-grown yard.

"There it is!" cried Masterson. "And it's alive yet! Well, well! Many a time did I gather its chestnuts when I was a boy—and when I was a man too. I was born in that room up there—that one to the left with the small windows."

"I've been in it," said Wally, smiling. "I've been all through the house. I broke in there once."

"What? You were a housebreaker as well as a chestnut stealer?"

"I was everything a young Vinegar Gully hoodlum was—worse than most of them, I'm afraid."

"Did you—did you ever find out anything about your—your parentage, Wally?"

Masterson asked the question hesitatingly, doubtfully.

"I learned who my mother was," replied Wally. Then he added quickly, "But I talk about that to no one."

Masterson looked away.

"I suppose we may as well move on," he said after a moment's silence. He was turning away when he stopped. "There's someone coming out of the house yonder, isn't there?" he asked.

A man issued from a doorway in the back portion of the building and walked rapidly across the yard, climbed a fence and disappeared in a thicket of low trees.

"I think I've seen that man before," said Masterson. "Oh, now I recall him—I had some dealings with him once."

"And I too—unpleasant dealings," muttered Wally. "I wonder what he is doing here."

"I'm going to have the old building pulled down—at once," declared Masterson as they left the yard.

But he didn't. And the man who had disappeared in the thicket returned to the old house, not only that day but at intervals through many months thereafter.

Steelburg Mills prospered, paid huge dividends to the company owning and operating the plant and continued to grow. The new Open Hearth was completed; additional acreage had been purchased, adjoining the plant, and engineers were busy there with rod and transit; the stub line running to Ferro Junction had been double-tracked and trains of ore and limestone and coal, of billets and bars and rails—all the raw materials used at Steelburg Mills and all the products of steel made there—together with the long drags of huge ladles of hot metal, were night and day rolling up and down the line. And the pillar of fire that marked the location of Steelburg Mills by night was bigger and brighter than it had ever been before, the cloud of smoke that hung over them by day bigger and blacker.

And the big city of which Steelburg was a corporate part prospered and continued to grow, climbing toward and past the million mark. And travelers came to the big city in ever-increasing numbers, men running up and down the world on the world's business, and seeing over in the heavens to the west of the city the red glare at night, the black pall of smoke by day, inquired and learned they were near to Steelburg Mills, the fame of which had already reached their ears, and they came to Steelburg to beg permission to go through the huge plant and look upon its thousand wonders.

Came to Steelburg in such numbers that Robert Windish, chief guide, who had a desk, a chair and a cuspidor in the big hall just outside the office of the general manager of Steelburg Mills found little opportunity to use the desk, the chair or the cuspidor, so busy was he with his duties as chief guide.

"What d'ye know about it, Mr. Crittenden?" he inquired of the general manager's secretary as he stood before that gentleman's desk one afternoon fanning his face with his cap. "This job of mine isn't any pudding with seeded raisins and cinnamon drops in it, I want to inform you! I don't believe I ever will get caught up with my work—never! Why I'm on the trot, come and go, all the time. Actually, I don't get a chance to ruminate, meditate or cogitate a minute—all I do is to ambulate and articulate. What d'ye know about it?

"Honest, Mr. Crittenden, there are hours and hours when I have no opportunity whatever to nibble my plug. For you can't be shooting the weed, Mr. Crittenden, with a bunch of Yale professors or a flock of suffragettes or a covey of high-school flappers gathered about you listening with delighted ears to your elucidations of the mysteries of steel making. It can't be genteelly done.

"What d'ye know about it, Mr. Crittenden? Give it a thought. Yesterday morning I entertained the members of the Soap Boilers' Convention, which is meeting in the big city this week. In the afternoon I had six doctors, four priests and two old-maid fluffs. This morning came those four Japanese students from Tokio Tech, the nine male school-teachers and the old G. A. R. boys. This afternoon I rushed through a herd of scrubs, an Austrian duke and his staff and that bunch of drunken lake captains. You remember them all—you wrote passes for them. What d'ye know about it?

"And that's the way it goes all the time, all the time. Right now, Mr. Crittenden—and it's only four o'clock—I feel like I'd been cradling wheat since sunup on a hillside, as they used to do before they got binders down round my old home town—Honeyburg on the White Fork, Mr. Crittenden. Isn't it so?

"And not only is there my leg work and my larynx work, but my strong-arm work too. You should have glimpsed me playing ping-pong with the two Greiners yesterday, who came to get some back pay they had already drawn once and to start a rough-house. Every day I have to bounce something out the front door. I'm a busy man. And I simply have to take dumb-bell exercises every night before going to bed to keep my biceps in trim. What d'ye know about that, Mr. Crittenden? I tell you I've got a job that's a job!

"Listen! There's somebody out in the hall now! I'll bet it's a bunch of gawkers wanting to wander through the old dump. Tell 'em the guide's gone home sick, Mr. Crittenden. Tell 'em four visitors were burned to death in the plant this morning when a ladle of hot stuff tipped over. Tell 'em anything, Mr. Crittenden, only don't tell 'em the truth. I'll shuffle out and shoo 'em in to you. What d'ye know about it?"

The big city of which Steelburg was a corporate part continued to grow. And it continued to prosper in a way in spite of the debaucheries of the gang that held the city hall and controlled the affairs of the great municipality. Every year saw an increase in the population, an increase in the number of new buildings erected, an increase in the tax rate, an increase in the number of murders, holdups and robberies—an increase in crime of every sort.

Crime—crime flaunted itself openly in the streets of the big city and went unpunished. Crime in all its thousand hideous shapes and forms found in the big city a place of refuge, took its cue from the gang in the city hall and waxed fat. The underworlds of other big cities heard of its rich pickings, turned to it and there established themselves to ply their trades in safety and security.

And the city-hall gang became bolder, grew stronger, more powerful, and stole and grafted and squandered the public moneys until the name of the big city far and wide was a byword and a hissing. And a facetious councilman introduced a resolution in council that would change the city's name to that of Crookshaven.

But there came a day at last when the decent, law-abiding, law-loving and respectable citizens of the big city met together in great numbers, forgot politics and political affiliations and began planning a campaign that would reestablish law and order.

"A big man with a big job, with a bigger job than is the one we will ask him to take in the office of mayor of this city—that is the kind of man we must look for and find," said the chairman of the first meeting of the Civic League. "A man who has handled big business projects, who has shown himself possessed of executive ability, whose record as a business man and as a private individual is absolutely clean and unsmirched. And let him be not an aristocrat, not a plutocrat, but a man close to the common people."

"Name him!" someone shouted.

"I can't," replied the chairman. "Somebody else name him."

"Wally Gay!" called a voice.

There was a moment's silence. Then somebody in the back part of the hall laughed.

"And who is Wally Gay?" demanded a college professor who sat on the stage behind the chairman.

A dozen men in different parts of the house rose to answer the question. And as a result of that and other meetings of the Civic League a committee traveled to Steelburg one day, to the office of the general manager of Steelburg Mills, to ask Wellington Gay to become the league's candidate for mayor of the big city.

"I will give you my answer in three days," he told the committee.

It was the morning of the third day and he was in his office alone. A coal fire snapped and crackled in a big brick fireplace in one corner of the room, for it was a chill day in early fall. He stood before the fire gazing at the yellow flames.

"I don't like it," he muttered. "But it must be done—someone must do it! Two years—four years away from here! I don't like it—this is my work! I can't do it!"

He went to his desk, sat down and picked up a pen, but he did not begin to write.

The door leading from his into his secretary's office was open. He heard someone enter the adjoining room and he heard his secretary say, "In yonder."

A man entered his office, his hat in his hand, a large yellow-paper envelope under his arm. His hair was remarkably curly, his nose was abnormally large and a scraggly black beard hid the chin that wasn't there.

Wally Gay raised his eyes from the sheet of paper which he had placed before him. Then he laid down the pen he had picked up and rose from his chair.

"So you've come back?"

The man had not advanced far into the room. He stopped now, gave a quick glance at the open door and shifted the yellow envelope under his arm.

"I—I ——" he stammered.

"What do you want?"

"I'm not here for what you think I am, Mr. Gay," he said. "I—I was lying to you that other time. The old woman was not your mother, but I can now tell you who was—and your father too. And I have the proofs here."

Wally strode across the room, kicked the wooden wedge from beneath the door holding it open, shut it and locked it and drew out the key.

The man watched him with scared eyes.

"I tell you, Mr. Gay, everything's all right. You'll be glad to learn what I've come here to tell you!"

"Twice before you have approached me on the subject of my birth, a subject I forbid anyone to discuss to me or before me!"

"Yes, but this ——"

"When I finish with you this time you will never come to me again! I told you that last time if you ever, before you had brought me the proof, breathed a word of what you told me ——"

"But I never did, Mr. Gay, I never did!" broke in the man. He was now thoroughly frightened and he backed away toward the locked door.

"Who told the city-hall gang that the woman, Nan Sorrel, was my mother? You did!"

"I did not! I swear I did not! I swear by all that's holy I did not!"

Some note of sincerity in the voice arrested the torrent of anger that started to burst from Wally's lips and he was silent.

"I tell you I didn't!" repeated the man. "I admit that I was lying to you, that I was trying to get money from you that other time, but I never repeated what I said to you then! I was afraid to—I was afraid of you—even if I had wanted to, and I didn't, because there would have been nothing for me to gain. But what I've got here is all right and when you find out that Masterson is ——"

"Masterson is what?"

"Your father!"

Amazement, bewilderment, incredulity showed in Wally's eyes as he stared at the face before him. He turned and walked to his chair between the desk and the table and sat down. The man slowly approached the table.

(Concluded on Page 125)

Your Teeth Must Go—Unless "Acid-Mouth" is Prevented

THE first year you may find only a pin-hole cavity or two, but unless you take definite steps to check "Acid-Mouth" you will have reason to expect the ultimate loss of every tooth you possess, for "Acid-Mouth" is said to be the chief cause of tooth decay. Authorities estimate that 95 in every 100 persons have it.

Pebeco Tooth Paste counteracts "Acid-Mouth" by stimulating the flow of natural, alkaline saliva. Its keen, wholesome flavor imparts a clean, invigorating feeling to the whole interior of the mouth. Its tooth-whitening and brightening effect is marked, and it helps to keep the gums firm and healthy.

Send Coupon Below for Free Litmus Test Papers and 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste

The best way to find out whether acids are at work on your teeth is to make the Litmus Paper Test. Place one of the Litmus Papers on your tongue. If it remains blue, your mouth is normal. But if it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth." Now brush your teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco Tooth Paste, and try a second Litmus Paper. This time it will remain blue, proving that Pebeco does tend to counteract unfavorable mouth acids.

Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
120 William Street, New York

In order that I may make my own test for "Acid Mouth" send me your Litmus Test Papers and Ten Day Trial Tube of Pebeco without cost or obligation to m

Name_____

Street and No.

City or Town.

State_____

"How do you get that way?"

That's what flashes back from your smoke-appetite when you pass hundreds of men in a day's doings *all aglow with regular jimmy pipe joy!* Surenough funny thing how your smokemotor gets to-purring and to-calling and to-yearning when it whiffs some fragrant Prince Albert in the crisp air! *And, a supply of P. A. right around the corner!*

For, Prince Albert has put new and right-keen-edges on smokeappetites and has set up speed-stunt-marks for pipes! It has given countless men smokesport that beats anything the cards ever handed out! It will slip you peace and enjoyment beyond anything you ever figured on! *That's because P. A. has the quality,* and because our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch.

Forget every pipe experience you ever had that spilled the beans! Start fresh all over again at the beginning with Prince Albert for your particular pal and how you'll wise up to some news about pipe pleasure that makes that gladsome smokesunshine fairly pop into your smokesection!

Prince Albert awaits your call everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

(Concluded from Page 122)

"Oh, I can prove it—I have all the proofs right here," he said, tapping the yellow envelope. "Incontestable proofs."

"And my mother—who was she?"

"Your father's wife! And I have the proof for that here too!"

Wally had picked up a steel paper knife and was springing the blade back and forth, bending it almost to the breaking point.

"I say everything is all right, Mr. Gay—nothing you will be ashamed of. I should say not! I've spent a lot of time and money in running down and getting these proofs all together, but I've got everything and they're yours—for a consideration."

The speaker waited a moment, then went on:

"You'll want these papers—you've got to have them. You're a big man and you've got to have them. These papers are going to elect you mayor of the big city. Without them and with the city-hall gang spreading a lot of rotten lies about you—and they're going to do that—you'll be defeated. Why, if the word gets out now that you are the son, the legitimate son, of United States Senator Masterson you'll have a walk-away. Masterson is popular—why, the name Masterson alone will elect you!"

The springing and bending of the steel blade of the paper knife continued.

"Now, I'm going to be reasonable, Mr. Gay. I've spent a lot of time and money on this case and I don't think ten thousand is too much to ask of you. You're a big man; you want to be bigger and you've got to clear up your ——"

"I am Wellington Gay!"

The words were spoken in a low tone of voice. Wally had not taken his eyes from the knife blade and he was speaking more to himself than to the man near him.

"All that I have I got as Wellington Gay. If I have been successful I attained to that success as Wellington Gay. I have lived my life as Wellington Gay—I shall continue to live it as Wellington Gay."

"I think I'm very reasonable, considering the ——"

"Get out of here with your damned proofs! I don't want them!"

The man started back, for Wally had raised his eyes and there was danger in them and danger in his voice.

"Well, if you don't want them I might as well throw them into the fire!"

"Yonder's a fire—throw them in!"

"Now look here, Mr. Gay—I've spent a lot of time and money running this thing down. You've got to have—I know that this information, with all the proofs, is worth what I've asked you, but I'll ——"

"Throw them into the fire!"

"By heaven, I will! I'll destroy them! And I'll ——"

"Do it! There's the fire!"

The man turned and looked at the blazing coal in the big fireplace.

"Would—would you pay half of it?" His voice was wheedling now. "Wouldn't you pay a quarter of it?"

"Again I tell you I don't want them!"

"Now look here, Mr. Gay—I'm going to trust to your generosity and your squareness. I know you're a square man. I'm going to show you these proofs and when you see how absolutely complete they are you'll—look here!"

With a quick movement he had jerked the yellow envelope open and drawn out a number of papers, most of them yellow and stained, and rumpled with many foldings. Evidently he had them arranged in the order in which he intended to present them, for he took the top paper of the pile and without glancing at it tossed it across the table. It fell very close to the hands that were springing and bending the steel blade of the paper knife.

"There's the car number and initial of the car—P. G. M. 67677. Harvey McNutt put that blue-pencil cross mark there. And there's the point of shipment of the car—Ferro Junction, Masterson & Kirk."

"Where did you get these sheets?" demanded Wally.

His eyes had gone no farther than to the printed captions at the tops of the papers.

"I won't answer your question. I got them—there they are. I once read an article by a famous detective. He said always to get the originals. I got them.

"Now here is something that verifies that first ——"

The steel blade of the paper knife snapped and the two pieces tinkled and rattled as they fell from Wally's hands.

"That? That?" he shouted. "You've got that? Where—oh, now I remember! So you mutilated my Bible, did you, that day you entered my room at the Falls House? Why, you cur, I'll send you to state's prison for this! I'll ——"

The man fell to trembling, but he broke in on Wally's speech.

"Oh, that doesn't amount to much," he said, and he hurriedly picked up the next paper.

"Here's the big find," he went on rapidly; "the biggest find of all by far. I hunted for it off and on for years in the old house before I discovered it—it was stuck away in a hole in a chimney behind a loose brick."

Wally was not listening to him—the spoken words were but a mumble of sound in his ears. He was staring at the faded lines old Joe Gay had written in his sprawling, crooked characters years before—"Wellington Gay. P. G. M. 67677"—and the day and the month and the year of Wellington Gay's coming to Steelburg—to Vinegar Gully. Before his eyes there floated a picture of old Joe Gay, his foster father, drooping from age and long years of toil, with his kindly, weather-beaten face wrinkled and seamed, bending over this sheet of paper, his big, blunt, calloused fingers gripping the pen, painfully tracing out the letters of that name—Wellington Gay. A sob came up into his throat and choked him and he turned away and looked out of the window near his desk.

"It's a letter your mother wrote for your father," the man rattled on. "It tells nearly everything, but I've got other papers too—a copy of a doctor's certificate of birth, and so forth. I had quite a time locating them. On the back of the letter is something old Nan Sorrell set down—something about putting you in the car, with the car number and initial. It's pretty hard to read. I knew the old woman had hidden something in the house pertaining to this case, for I talked with her a couple of times, and I kept on searching until I found it. Now here are some copies of records that complete ——"

With the meaningless mumble of the words in his ears Wally left his chair and moved quickly to the door, which he unlocked.

"Take that stuff and get out of here!" he commanded in a loud voice. "Take it all—except this—this belongs to me! Get out! Get out quick!"

The man retreated as Wally advanced toward him.

"I'm—I'm going!" he stammered.

"Take the papers with you!"

"To hell with them! And with you too!" snarled the man, and he opened the door and slipped out.

In the big hall just outside the general manager's office Robert Windish, chief guide, sat at his desk fanning his face with his hat. He had just returned from showing a party of sightseers through the mills. His quick ear had caught the sound of raised voices in the general manager's office and that command, "Get out of here!"

"What d'ye know about that?" he muttered. "More work for me, I suppose."

He rose and took station near the door that opened into the secretary's room. The door flew open and a man rushed out, muttering and cursing.

"What d'ye know about that? If it isn't old Nosey-nose!" exclaimed Mr. Windish. "Well, I'll be dogged, danged if I won't! What's all the big rumpus about inside, Nosey-nose?"

"Get out of my way, you rattle-gabber!" The snarl was still in the man's voice.

"Rattle-gabber!" cried Mr. Windish. "What d'ye know about that? Rattle-gabber! I asked you a fair question what the rumpus was about. Nobody's to know what Nosey-nose knows, eh? But I heard the Old Man say 'Get out!' So out you go! See? Like this!"

With his left hand Mr. Windish had suddenly seized the man he had addressed as Nosey-nose by the coat collar while his right hand found a firm grip in the region of the coat tails, and a rapid movement through the long hall toward the entrance doors began.

"Eyes front, Jannie! Straight ahead!" snapped Mr. Windish. And then he added: "Dumb-bells certainly keep a fellow in bouncing condition. Some prefer Indian clubs, but bells for me, bells for me! Biff! Bingo! And also—zip! That's the caper, Jannie! There's the door, Mr. Damrosch!"

The swinging doors flew open as the body of Janus Damrosch crashed against them and shot through the opening. A stout lady in black with a Turkish towel draped over her head was thrust backward by the sudden rush.

"Ach!" she cried.

"What d'ye know about that, madam? Classy work, eh?" suggested Mr. Windish.

"Mine hoosband—his foot is seeck!" wailed the stout woman. "He can no come for pay. I come for pay."

"Yes, ma'am. Just step this way, please, ma'am, and I'll introduce you to our young cashier, Mr. Sourwine. What d'ye know about it? You don't use—I mean cogitate on it, madam, cogitate. Isn't it so? Mr. Sourwine! Oh, Mr. Sourwine! A lady to see you! What d'ye know about that, Mr. Sourwine? Pour your troubles in at the window, madam."

Mr. Windish walked across the hall to his chair, pulled a leaf from the desk, elevated his feet to it and breathed heavily.

"It's a position, not a job!" he declared.

When the closing door shut the man Damrosch from his office Wally returned to his desk. He pulled out a drawer, took therefrom a small iron box and opened it with a key which he selected from among a number on a ring he carried in his pocket. He folded the leaf that had been cut out of old Joe Gay's Bible, put it carefully into the box and locked and returned the box to the drawer.

He picked up his pen, drew a sheet of paper before him and started to write. But his hand trembled so violently that the writing was almost illegible. He laid the pen down and tore up the sheet of paper and threw the pieces into a wastebasket.

His eyes wandered to the papers that had been left lying on his table. He pushed them together without looking at the writing they carried, gathered them up and went toward the fireplace. As he was bending to pitch them upon the blazing coals the door opened and Crittenden, his secretary, looked in.

"Mr. Masterson wishes to see you," he said.

"Tell him to come in."

And Wally returned to the table and dropped the papers upon it.

Senator Masterson came into the room.

"Ah, Wally, I've just heard the wonderful news!" he cried, advancing with outstretched hand, a smile lighting up his fine face. "I've been out of town for two weeks, returning just last night. As soon as I heard what had taken place in my absence I came at once to see you. I congratulate you, I certainly congratulate you."

"You mean ——"

"The action of the Civic League in asking you to be its candidate for mayor of the big city. Have you accepted?"

"No."

"But you are going to accept?"

"I am considering the question."

"When are you to give your answer?"

"To-day."

"Wally, you must—you must accept! You are exactly the man we need for the gigantic task of cleaning up this city. My disappointment will be nothing less than despair if you do not consent to make the race. We'll elect you, we'll elect you, never fear. Don't let the thought of possible defeat enter your mind."

"It hasn't."

Masterson drew his chair closer to the table near which he had sat down and leaned forward, and with all his eloquence and power of persuasion began arguing and pleading with the man before him, urging him to heed the call to civic duty.

"I have no doubt you are naturally reluctant to go into this, for your interests are in things of steel, your heart is in your work here. I know you will have to make sacrifices if you accept and are elected.

"I know you will find the work distasteful and I know in your campaign you will be attacked by the city-hall gang in the same disgusting manner, along the same lines they attacked you in your campaign for councilman. Only this time they will go to greater lengths of infamy. The question of your early life, of your birth, will be brought up and used ——"

"If I should run for mayor I would run as Wellington Gay—Wellington Gay, of Steelburg, of Vinegar Gully!"

"Yes, yes, I should expect you to, I should want you to, but I believe we could take up that phase of the attack and protect you from ——"

"I should want you to leave it alone—strictly alone!"

"Quite so. We would respect your wishes in that matter certainly. Then I may assume, may I not, that you will accept ——"

"I am considering the question. I will give my answer to the committee to-day."

"Pardon my manner of presupposing, Wally—but I am unusually aroused over this matter. I want you to make the race. But I think I have said all I came to say—more, I'm afraid—and I will be going. I know you are very busy—I must not take up your time."

Masterson pushed back his chair preparatory to rising. Then he thrust his hand into a pocket of his coat and drew out a small parcel tied about with red string, which he laid upon the papers which a few minutes before had been in Wally's hands. He was smiling as he drew back his hand.

"What is that?" asked Wally.

"A trifling present for the little boy, Wally. Please give it to him and tell him I sent it. I am wonderfully fond of that child of yours. I fairly envy your old Major Fronk—I am positively jealous of him. As I came here this morning to see you I saw them in the street together, the little toddler in his red sweater, holding on to the old gentleman's finger as they marched down the sidewalk. He's a lusty youngster, isn't he? The last time I visited you and played with him he almost pulled my mustache out by the roots."

Masterson paused to chuckle. But his face suddenly became grave and his eyes saddened.

"I tell you, Wally," he began again, and his voice was pitched lower now; "I tell you I'm lonesome for that little boy, for some little boy like him that I can expect to see coming running to meet me, that I can take into my arms and hug and kiss and play with, and say to myself: 'He's mine! He belongs to me!'

"I have wealth, great wealth; I know what fame is; and honors have been showered upon me, but I would surrender them all, throw everything away to know that somewhere, some place, somebody was waiting for me, somebody belonging to me, to whom I belonged. I'm a lonely old man."

He sighed deeply and lapsed into silence, with his eyes staring into vacancy.

Wally reached out and took the little parcel and laid it on the table before him. There was a mist before his eyes and a tremor shook his voice as he spoke.

"I'll give him your present. Thank you for remembering him."

He turned to his desk and drew out the iron box from the drawer in which a few minutes before he had placed it, and opened it. He gathered up the papers that he had tossed upon the table and began laying them in the box.

Masterson roused himself.

"Well, I must be going, I really must. Valuable papers?" he asked, smiling.

"Very valuable," replied Wally.

"Are they—do you think your desk here a safe place for valuable documents?"

"No, I do not. I shall carry these home with me to-day."

Masterson had risen from his chair.

"Can't you come to see us soon? Can't you come to-morrow? Why not—it's Sunday, you know. Amy will be glad, and the boy, and I."

"Yes, I can come and I will. I'll be delighted."

"Come early—we'll have a lot to talk about"

"I'll be there early, very early. And don't let Major Fronk get away with that boy, now, before I get there."

"No, no! And—and I'm going to accept the nomination."

"Good! Good! I knew you would! I knew it! Now I am glad! Well, well! Oh, we'll elect you, we'll elect you! But I must not keep you longer from your work! Good-by until to-morrow. I'll be there early."

Wally hurried back to his desk, sat down and picked up his pen. His hand was not trembling now as he wrote a letter to the chairman of the Civic League, a letter that contained but one short line:

"I will accept the nomination.

"WELLINGTON GAY."

The Wonderful Story of the Tin Can

IF the tin can has been to you a common thing of commonplace service, think that way of it no longer. Think of the tin can for what it *really* is—a wonder of the times. Think of it as a monument to patient achievement in our personal interests.

What a tale it could tell! A tale to compel our respect and whet our appetites.

Once this tin can lay inert in the earth in its original elements—had lain there since Time began—awaiting the hand of man that should bring it forth, make the metal, give it shape and crown it with great usefulness.

© 1920 National Canners Association

And while it thus lay, awaiting its destiny, there likewise lay those other ingredients, from which Nature herself should bring forth the products of garden, orchard and field, so wonderfully nourishing and delicious.

You Get Choice Foods Because of It

What a stimulus to imagination! What a tribute could be written to what Earth holds in trust for her people! How she holds in one hand the secret of the peach, the pineapple, the succulent vegetable! How she holds in the other the no less wonderful secret of the means that shall carry her bounty to any table—anywhere—any time of the year!

Today, all these ingredients lie dormant together. Tomorrow, rising from the earth they meet again, each to triumph in "the miracle on your table."

The Needs of Your Own Table Developed It

But Nature's triumph means man's triumph, also. The tin can of commerce was not born in a day nor without great industrial travail.

The can making industry in America parallels that of food-canning itself. In the beginning, each canner made his own cans, and a workman in those days could make by hand 150 per day.

Today, production of more than Six Billion cans annually for the canned food output of America is significant of the development of the tin can industry, and of the canned food industry, as well, which makes all these millions upon millions of cans necessary. The imagination is staggered by it. Expressed in terms of tables supplied, and of individuals served, it is almost beyond belief.

Science Stands Back of It

The "tin" can is a steel can, coated with tin. It is a product of science, of scientific research by hundreds of specialists who have studied every step of evolution beginning with analysis of the steel itself.

Extraordinary Care Has Surrounded It

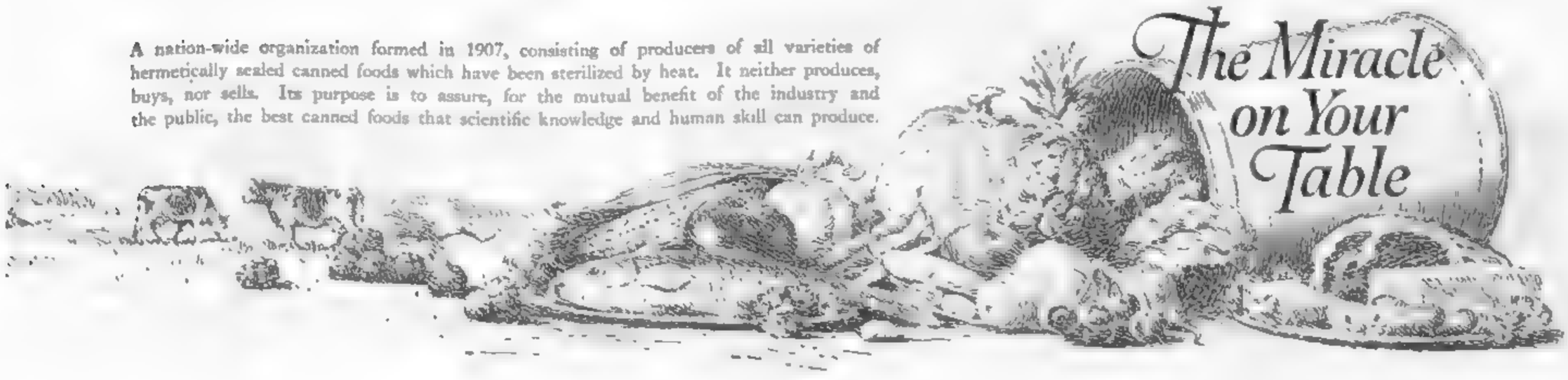
For example, over a period of years, picked men from the laboratories of four great organizations united in the common effort of developing the tin container. These were the laboratories of steel manufacturers, tin plate manufacturers, can manufacturers, and the National Canners Association. Special "heats" of steel were experimented with, foods packed in the cans produced from the steel, and the results recorded with scientific accuracy. The thickness of the tin coating became a matter of scientific determination. Methods of sealing and imperviousness of joints are subjects of closest scientific scrutiny.

Respect the Tin Can

As the tin can stands on your grocer's shelves or on the shelves of your own pantry, this highly specialized little object claims your respect. The tin can unquestionably is the safest, most practicable and scientific food container that human skill and ingenuity have been able to devise for the benefit of mankind.

NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907, consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys, nor sells. Its purpose is to assure, for the mutual benefit of the industry and the public, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.



Backed by Adequate Service—

the TWIN CITY 12-20 fulfills the desire foremost in the minds of thinking farmers, for a super-powered economical tractor.

Its sixteen-valve-in-the-head engine makes use of power heretofore wasted. Its TWIN CITY Holley vaporizing system prepares the kerosene for perfect firing. Its burned gases are quickly and completely discharged.

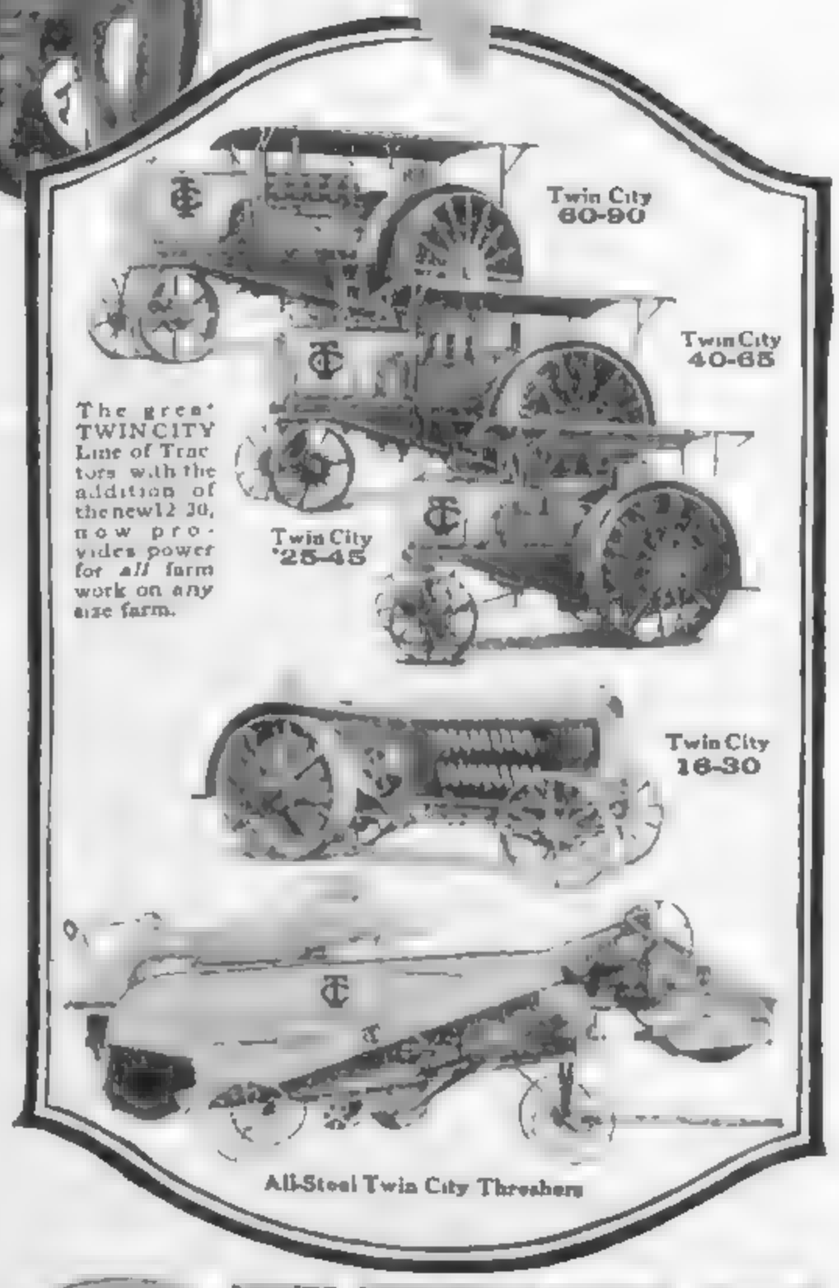
The result is that the TWIN CITY 12-20 gives you a surplus of power from the same fuel, and delivers it more dependably.

Then, back of this great tractor you have a big organization with branches, repair stocks and experts to give service.

TWIN CITY Power for Every Size Farm

There is a TWIN CITY tractor to meet the needs of every size farm —12-20, 16-30, 25-45, 40-65 and 60-90.

Write for complete story of this super-powered 12-20 tractor and information on the complete TWIN CITY Line.


Twin City 60-90
Twin City 40-65
The great TWIN CITY Line of Tractors with the addition of the new 12-20, now provides power for *all* farm work on *any* size farm.
Twin City 25-45
Twin City 16-30
All-Steel Twin City Threshers

TWIN CITY COMPANY

MINNEAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Sales Organization of **Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company**

Branches and Distributors

Denver, Col.	Great Falls, Montana	Wichita, Kansas	Kansas City, Mo.	Crowley, La	Amarillo, Texas
Des Moines, Iowa	Salt Lake City, Utah	Peoria, Ill.	Lincoln, Neb.	Dallas, Texas	San Antonio, Texas
Fargo, N. D.	Spokane, Wash.	St. Louis, Mo.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Houston, Texas	

Frank O. Renstrom Company, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Stockton, Oakland and Sacramento, Cal
Baskerville & Dahl Company, Watertown, S. D. Southern Machinery Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Eastern and Export Offices: Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company, 154 Nassau Street, New York City

Canadian Distributors: Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company, of Canada, Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba; Regina, Sask., and Calgary, Alta.

TWIN CITY
Power Farming Equipment

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

(Continued from Page 27)

peoples are becoming acquainted. I never saw a Russian of this type before."

"A leaf in the whirlpool. Anyhow we'll keep him here until he's on his feet. By the way, never answer any telephone call I mean, go anywhere on a call—unless you are sure of the speaker."

"I begin to feel important."

"You are important. You have suddenly become a connecting link between this Karlov and the man we wish to protect. I'll confess I wanted you out of that apartment at first; but when I saw that you were bent on remaining I decided to make use of you."

"You are going to give me a part in the play?"

"Yes. You are to go about your affairs as always, just as if nothing had happened. Only when you wish to come here will you play any game like that of to-day. Then it will be advisable. Switch your route each time. Your real part is to be that of lure. Through you we shall gradually learn who Karlov's associates are. If you don't care to play the rôle all you have to do is to move."

"The idea! I'm grateful for anything. You men will never understand. You go forth into the world each day—politics, diplomacy, commerce, war—while we women stay at home and knit or darn socks or take care of the baby or make over our clothes and hats or do household work or play the piano or read. Never any adventure. Never any games. Never any clubs. The leaving your house to go to the office is an adventure. A train from here to Philadelphia is an adventure. We women are always craving it. And about all we can squeeze out of life is shopping and hiding the bills after marriage, and going to the movies before marriage with young men our fathers don't like. We can't even stroll the street and admire the handsome gowns of our more fortunate sisters the way you men do. When you see a pretty woman on the street do you ever stop to think that there are ten at home eating their hearts out? Of course you don't. So I'm going through with this, to satisfy suppressed instincts; and I shan't promise to trot along as usual."

"They may attempt to kidnap you, Kitty."

"That doesn't frighten me."

"So I observe. But if they ever should have the luck to kidnap you, tell all you know at once. There's only one way up here—the elevator. I can get out to the fire escape, but none can get in from that direction, as the door is of steel."

"And, of course, you'll take me into your confidence completely?"

"When the time comes. Half the fun in an adventure is the element of the unexpected," said Cutty.

"Where did you first meet Stefani Gregor?"

Captain Harrison laughed. He liked this girl. She was keen and could be depended upon, as witness last night's work. Her real danger lay in being conspicuously pretty, in looking upon this affair as merely a kind of exciting game, when it was tragedy.

"What makes you think I know Stefani Gregor?" asked Cutty, genuinely curious.

"When I pronounced that name you whirled upon me as if I had struck you."

"Very well. When we learn who Two-Hawks is I'll tell you what I know about Gregor. And in the meantime you will be ceaselessly under guard. You are an asset, Kitty, to whichever side holds you. Captain Harrison is going to stay for dinner. Won't you join us?"

"I'm going to a studio potluck with some girls. And it's time I was on the way. I'll let your Tony Bernini know. Home probably at ten."

Cutty went with her to the elevator and when he returned to the tea table he sat down without speaking.

"Why not kidnap her yourself," suggested Harrison, "if you don't want her in this?"

"She would never forgive me."

"If she found it out."

"She's the kind who would. What do you think of her, Miss Frances?"

"I think she is wonderful. Frankly, I should tell her everything—if there is anything more to be told."

When dinner was over, the nurse gone back to the patient and Captain Harrison to his club, Cutty lit his odoriferous pipe and patrolled the windows of his study. Ever since Kitty's departure he had been mulling over in his mind a plan regarding her future—to add a codicil to his will, leaving her five thousand a year, so Molly's girl might always have a dainty frame for her unusual beauty. The pity of it was that convention denied him the pleasure of settling the income upon her at once, while she was young. He might outlive her; you never could tell. Anyhow, he would see to the codicil. An accident might step in.

He got out his chrysoprase. In one corner of the room there was a large portfolio such as artists use for their proofs and sketches; and from this he took a dozen twelve-by-fourteen-inch photographs of beautiful women, most of them stage beauties of bygone years. The one on top happened to be Patti. The adorable Patti! . . . Linda, Violetta, Lucia. Lord, what a nightingale she had been! He laughed, laid the photograph on the desk and dipped his hand into a canvas bag filled with polished green stones which would have great commercial value if people knew more about them; for nothing else in the world is quite so beautifully green.

He built tiaras above the lovely head and laid necklaces across the marvelous throat. Suddenly a phenomenon took place. The roguish eyes of the prima donna receded and vanished and slate-blue ones replaced them. The odd part of it was, he could not dissipate the fancied eyes for the replacement of the actual. Patti, with slate-blue eyes! He discarded the photograph and selected another. He began the game anew and was just beginning the attack on the problem uppermost in his mind when the phenomenon occurred again. Kitty's eyes! What infernal nonsense! Kitty had served merely to enliven his tender recollections of her mother. Twenty-four and fifty-two. And yet, hadn't he just read that Maeterlinck, fifty-six, had married Mademoiselle Dahon, many years younger?

In a kind of resentful fury he pushed back his chair and fell to pacing, eddies and loops and spirals of smoke whirling and sweeping behind him. The only light was centered upon the desk, so he might have been some god pacing cloud-riven Olympus in the twilight. By and by he laughed; and the atmosphere — mental — cleared. Maeterlinck, fifty-six, and Cutty, fifty-two, were two different men. Cutty might mix his metaphors occasionally, but he wasn't going to mix his ghosts.

He returned to his singular game. More tiaras and necklaces; and his brain took firm hold of the theme which had in the beginning lured him to the green stones.

Two-Hawks. That name bothered him. He knew he had heard it before, but never in the Russian tongue. It might be that the chap had been spoofing Kitty. Still, he had also called himself Hawksley.

The smoke thickened; there were frequent flares of matches. One by one Cutty discarded the photographs, dropping them on the floor beside his chair, his mind boring this way and that for a solution. He had now come to the point where he ceased to see the photographs or the green stones. The movements of his hands were almost automatic. And in this abstract manner he came to the last photograph. He built a necklace and even ventured an earring.

It was a glorious face—black eyes that followed you; full lipped; every indication of fire and genius. It must be understood that he rarely saw the photographs when he played this game. It wasn't an amusing pastime, a mental relaxation. It was a unique game of solitaire, the photographs and chrysoprase being substituted for cards; and in some inexplicable manner it permitted him to concentrate upon whatever problem filled his thoughts. It was purely accidental that he saw Patti to-night or recalled her art. Coming upon the last photograph without having found a solution of the riddle of Two-Hawks he relaxed the mental pressure; and his sight reestablished its ability to focus.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated.

He seized the photograph excitedly, scattering the green stones. She! The Calabrian, the enchanting coloratura who had vanished from the world at the height of her fame, thirty-odd years gone! Two-Hawks!

Cutty saw himself at twenty, in the pit at La Scala, with music-mad Milan all about him. Two-Hawks! He remembered now. The nickname the young bloods had given her because she had been eternally guarded by her mother and aunt, fierce-beaked Calabrians, who had determined that Rosa should never throw herself away on some beggarly Adonis.

And this chap was her son! Yesterday, rich and powerful, with a name that was open sesame wherever he went; to-day, hunted, penniless and forlorn. Cutty sank back in his chair, stunned by the revelation. In that room yonder!

Stefani Gregor in His Dark Room Cried Piteously for Water—Water—Water!

XIV

FOR a long time Cutty sat perfectly motionless, his pipe at an upward angle—a fine commentary on the strength of his jaws—and his gaze boring into the shadows beyond his desk. What was uppermost in his thoughts now was the fateful twist of events that had brought the young man to the assured haven of this towering loft.

All based, singularly enough, upon his wanting to see Molly's girl for a few moments; and thus he had established himself in Kitty's thoughts. Instead of turning to the police she had turned to him. Old Cutty, reaching round vaguely for something to stay the current—age; hoping by seeing this living link 'twixt the present and the past to stay the afterglow of youth. As if that could be done! He, who had never paid any attention to gray hairs and wrinkles and time, all at once found himself in a position similar to that of the man who supposes he has an inexhaustible sum at the bank and has just been notified that he has overdrawn.

Cutty knew that life wasn't really coördination and premeditation so much as it was coincident. Trivials. Nothing was absolute and dependable but death; between birth and death a series of accidents and incidents and coincidents which men called life.

He tapped his pipe on the ash tray and stood up. He gathered the chrysoprase and restored the stones to the canvas bag. Then he carefully stacked the photographs and carried them to the portfolio. The green stones he deposited in a safe, from which he took a considerable bundle of small notebooks, returning to the desk with these. Denatured dynamite, these notebooks, full of political secrets, solutions of mysteries that baffle historians. A truly great journalist never writes history as a historian; he is afraid to. Sometimes conjecture is safer than fact. And these little notebooks were the repository of suppressed facts ranging over twenty-odd years. Gerald Stanley Lee would have recognized them instantly as coming under the head of what he calls Sh!

An hour later Cutty returned the notebooks to their abiding place, his memory refreshed. The poor devil! A dissolute father and uncle, dissolute forbears, corrupt blood weakened by intermarriage, what

(Continued on Page 133)

U S G Sheetrock

WON'T WARP—
WON'T SHRINK—
WON'T BURN

SHEETROCK gives you a standard permanent wall or ceiling, factory cast in unit form, and factory finished in workmanship.

Sheets of genuine gypsum rock, ceiling-high and protectively coated, Sheetrock has stability and permanence.

The joining edges of the sheets have the U. S. G. Patented Reinforcement. Sheetrock presents a flat surface of monolithic evenness.

Dry, clean, impervious to cold and highly resistive to fire, Sheetrock is an assurance of comfort and safety.

Lending itself to any decorative treatment—paper, paint, panels or calcimine, Sheetrock always is in keeping with the room in which it is used.

IF you are planning alterations in your home—putting up a new partition, say; or turning that attic space into a playroom for the children—you ought to know about Sheetrock.

Sheetrock is a wall and ceiling material in unit form. It has all the economy and conveniences of the usual wallboard, and possesses in addition certain qualities of body and looks and fire-resistiveness that no other can give.

It comes in broad, firm sheets of pure gypsum, sheathed in a heavy, protective coating. It can be cut, sawed, and nailed. Full-bodied, it has a firm stability, yet is easily

U S G

Rigid, compact, and clean, Sheetrock is easily handled. Anyone can cut it, fit it, and apply it. Sheetrock can be painted, papered, tinted, calcimined or paneled to suit your preference and to agree with the character of the room.

handled, and anyone can apply it quickly.

Sheetrock can be papered, tinted, painted or paneled, as you prefer. Where you want an uninterrupted flat wall, it requires no panels. You may use it as it comes from the factory, in its finish of soft, mist gray.

A wall of Sheetrock will never warp nor buckle. It will neither expand nor shrink. It offers no lodging for dirt or vermin. It is sound-proof, sanitary, and non-burning.

For Sheetrock is a sheet of gypsum rock—the natural mural coating known and unexcelled throughout the ages.

Gypsum, as you know, is a fire-proof, clean, and durable rock. Sheetrock is a standard, factory-made product of gypsum, with U. S. G. Patented Reinforcement at the joining edges to insure perfect union and unusual nailing strength. It is constant in quality, uniformly gauged in thickness, and uniformly even in surface.

Your lumber dealer, or your dealer in builders' supplies, will tell you more about the special values of Sheetrock and supply you with any desired quantity.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices, Chicago

sheetrock

HURLEY

The Name Back of the

Thor

Electric Washing Machine

Can You Keep Enough Clean Clothes for the Children?

THE THOR Electric Washing Machine has solved for the modern Mother the problem of keeping enough clean clothes to dress the children as many times a day as may be necessary.

The loyalty and enthusiasm of the Hurley dealer and the exceptional service that he has rendered to the community for over 14 years have shown the present-day woman how much her work may be lessened and how much money she can save by the use of a THOR. *Your* THOR dealer is ready to show *you.*

Each week this electric servant does the washing in nearly half a million homes. It takes only an hour and costs 3 cents for the electricity.

$10 a Month Buys a Thor

You can purchase a THOR from any Hurley dealer by paying only a small amount down and the balance in easy monthly payments.

The THOR has enclosed gears; the atalog, which takes the strain off the motor; the revolving wooden cylinder, which need not be lifted out because the THOR is self-cleanable—and every feature for the safe and efficient washing of clothes.

Write to us at Chicago, New York, San Francisco or Toronto. It will be a pleasure to mail you our catalog and the name of the nearest dealer.

Other products of the Hurley Machine Company are the THOR Electric Vacuum Cleaner and the THOR Electric Ironer

English office:
70 New Bond St., London

HURLEY *Machine Company*

Chicago New York San Francisco Toronto

(Continued from Page 129)

hope was there? Only one—the rich fiery blood of the Calabrian mother.

But why had the chap come to America? Why not England or the Riviera, where rank, even if shorn of its prerogatives, is still treated respectfully? But America!

Cutty's head went up. Perhaps that was it—to barter his phantom greatness for money, to dazzle some rich fool of an American girl. In that case Karlov would be welcome. But wait a moment. The chap had come in from the west. In that event there should be an Odyssey of some kind tucked away in the affair.

Cutty resumed his pacing. The moment his imagination caught the essentials he visualized the Odyssey. Across mountains and deserts, rivers and seas, he followed Two-Hawks in fancy, pursued by an implacable hatred, more or less historical, of which the lad was less a cause than an abstract object. And Karlov—Cutty understood Karlov now—always span near, his hate reënergizing his faltering feet.

There was evidently some iron in this Two-Hawks' blood. Fear never would have carried him thus far. Fear would have whispered, "Futility! Futility!" And he would have bent his head to the stroke. So then, there was resource and there was courage. And he lay in yonder room, beaten and penniless. The top piece in the grim irony—to have come all these thousands of miles unscathed, to be dropped at the goal. But America? Well, that would be solved later.

"By the Lord Harry!" Cutty stopped and struck his hands together. "The drums!"

From the hour Kitty had pronounced the name Stefani Gregor an idea had taken lodgment, an irrepressible idea, that somewhere in this drama would be the drums of jeopardy. The mark of the thong! Never any doubt of it now. Those magnificent emeralds were here in New York. The mob—the Red Guard—hammering on the doors, what would have been Two-Hawks' most natural first thought? To gather what treasures the hand could be laid to and flee. Here in New York, and in Karlov's hands, ultimately to be cut up for Bolshevik propaganda. The infernal pity of it!

The passion of the gem hunter blazed forth, dimming all other phases of the drama. Here was a real game, a man's game; sport! Cutty rubbed his hands together pleasurably. To recover those green flames before they could be broken up; under the ancient ruling that "Findings is keepings." The stones of course meant nothing to Karlov beyond the monetary value; and upon this fact Cutty began developing a plan. He stood ready to buy those stones if he could draw them into the open. Lord, how he wanted them! Murder and loot, always murder and loot!

The thought of those two incomparable emeralds being broken up distressed him profoundly. He must act at once, before the desecration could be consummated. Two-Hawks—Hawksley hereafter, for the sake of convenience—had an equity in the gems; but what of that? In smuggling them in—and how the deuce had he done it?—he had thrown away his legal right to them. Cutty kneaded his conscience into a satisfactory condition of quiescence and went on with his planning. If he succeeded in recovering the stones and his conscience bit a little too deeply for comfort—why, he could pay over to Hawksley twenty per cent of the price Karlov demanded. He could take it or leave it. In a case like this—to a bachelor without dependents—money was no object. All his life he had wanted a fine emerald to play with, and here was an opportunity to acquire two!

If this plan failed to draw Karlov into the open, then every jeweler and pawnbroker in town would be notified and warned. What with the secret-service operatives and the agents of the Department of Justice on the watch for Karlov—who would recognize his limitations of mobility—it was reasonable to assume that the Bolshevik would be only too glad to dicker secretly for the disposal of the stones.

Now to work. Cutty looked at his watch. Nearly midnight. Rather late, but he knew all the tricks of this particular kind of game. If the advertisement appeared isolated, all the better. The real job would be to hide his identity. He saw a way round this difficulty. He wrote out six advertisements, all worded the same. He figured out the cost and was delighted to find that he carried the necessary currency. Then he got into his engineer's dungarees, touched up his face and hands to the required griminess and sallied forth.

Luck attended him until he reached the last morning newspaper on the list. Here he was obliged to proceed to the city room—risky business. A queer advertisement coming into the city room late at night was always pried into, as he knew from experience. Still, he felt that he ought not to miss any chance to reach Karlov.

He explained his business to the sleepy gate boy, who carried the advertisement and the cash to the night city editor's desk. Ordinarily the night city editor would have returned the advertisement with the crisp information that he had no authority to accept advertisements. But the "drums of jeopardy" caught his attention; and he sent a keen glance across the busy room to the rail where Cutty stood, perhaps conspicuously.

"Humph!" He called to one of the reporters. "This looks like a story. I'll run it. Follow that guy in the overalls and see what's in it."

Cutty appreciated the interlude for what it was worth. Someone was going to follow him. When the gate boy returned to notify him that the advertisement had been accepted, Cutty went down to the street.

"Hey, there; just a moment!" hailed the reporter. "I want a word with you about that advertisement."

Cutty came to a standstill. "I paid for it, didn't I?"

"Sure. But what's this about the drums of jeopardy?"

"Two great emeralds I'm hunting for," explained Cutty, recalling the man who stood on London Bridge and peddled sovereigns at two bits each, and no buyer.

"Can it! Can it!" jeered the reporter. "Be a good sport and give us the tip. Strike call among the city engineers?"

"I'm telling you."

"Like Mike you are!"

"All right. It's the word to tie up the surface lines, like Newark, if you want to know. Now, get t' hell out o' here before I hand you one on the jaw!"

The reporter backed away. "Is that on the level?"

"Call up the barns and find out. They'll tell you what's on. And listen, if you follow me, I'll break your head. On your way!"

The reporter dashed for the elevator—and back to the doorway in time to see Cutty legging it for the Subway. As he was a reporter of the first class he managed to catch the same express uptown.

On the way uptown Cutty considered that he had accomplished a shrewd bit of work. Karlov or one of his agents would certainly see that advertisement; and even if Karlov suspected a Federal trap he would find some means of communicating with the issuer of the advertisement.

The thought of Kitty returned. What the dickens would she say—how would she act—when she learned who this Hawksley was? He fervently hoped that she had never read Thaddeus of Warsaw. There would be all the difference in the world between an elegant refugee Pole and a derelict of the Russian autocracy. Perhaps the best course to pursue would be to say nothing at all to her about the amazing discovery.

Upon leaving Elevator Four Cutty said: "Bob, I've been followed by a sharp reporter. Sheer him off with any tale you please, and go home. Good night."

"I'll fix him, sir."

Cutty took a bath, put on his lounging robe and tiptoed to the threshold of the patient's room. The shaded light revealed the nurse asleep with a book on her knees. The patient's eyes were closed and his breathing was regular. He was coming along. Cutty decided to go to bed.

Meantime, when the elevator touched the ground floor the operator observed a prospective passenger.

"Last trip, sir. You'll have to take the stairs."

"Where'll I find the engineer who went up with you just now?"

"The man I took up? Gone to bed, I guess."

"What floor?"

"Nothing doing, bo. I'm wise. You're the fourth guy with a subpœna that's been after him. Nix."

"I'm not a lawyer's clerk. I'm a reporter, and I want to ask him a few questions."

"Gee! Has that Jane of his been hauling in the newspapers? Good night! Toddle along, bo; there's nothing coming from me. Nix."

"Would ten dollars make you talk?" asked the reporter desperately.

"Ye-ah—about the Kaiser and his woodsawing. By-by!"

The operator, secretly enjoying the reporter's discomfiture, shut off the lights, slammed the elevator door to the latch, and walked to the revolving doors, to the tune of Garry Owen.

The reporter did not follow him but sat down on the first step of the marble stairs to think, for there was a lot to think about. He sensed clearly enough that all this talk about street-railway strikes and subpœnas was rot. The elevator man and the engineer were in cahoots. There was a story here, but how to get to it was a puzzler. He had one chance in a hundred of landing it—tip the mail clerk in the business office to keep an eye open for the man who called for "Double C" mail.

Eventually, the man who did call for that mail presented a card to the mail clerk. At the bottom of this card was the name of the chief of the United States Secret Service.

"And say to the reporter who has probably asked you to watch—hands off! Understand? Absolutely hands off!"

When the reporter was informed he blew a kiss into the air and sought his city editor for his regular assignment. He understood, with the wisdom of his calling, that one didn't go whale fishing with trout rods.

"You Can't Know, Cutty, What it is to be Poor and Want Beautiful Things and Good Times"

XV

EARLY the next morning in a bedroom in a rooming house for aliens in Fifteenth Street a man sat in a chair scanning the want columns of a newspaper. Occasionally he jotted down something on a slip of paper. This man's job was rather an unusual one. He hunted jobs for other men—jobs in steel mills, great factories, in the textile districts, the street-car lines, the shipping yards and docks, any place where there might be a grain or two of the powder of unrest and discontent. His business was to supply the human matches.

No more parading the streets, no more haranguing from soap boxes. The proper place nowadays was in the yard or shop corners at noontime. A word or two dropped at the right moment; perhaps a printed pamphlet; little wedges wherever there were men who wanted something they neither earned nor deserved. Here and there across the land little flares, one running into the other, like wildfire on the plains, and then—the upheaval. As in Russia, so now in Germany; later, England and France and here. The proletariat was gaining power.

He was no fool, this individual. He knew his clay, the day laborer, with his parrotlike mentality. Though the victim of this peculiar potter absorbs sounds he doesn't often absorb meanings. But he takes these sounds and respouts them and convinces himself that he is some kind of Moses, headed for the promised land. Inflammable stuff. Hence, the strikes

(Continued on Page 137)

Only the Essex Shares

They Show Why Essex Went 3,037 Miles in Fifty Hours

Not Only in Speed and Endurance, But in Finish and Modernity the Resemblance is Clear

A critical public has judged the Essex.

In the year past it set a world's sales record.

More than $35,000,000 was paid for 22,000 Essex cars now in service.

That shows how men wanted what Essex offered.

Now Essex proves the accuracy of motordom's judgment.

Let the official tests speak:

On the Cincinnati Speedway a stock chassis Essex made a new world mark of 3037 miles in 50 hours, under observation of the American Automobile Association.

With other trials the same Essex ran a total of 5870 miles in 94 hours, 22 minutes driving time, averaging over a mile a minute.

Still another Essex phaeton holds the world's 24-hour road mark of 1061 miles made in the face of a blizzard over snow-covered Iowa country roads.

The Essex of course does not cost as much as the Hudson nor can it ever be all the Super-Six is; for they are totally different types.

But note the advantages Essex shares with Hudson.

Both Have This Motor Heat Control

For instance, the radiator shutters by which efficient operating heat is maintained in coldest weather. They mean everything to satisfactory winter driving. Closed, they keep the heat in.

No unsightly hood covers are needed. They give summer efficiency to gasoline. They end hard starting. And in warm weather, opened, they give the maximum cooling.

When you know the Essex you will want one. But you should place your order in advance if you would avoid disappointment in delivery.

(120)

These Hudson Qualities

What Car Rivals the Hudson Super-Six?

Its Exclusive Motor Gives it Performance Leadership. And Hudson is Creator of Motor Style

What can any fine car give to compensate for lack of the Super-Six motor?

It is exclusive in Hudson. And for five years it has meant unquestioned performance supremacy.

In speed—in acceleration—in hill-climbing—in endurance—no stock car ever matched Hudson's famous records.

The Super-Six motor reduced vibration more than any other type. It checked the most destructive force automobiles must contend with. It added 72% to power, and almost doubled efficiency. It accounts for all Hudson's supreme records. And it made the Super-Six the largest-selling fine car in the world.

Supreme in Motor and in Design

But performance is not Hudson's only title to leadership. From the first it has set styles that the motor industry accepts.

It is a creator of coach design. Not only America but Europe reveals its influence in motor style. Models that are now standard with all fine cars were first introduced by the Hudson Super-Six.

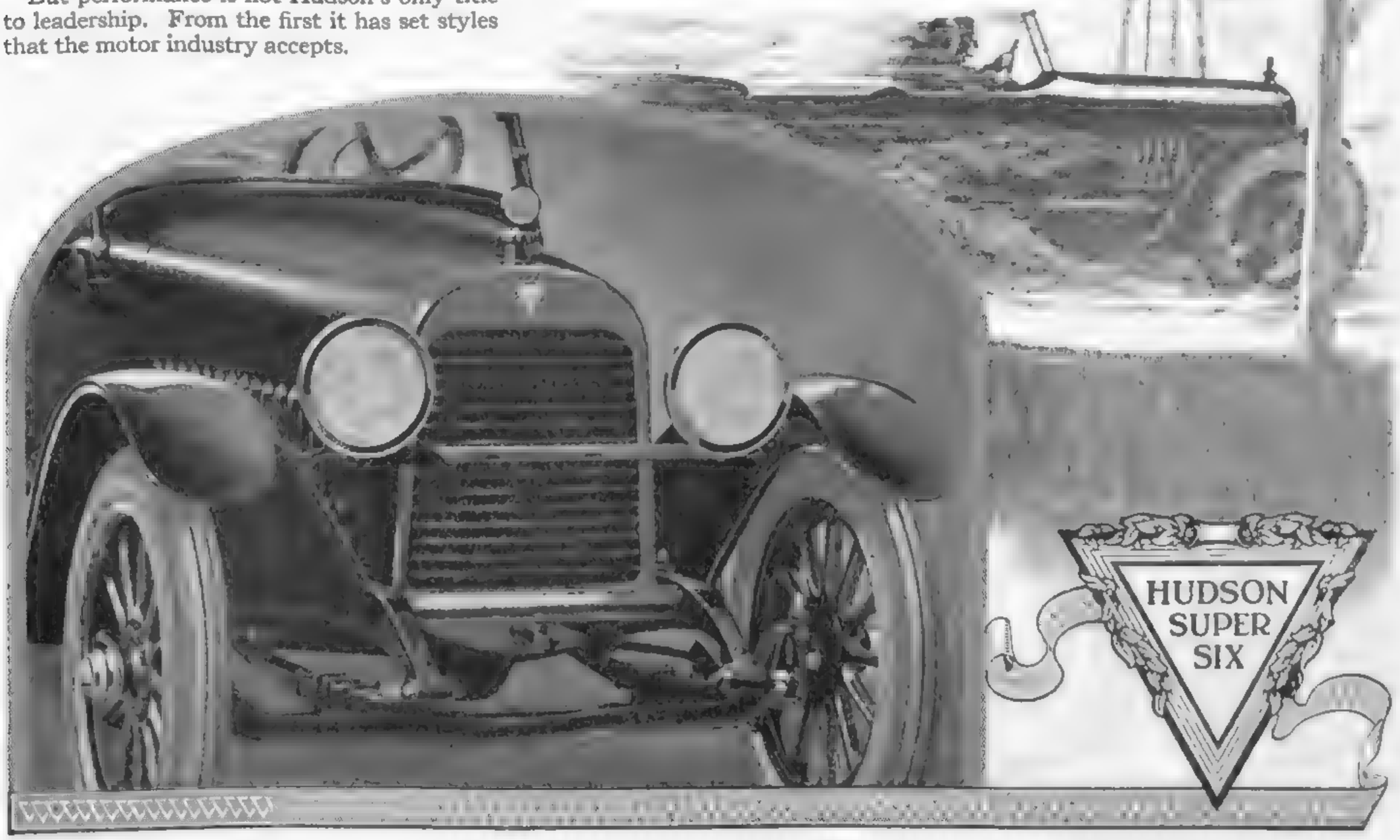
Eighty thousand Super-Six owners place Hudson endurance above all its other notable qualities. For durability must always be the most important car advantage.

The Super-Six motor has proved the dominant factor in car endurance. None except Hudson can use it. If you would own all the supreme advantages of speed, power, acceleration, plus endurance, for which the Super-Six motor accounts, you must choose Hudson.

Weigh the facts.

What can any fine car give to compensate for lack of the Super-Six motor?

(1008)



HUDSON SUPER SIX

WHILE IN THE DINING ROOM are spent many of the most enjoyable hours of home life, providing for the table is a serious problem.

It is estimated that nearly one-half of the income of the average family is spent for food. Most all of your food is bought by weight; therefore you have a direct financial interest in the scale used in the store where you trade.

Thousands of merchants, recognizing this direct financial relationship between their scales and your pocketbook, advertise by signs conspicuously displayed in their shops that *they* protect *their* customers by using Toledo Scales—No Springs—Honest Weight. Have you ever known of a merchant advertising that he used spring scales?

Toledo Springless Automatic Scales are built on the pendulum principle, measuring gravity with gravity itself. They are universally recognized as the scales which give an exactly measured square deal on both sides of the counter.

There are more than one hundred styles and sizes of Toledo Scales to weigh everything from an ounce of spice to thirty tons of steel—scales for stores, offices, shipping rooms, warehouses, mills and factories.

Toledo Scale Company, Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Factory, Windsor, Ontario

Largest Automatic Scale Manufacturers in the World

Branch Offices and Service Stations in sixty-nine cities in the United States and Canada
Others in thirty-four foreign countries

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 133)

which puzzle the average intelligent American citizen. What is it all about? Nobody seems to know.

Once upon a time men went on a strike because they were being cheated and abused. Now they strike on the principle that it is excellent policy always to be demanding something; it keeps capitalism where it belongs—on the ragged edge of things. No matter what they demand they never expect to give an equivalent; and a just cause isn't necessary. Thus the present-day agitator has only one perplexity—that of eluding the iron hand of the Department of Justice.

Suddenly the man in the chair brought the newspaper close up and stared. He jumped to his feet, ran out and up the next flight of stairs. He stopped before a door and turned the knob a certain number of times. Presently the door opened the barest crack; then it was swung wide enough to admit the visitor.

"Look!" he whispered, indicating Cutty's advertisement.

The occupant of the room snatched the newspaper and carried it to a window.

"Will purchase the drums of jeopardy at top price. No questions asked. Address this office. DOUBLE C."

"Very good. I might have missed it. We shall sell the accursed drums to this gentleman."

"Sell them? But ——"

"Imbecile! What we must do is to find out who this man is. In the end he may lead us to *him*."

"But it may be a trap!"

"Leave that to me. You have work of your own to do, and you had best be about it. Do you not see beneath? Who but the man who harbors him would know about the drums? The man in the evening clothes. I was too far away to see his face. Get me all the morning newspapers. If the advertisement is in all of them I will send a letter to each. We lost the young woman yesterday. And nothing has been heard of Vladimir and Stemmler. Bad. I do not like this place. I move to the house to-night. My old friend Stefani may be lonesome. I dare not risk daylight. Some fool may have talked. To work! All of us have much to do to wake up the proletariat in this country of the blind. But the hour will come. Get me the newspapers."

Karlov pushed his visitor from the room and locked and bolted the door. He stepped over to the window again and stared down at the clutter of pushcarts, drays, trucks and human beings that tried to go forward and got forward only by moving sideways or worming through temporary breaches, seldom directly—the way of humanity. But there was no object lesson in this for Karlov, who was not philosophical in the peculiar sense of one who was demanding a reason for everything and finding allegory and comparison and allusion in the ebb and flow of life. The philosophical is often misapplied to the stoical. Karlov was a stoic, not a philosopher, or he would not have been the victim of his present obsession. The idea of live and let live has never been the propaganda of the anarch. To the anarch the death of somebody or the destruction of something is the cornerstone to his madhouse.

Nothing would ever cure this man of his obsession—the death of Hawksley and the possession of the emeralds. Moreover, there was the fanatical belief in his poor disordered brain that the accomplishment of these two projects would eventually assist in the liberation of mankind. Abnormally cunning in his methods of approach he lacked those imaginative scales by which we weigh our projects and which we call logic. A child alone in a house with a box of matches; a dog on one side of Fifth Avenue that sees a dog on the other side, but not the automobiles—inexorable logic—irresistible force—whizzing up and down the middle of that thoroughfare. It is not difficult to prophesy what is going to happen to that child, that dog.

Karlov was at this moment reaching out toward a satisfactory solution relative to the disappearance of the gems. They had not been found on his enemy; they had not been found in the Gregor apartment; the two men assigned to the task of securing them would not have risked certain death by trying to do a little bargaining on their own initiative. In the first instance they had come forth empty-handed. In the second instance—that of intimidating the girl to disclose his whereabouts—neither Vladimir nor Stemmler had returned. Sinister. The man in the dress suit again?

Conceivably, then, the drums were in the possession of this girl; and she was holding them against the day when the fugitive would reclaim them. The advertisement was a snare. Very good. Two could play that game as well as one.

The girl. Was it not always so? That breed! God's curse on them all! A crooked finger, and the women followed, hypnotized. The girl was away from the apartment the major part of the day; so it was in order to search her rooms. A pretty little fool.

But where were they hiding him? Gall and wormwood! That he should slip through Boris Karlov's fingers, after all these tortuous windings across the world! Patience. Sooner or later the girl would lead the way. Still, patience was a galling hobble when he had so little time, when even now they might be hunting him. Boris Karlov had left New York rather well known.

He expanded under this thought. For the spiritual breath of life to the anarch is flattery, attention. Had the newspapers ignored Trotzky's advent into Russia, had they omitted the daily chronicle of his activities, the Russian problem would not be so large as it is this day. Trotzky would have died of chagrin.

He would answer this advertisement. Trap? He would set one himself. The man who eventually came to negotiate would be made a prisoner and forced to disclose the identity of the man who had interfered with the great projects of Boris Karlov, plenipotentiary extraordinary for the red government of Russia.

Midtown, Cutty tapped his breakfast egg dubiously. Not that he speculated upon the freshness of the egg. What troubled him was that advertisement. Last night, keyed high by his remarkable discovery of the identity of his guest and his cupidity relative to the emeralds, he had laid himself open. If he knew anything at all about the craft that reporter would be digging in. Fortunately he had resources unsuspected by the reporter. Legitimately he could send a secret-service operative to collect the mail—if Karlov decided to negotiate. Still within his rights, he could use another operative to conduct the negotiations. If in the end Karlov strayed into the net the use of the service for private ends would be justified.

Lord, those green stones! Well, why not? Something in the world worth a hazard. What had he in life but this second grand passion? There shot into his mind obliquely an irrelevant question. Supposing, in the old days, he had proceeded to reach for Molly as he was now reaching for the emeralds—a bit lawlessly? After all these years, to have such a thought strike him! Hadn't he stepped aside meekly for Conover? Hadn't he observed and envied Conover's dazzling assault? Supposing Molly had been wavering, and this method of attack had decided her? Never to have thought of that before! What did a woman want? A love storm, and then an endless after-calm. And it had taken him twenty-odd years to make this discovery.

Fact. He had never been shy of women. He had somehow preferred to play comrade instead of gallant; and all the women had taken advantage of that, used him callously to pair with old maids, faded wives and homely débutantes.

What impellent was driving him toward these introspections? Kitty, Molly's girl. Each time he saw her or thought of her—the uninvited ghost of her mother. Any other man upon seeing Kitty or thinking about her would have jumped into the future from the spring of a dream. The disparity in years would not have mattered. It was all nonsense, of course. But for his dropping into the office and casually picking up the thread of his acquaintance with Kitty, Molly—the memory of her—would have gone on dimming. Actions, tremendous and world-wide, had set his vision toward the future; he had been too busy to waste time in retrospection and introspection. Thus, instead of a gently rising and falling tide, healthily recurrent, a flood of mixed longings that was swirling him into uncertain depths. Those emeralds had bobbed up just in time. The chase would serve to pull him out of this bog.

He heard a footstep and looked up. The nurse was beckoning to him.

"What is it?"

"He's awake, and there is sanity in his eyes."

"Great! Has he talked?"

"No. The awakening happened just this moment, and I came to you. You never can tell about blows on the skull or brain fever—never any two cases alike."

Cutty threw down his napkin and accompanied the nurse to the bedside. The glance of the patient trailed from Cutty to the nurse and back.

"Don't talk," said Cutty. "Don't ask any questions. Take it easy until later in the day. You are in the hands of persons who wish you well. Eat what the nurse gives you. When the right time comes we'll tell you all about ourselves. You've been robbed and beaten. But the men who did it are under arrest."

"One question," said the patient weakly.

"Well, just one."

"A girl—who gave me something to eat?"

"Yes. She fed you, and later probably saved your life."

"Thanks." Hawksley closed his eyes.

Cutty and the nurse watched him interestedly for a few minutes; but as he did not stir again the nurse took up her temperature sheet and Cutty returned to his eggs. Was there a girl? No question about the emeralds, no interest in the day and the hour. Was there a girl? The last person he had seen, Kitty; the first question, after coming into the light: Had he seen her? Then and there Cutty knew that when he died he would carry into the Beyond, of all his earthly possessions—a chuckle. Human beings!

The yarn that reporter had missed by a hair—front page, eight-column head! But he had missed it, and that was the main thing. The poor devil! Beaten and without a sou marqué in his pockets, his trail was likely to be crowded without the assistance of any newspaper publicity. But what a yarn! What a whale of a yarn!

In his fevered flights Hawksley had spoken of having paid Kitty for that meal.

Kitty had said nothing about it. Supposing ——

"Telephone, sair," announced the Jap. "Lady."

Molly's girl! Cutty sprinted to the telephone. "Hello! That you, Kitty?"

"Yes. How is Johnny Two-Hawks?"

"Back to earth."

"When can I see him? I'm just crazy to know what the story is!"

"Say the third or fourth day from this. We'll have him shaved and sitting up then."

"Has he talked?"

"Not permitted. Still determined to stay the run of your lease?" Cutty heard a laugh. "All right. Only I hope you will never have cause to regret this decision."

"Fiddlesticks! All I've got to do in danger is to press a button, and presto! here's Bernini."

"Kitty, did Hawksley pay you for that meal?"

"Good heavens, no! What makes you ask that?"

"In his delirium he spoke of having paid you. I didn't know." Cutty's heart began to rap against his ribs. Supposing, after all, Karlov hadn't the stones? Supposing Hawksley had hidden them somewhere in Kitty's kitchen?

"Anything about Gregor?"

"No. Remember, you're to call me up twice a day and report the news. Don't go out nights if you can avoid it."

"I'll be good," Kitty agreed. "And now I must hie me to the job. Imagine, Cutty!—writing personalities about stage folks and gabfesting with Burlingame, and all the while my brain boiling with this affair! The city room will kill me, Cutty, if it ever finds out that I held back such a yarn. But it wouldn't be fair to Johnny Two-Hawks. Cutty, did you know that your wonderful drums of jeopardy are here in New York?"

"What?" barked Cutty.

"Somebody is offering to buy them. There was an advertisement in the paper this morning. Cutty?"

"Yes."

"The first problem in arithmetic is two and two make four. By-by!"

Dizzily Cutty hung up the receiver. He had not reckoned on the possibility of Kitty seeing that damfool advertisement. Two and two made four; and four and four made eight; so on indefinitely. That is to say, Kitty already had a glimmer of the startling truth. The initial misstep on his part had been made upon her pronouncement of the name Stefani Gregor. He hadn't been able to control his surprise. And yesterday, having frankly admitted that he knew Gregor, all that was needed to complete the circle was that advertisement. Cutty tore his hair, literally. The very door he hoped she might overlook he had thrown open to her.

Thaddeus of Warsaw. But it should not be. He would continue to offer a haven to that chap; but no nonsense. None of that sinister and unfortunate blood should meddle with Kitty Conover's happiness. Her self-appointed guardian would attend to that.

He realized that his attitude was rather inexplicable; but there were some adventures which hypnotized women; and one of this sort was now unfolding for Kitty. That she had her share of common sense was negligible in face of the facts that she was imaginative and romantical and adventuresome, and that for the first time she was riding one of the great middle currents in human events. She was Molly's girl; Cutty was going to look out for her.

Mighty odd that this fear for her should have sprung into being that night, quite illogically. Prescience? He could not say. Perhaps it was a borrowed instinct—fatherly; the same instinct that would have stirred her father into action—the protection of that dearest to him.

If he told her who Hawksley really was, that would intrigue her. If he made a mystery of the affair, that too would intrigue her. And there you were, 'twixt the devil and the deep blue sea. Hang it, what evil luck had stirred him to tell her about those emeralds? Already she was building a story to satisfy her dramatic fancy. Two and two made four—which signified that she was her father's daughter, that she would not rest until she had explored every corner of this dark room. Wanting to keep her out of it, and then dragging her into it through his cupidity. Devil take those emeralds! Always the same; trouble wherever they were.

The real danger would rise during the convalescence. Kitty would be contriving to drop in frequently; not to see Hawksley especially, but her initial success in playing hide and seek with secret agents, friendly and otherwise, had tickled her fancy. For a while it would be an exciting game; then it might become only a means to an end. Well, it should not be.

Was there a girl! Already Hawksley had recorded her beauty. Very well; the first sign of sentimental nonsense, and out he should go, Karlov or no Karlov. Kitty wasn't going to know any hurt in this affair. That much was decided.

Cutty stormed into his study, growling audibly. He filled a pipe and smoked savagely. Another side, Kitty's entrance into the drama promised to spoil his own fun; he would have to play two games instead of one. A fine muddle!

He came to a stand before one of the windows and saw the glory of the morning flashing from the myriad spires and towers and roofs, and wondered why artists bothered about cows in pastures.

Touching his knees was an antique Florentine bridal chest, with exquisite carving and massive lock. He threw back the lid and disclosed a miscellany never seen by any eye save his own. It was all the garret he had. He dug into it and at length resurrected the photograph of a woman whose face was both roguish and beautiful. He sat on the floor à la Turk and studied the face, his own tender and wistful. No resemblance to Kitty except in the eyes. How often he had gone to her with the question burning his lips, only to carry it away unspoken! He turned over the photograph and read: "To the nicest man I know. With love from Molly." With love. And he had stepped aside for Tommy Conover!

By George! He dropped the photograph into the chest, let down the lid and rose to his feet. Not a bad idea, that. To intrigue Kitty himself, to smother her with attentions and gallantries, to give her out of his wide experience, and to play the game until this intruder was on his way elsewhere.

He could do it; and he based his assurance upon his experiences and observations. Never a squire of dames, he knew the part. He had played the game occasionally in the capitals of Europe when there had been some information he had particularly desired. Clever, scheming women, too. A clever, passably good-looking elderly man could make himself peculiarly attractive to young women and women in the thirties. Dazzlement for the young; the

(Continued on Page 141)

A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price

Over 800,000 Sold

THE ROLL THAT HONORS THE OLIVER

Just a few of the great concerns that use the Oliver

U. S. Steel Corporation
Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Company
National City Bank of New York
Morris & Company
Encyclopedia Britannica
Boston Elevated Railway
Otis Elevator Co.
Corn Products Refining Company
Columbia Graphophone Co.
N. Y. Edison Co.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Ward Baking Co.
American Bridge Co.

NOT alone for the exceptional care that marks its manufacture, but for its exclusive features of design, the Oliver occupies a position of distinction in the typewriter world.

It is the Oliver alone that offers that great advantage—an arch-shaped typebar, with the natural downward printing stroke.

This construction insures permanent alignment, gives a lighter touch and brings clearer impressions. And last but not least, it adds to the fame of the Oliver for durability.

No buyer, whether he is figuring on one or one hundred typewriters, should decide which is the best until he has investigated the Oliver. Comparisons will emphasize the desirability of the Oliver regardless of the $43 saving.

The $100 Oliver now only $57

Free trial. No money down. If you decide to keep it, pay only $3 a month

Fill out and mail the coupon—NOW. Get a new Oliver for five days' free trial in your own home or office.

Send no money with the coupon. Make no deposit. This is a **real free** trial, entirely at our risk and expense.

Put It to Every Test

Use the Oliver for five days as if it were your own. Put it to every test, to every comparison. Satisfy yourself that if any typewriter is worth $100 it is this superb Oliver with all its modern improvements.

If for any reason you decide that you don't want to keep the Oliver, just send it back at our expense (express collect). We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So you can't lose a cent on the free trial. If you agree that it is the finest typewriter regardless of price and want to keep it, pay for it in easy monthly installments—only $3 a month.

A Saving of $43

This is the identical Oliver formerly priced at $100. It is our latest and best model.

We are able to sell it now at $57 because of our radically new and economical method of distribution.

During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

As a result we were able to reduce the price of the Oliver to $57.

And the steadily growing volume of Oliver sales enables us to keep to this low price in the face of constantly increasing manufacturing costs.

Only 10c a Day

You may pay for the Oliver on easy terms—only $3 a month, which averages about 10c a day. And you have the use of the machine while paying. Don't think of renting or buying a second-hand machine when it is so easy to own a new Oliver.

Mail the Coupon Now

It is surprisingly easy to learn to operate the Oliver. You have but to use the machine a few days to prove this. And this you can do on our free trial plan. Mail the coupon now and get the Oliver for five days' free trial. If you wish further information before ordering, just mark the coupon for our free catalog. Clip the coupon now—before you forget.

Canadian Price, $72

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1012 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SAVE $43

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1012 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is_____
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

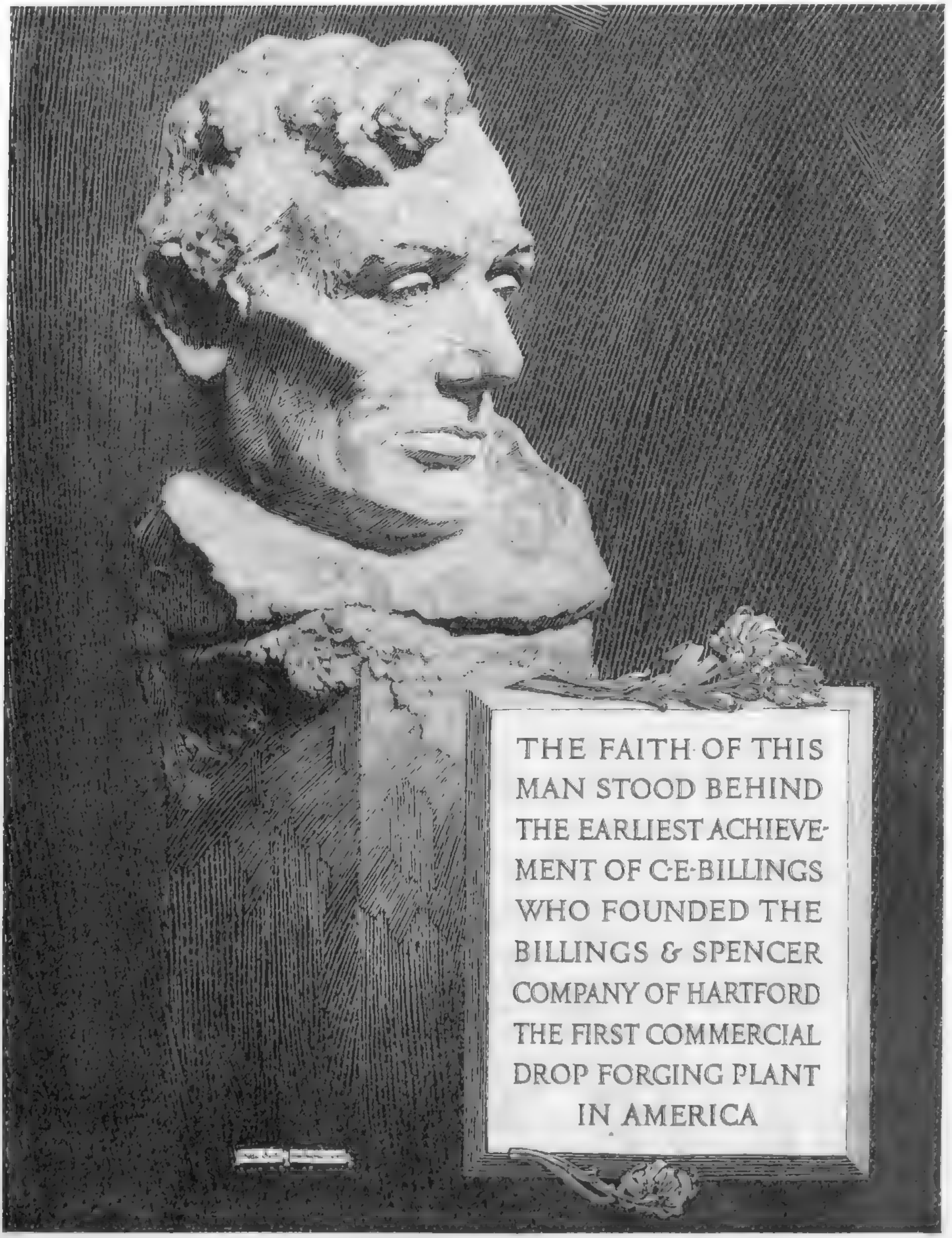
Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

Occupation or Business_____

181 01


THE FAITH OF THIS
MAN STOOD BEHIND
THE EARLIEST ACHIEVE-
MENT OF C-E-BILLINGS
WHO FOUNDED THE
BILLINGS & SPENCER
COMPANY OF HARTFORD
THE FIRST COMMERCIAL
DROP FORGING PLANT
IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 137)

man who knew all about life, the trivial little courtesies a younger man generally forgot; the moving of chairs, the holding of wraps; the gray hairs which served to invite trust and confidence, which lulled the eternal feminine fear of the male. To the older women no callow youth but a man of discernment, discretion, wit and fancy and daring, who remembered birthdays husbands forgot, who was always round when wanted.

There was no vanity back of these premises. Cutty was merely reaching about for an expedient to thwart what to his anticipatory mind promised to be an inevitability. Of course the glamour would not last; it never did, but he felt he could sustain it until yonder chap was off and away.

That evening at five-thirty Kitty received a box of beautiful roses, with Cutty's card.

"Oh, the lovely things!" she cried.

She kissed them and set them in a big copper jug, arranged and rearranged them for the simple pleasure it afforded her. What a dear man this Cutty was, to have thought of her in this fashion! Her father's friend, her mother's, and now hers; she had inherited him. This thought caused her to smile, but there were tears in her eyes. A garden some day to play in, this mad city far away, a home of her own; would it ever happen?

The bell rang. She wasn't going to like this caller for taking her away from these roses, the first she had received in a long time—roses she could keep and not toss out the window. For it must not be understood that Kitty was never besieged.

Outside stood a well-dressed gentleman, older than Cutty, with shrewd inquiring gray eyes and a face with strong salients.

"Pardon me, but I am looking for a man by the name of Stephen Gregory. I was referred by the janitor to you. You are Miss Conover?"

"Yes," answered Kitty. "Will you come in?" She ushered the stranger into the living room and indicated a chair. "Please excuse me for a moment." Kitty went into her bedroom and touched the danger button, which would summon Bernini. She wanted her watchdog to see the visitor. She returned to the living room. "What is it you wish to know?"

"Where I may find this Gregory."

"That nobody seems able to answer. He was carried away from here in an ambulance; but we have been unable to locate the hospital. If you will leave your name ——"

"That is not necessary. I am out of bounds, you might say, and I'd rather my name should be left out of the affair, which is rather peculiar."

"In what way?"

"I am only an agent, and am not at liberty to speak. Could you describe Gregory?"

"Then he is a stranger to you?"

"Absolutely."

Kitty described Gregor deliberately and at length. It struck her that the visitor was becoming bored, though he nodded at times. She was glad to hear Bernini's ring. She excused herself to admit the Italian.

"A false alarm," she whispered. "Someone inquiring for Gregor. I thought it might be well for you to see him."

"I'll work the radiator stuff."

"Very well."

Bernini went into the living room and fussed over the steam cock of the radiator.

"Nothing the matter with it, miss. Just stuck."

"Sorry to have troubled you," said the stranger, rising and picking up his hat.

Bernini went down to the basement, obfuscated; for he knew the visitor. He was one of the greatest bankers in New York—that is to say, in America! Asking questions about Stefani Gregor!

XVI

ABOUT nine o'clock that same night a certain rich man having established himself comfortably under the reading lamp, a fine book in his hands and a fine after-dinner cigar between his teeth, was exceedingly resentful when his butler knocked, entered and presented a card.

"My orders were that I was not at home to anyone."

"Yes, sir. But he said you would see him because he came to see you regarding a Mr Gregory."

"What?"

"Yes, sir."

"Damn these newspapers! . . . Wait, wait!" the banker called, for the butler was starting for the door to carry the anathema to the appointed head. "Bring him in. He's a big bug, and I can't afford to affront him."

"Yes, sir"—with the colorless tone of a perfect servant.

When the visitor entered he stopped just beyond the threshold. He remained there even after the butler closed the door. Blue eye and gray clashed; two masters of fence who had executed the same stroke. The banker laughed and Cutty smiled.

"I suppose," said the banker, "you and I ought to sign an armistice too."

"Agreed"

"And you've always been rather a puzzle to me. A rich man, a gentleman, and yet sticking to the newspaper game."

"And you're a puzzle to me too. A rich man, a gentleman, and yet sticking to the banking game."

"What the devil was our row about?"

"Can't quite recall."

"Whatever it was it was the way you went at it."

"A reform was never yet accomplished by purring and pussyfooting," said Cutty.

"Come over and sit down. Now, how the devil did you find out about this Gregory affair?" The banker held out his hand, which Cutty grasped with honest pressure. "If you are here in the capacity of a newspaper man, not a word out of me. Have a cigar?"

"I never smoke anything but pipes that ruin curtains. You should have given your name to Miss Conover."

"I was under promise not to explain my business. But before we proceed, an answer. Newspaper?"

"No. I represent the Department of Justice. And we'll get along easier when I add that I possess rather unlimited powers under that head. How did you happen to stumble into this affair?"

"Through Captain Rathbone, my prospective son-in-law, who is in Coblenz. A cable arrived this morning, instructing me to proceed precisely in the manner I did. Rathbone is an intimate friend of the man I was actually seeking. The apartment of this man Gregory was mentioned to Rathbone in a cable as a possible temporary abiding place. What do you want to know?"

"Whether or not he is undesirable."

"Decidedly, I should say, desirable."

"You make that statement as an American citizen?"

"I do. I make it unreservedly because my future son-in-law is rather a difficult man to make friends with. I am acting merely as Rathbone's agent. On the other hand, I should be a cheerful liar if I told you I wasn't interested. What do you know?"

"Everything," answered Cutty quietly.

"You know where this young man is?"

"At this moment he is in my apartment, rather seriously battered and absolutely penniless."

"Well, I'll be tinker-dammed! You know who he is, of course?"

"Yes. And I want all your information so that I may guide my future actions accordingly. If he is really undesirable he shall be deported the moment he can stand on his two feet."

The banker pyramided his fingers, rather pleased to learn that he could astonish this interesting beggar. "He has on account at my bank half a million dollars. Originally he had eight hundred thousand. The three hundred thousand, under cable orders from Yokohama, were transferred to our branch in San Francisco. This was withdrawn about two weeks ago. How does that strike you?"

"All in a heap," confessed Cutty. "When was this fund established with you?"

"Shortly before Kerensky's government blew up. The funds were in our London bank. There was, of course, a lot of red tape, excessive charges in exchange, and all that. Anyhow, about eight hundred thousand arrived."

"What brought him to America? Why didn't he go to England? That would have been the safest haven."

"I can explain that. He intends to become an American citizen. Some time ago he became the owner of a fine cattle ranch in Montana."

"Well, I'll be tinker-dammed too!" exploded Cutty.

"A young man with these ideas in his head ought eventually to become a first-rate citizen. What do you say?"

"I am considerably relieved. His forbears, the blood ——"

"His mother was a healthy Italian peasant—a famous singer in her time. His fortune, I take it, was his inheritance from her. She made a fortune singing in the capitals of Europe and speculating from time to time. She sent the boy, at the age of ten, to England. Afraid of the home influence. He remained there, under the name of Hawksley, for something like fourteen years, under the guardianship of this fellow Gregory. Of Gregory I know positively nothing. The young fellow is, to all purposes, methods of living, points of view, an Englishman. Rathbone, who was educated at Oxford, met him there and they shared quarters. But it was only in recent years that he learned the identity of his friend. In 1914 the young fellow returned to Russia. Military obligations. That's all I know. Mighty interesting though."

"I am much obliged to you. The white elephant becomes a normal drab pachyderm," said Cutty.

"Still something of an elephant on your hands. I see. Bring him here if you wish."

"And sick the Bolshevik at your door."

"That's so. You spoke of his having been beated and robbed. Bolshevik?"

"Yes. An old line of reasoning first put into effect by Oliver Cromwell. The ax."

"The poor devil!"

"Fact. I'm sorry for him but I wish he would blow away conveniently."

"Rathbone says he's handsome, gay, but decent, considering. Humanity is being knocked about some. The hour has come for our lawyers to go back to their offices. Politics must step aside for business. We ought to hang up signs in every state capitol in the country: 'Men Wanted Specialists. A steel man from Pittsburgh, a mining man from Idaho, a shipowner from Boston, a meat packer from Omaha, a grain man from Chicago.' What the devil do lawyers know about these things—the energies that make the wheels of this country go round? By the way, that Miss Conover was a remarkably pretty girl. She seemed to be a bit suspicious of me."

"Good reasons. That chap went to Gregor's—Gregor is his name—and was beaten, robbed and left for dead. She saved his life."

"Good Lord! Does she know?"

"No. And what's more, I don't want her to. I am practically her guardian."

"Then you ought to get her out of that roost."

"Hang it, I can't get her to leave. I'm not legally her guardian; self-appointed. But she has agreed to leave in May."

"I'm glad you dropped in. Command me in any way you please."

"That's very good of you, considering."

"The war is over. We'd be a fine pair of fools to let an ancient grudge go on. They tell me you've a wonderful apartment on top of that skyscraper of yours."

"Will you come to dinner some night?"

"Any time you say. I should like to bring my daughter."

"She doesn't know?"

"No. Heard of Hawksley; thinks he's English."

"I am certainly agreeable." This would be a distinct advantage to Kitty. "I see you have a good book there. I'll take myself off."

In the Avenue Cutty loaded his pipe. He struck a match on the flagstone and cupped it over the bowl of his pipe, thereby throwing his picturesque countenance into ruddy relief. Opposite emotions filled the hearts of the two men watching him—in one, chagrin; in the other, exultation.

Cutty decided to walk downtown, the night being fine. He set his foot to a long swinging stride. An elephant on his hands, truly. Poor devil, for a fact! Nobody wanted him, not even those who wished him well. Wanted to become an American citizen. He would have been tolerably safe in England. Here he would never be free of danger. A ranch. The beggar would have a chance out there in the West. The anarchist and the Bolshevik were town cooties. His one chance, actually. The poor devil! Kitty had the right idea. It was a mighty fine thing, these times, to be a citizen under the protection of the American doctrine.

Three hundred thousand! And Karlov had got that along with the drums. The devil's own for luck! The fool would be able to start some fine ructions with all that capital behind him.

Episodes in the night.

Kitty dreamed of wonderful rose gardens, endless and changing; but strive as she would she could not find Cutty anywhere, which worried her, even in her dream.

The nurse heard the patient utter a single word several times before he fell asleep.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Fan!" And he smiled.

She hunted for the palm leaf, but with a slight gesture he signified that that was not what he wanted.

Cutty played solitaire with his chrysoprase until the telephone broke in upon his reveries. What he heard over the wire disturbed him greatly:

"You were followed from the Avenue to the apartment."

"How do you know?"

"I am Henderson. You assigned me to watch the apartment in Eightieth through the night. I followed the man who followed you. He saw your face when you lit the pipe. When the banker left Miss Conover he was followed home. That established him in the affair. The follower hung round, and so did I. You appeared. He took a chance shot in the dark. Not sure, but doing a bit of clever guessing."

"You still followed him?"

"Yes."

"Where did he wind up?"

"A house in the warehouse district. Vacant warehouses on each side. Some new nest. I can lead you to it, sir, any time you wish."

"Thanks."

Cutty pushed aside the telephone and returned to his green stones. After all, why worry? It was unfortunate, of course, but the apartment was more inaccessible than the top of the Matterhorn. Still, they might discover what his real business was and interfere seriously with his future work on the other side. A ruin in the warehouse district? A good place to look for Stefani Gregor—if he were still alive.

He was. And in his dark room he cried piteously for water—water—water!

XVII

A MARCH day, sunny and cloudless, with fresh bracing winds. Green things pushed up from the soil; an eternal something was happening to the tips of the tree branches; an eternal something was happening in young hearts. A robin shook the dust of travel from his wings and bathed publicly in a park basin.

Here and there under the ten thousand roofs of the great city poets were busy with inkpots, trying to say an old thing in a new way. Woe to the pinched soul that did not expand this day, for it was spring. Expansion! Nature—perhaps she was relenting a little, perhaps she saw that humanity was sliding down the scale, withering, and a bit of extra sunshine would serve to check the descension and breed a little optimism.

Cutty's study. The sunlight, thrown westward, turned windows and roofs and towers into incomparable bijoux. The double reflection cast a white light into the room, lifting out the blue and old-rose tints of the Ispahan rug.

Cutty shifted the chrysoprase, irresolutely for him. A dozen problems, and it was mighty hard to decide which to tackle first. Principally there was Kitty. He had not seen her in four days, deeming it advisable for her not to call for the present. The Bolshevik agent who had followed him from the banker's might decide, without the aid of some connecting episode, that he had wasted his time.

It did not matter that Kitty herself was no longer watched and followed from her home to the office, from the office home. Was Karlov afraid or had he some new trick up his sleeve? It was not possible that he had given up Hawksley. He was probably planning an attack from some unexpected angle. To be sure that Karlov would not find reason to associate him with Kitty, Cutty had remained indoors during the daytime and gone forth at night in his dungarees.

Problem Two was quite as formidable. The secret agent who had passed as a negotiator for the drums of jeopardy had disappeared. That had sinister significance. Karlov did not intend to sell the drums; merely wanted precise information regarding the man who had advertised for them. If the secret-service man weakened under torture Cutty recognized that his own usefulness would be at an end. He would have to step aside and let the great currents

(Continued on Page 145)

RU-BER-OID

for Factory

There is no more severe test of ready roofing quality than service on the average industrial plant. Constant vibration, extremes of heat and cold, flying sparks, smoke and acid fumes, are the gauntlet which the roofing must run.

As substantial proof of the unusual quality of Ru-ber-oid Roofing we cite the fact that it has covered many factory roofs for over twenty years and that the limit of its endurance in this service is yet to be found. No other ready roofing can show such a record on industrial plants.

Factory owners, managers, and purchasing agents have found from experience that in the long run Ru-ber-oid proves less expensive than ready roofings with a lower first cost. When you build or repair use Ru-ber-oid.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY
Chicago New York Boston

There is but One Ru-ber-oid—

ROOFING and Farm

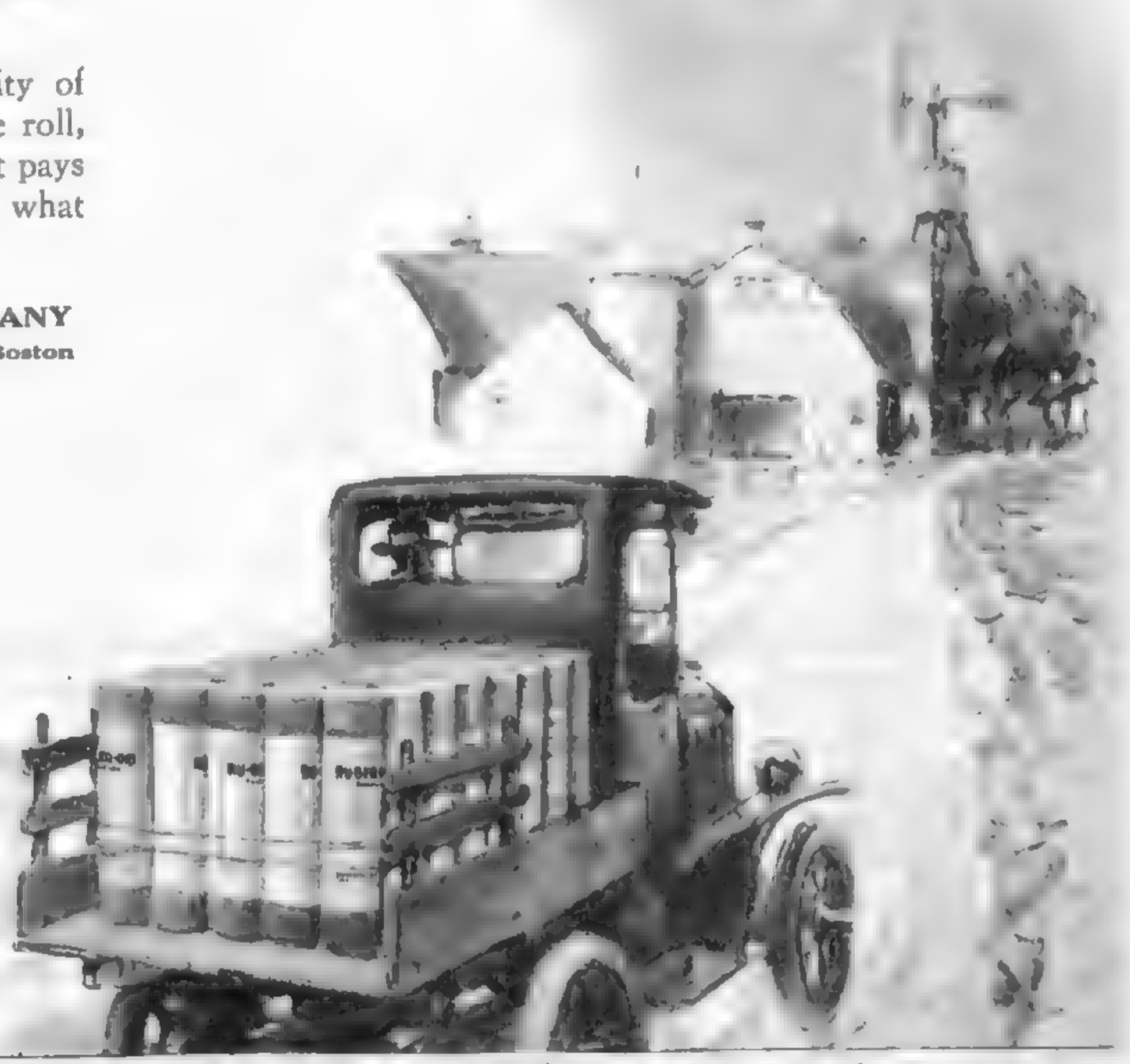
Ru-ber-oid Roofing makes a strong appeal to the farm or ranch owner who buys his supplies according to a standard of quality rather than a standard of price. It gives unsurpassed service on farm buildings both large and small. For the roof of a barn, milk house, corn crib or silo, it has no superior.

The aim of The Standard Paint Company has always been, and will always be, to produce in Ru-ber-oid the best ready roofing that can be made. No cheapening of manufacturing cost at the expense of durability has ever been countenanced.

Since you can determine the quality of ready roofing, not by its looks in the roll, but only by its service on the roof, it pays to buy Ru-ber-oid. You know for what the name stands.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY
Chicago New York Boston

This book will be sent on request



The Standard Paint Co. makes it

More Room for the Growing Business

Offices too small? Stock rooms crowded? Need more room for your growing business? Remodel with Beaver Board.

Transform an old factory corner into an attractive office. Change waste space anywhere into usable work rooms. Finish an addition with Beaver Board and let this substantial building material help you keep pace with business expansion.

Speed is one good quality of Beaver Board. There's no time lost waiting for plaster to dry. Your own men can do it if outside labor is not quickly available.

Beaver Board will last as long as the building—a quality of even greater importance. It is a true lumber product, made from fibres of the white spruce. It is built up into large flawless panels that cannot crack and is treated with the patent *Sealtite* sizing process to prevent warping.

Send for our new book, "Beaver Board and Its Uses"

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES
Administration Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ont., Canada; London, Eng
Offices in principal cities of the United States and abroad
Distributors and dealers everywhere

BEAVER BOARD

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

(Continued from Page 141)

sweep on without him. In that event these fifty-two years would pile upon his head, full measure; for the only thing that kept him vigorous was action, interest. Without some great incentive he would shrivel up and blow away—like some exhumed mummy.

Problem Three. How the deuce was he going to fascinate Kitty if he couldn't see her? But there was a bit of silver lining here. If he couldn't see her what chance had Hawksley? The whole sense and prompting of this problem was to keep Kitty and Hawksley apart. How this was accomplished was of no vital importance. Problem Three, then, hung fire for the present. Funny, how this idea stuck in his head, that Hawksley was a menace to Kitty. One of those fool ideas, probably, but worth trying out.

Problem Four. That night, all on his own, he would make an attempt to enter that old house sandwiched between the two vacant warehouses. Through pressure of authority he had obtained keys to both warehouses. There would be a trap on the roof of that house. Doubtless it would be covered with tin; fairly impregnable if latched below. But he could find out. From the third-floor windows of either warehouse the drop was not more than six feet. If anywhere in town poor old Stefani Gregor would be in one of those rooms. But to storm the house frontally, without being absolutely sure, would be folly. Gregor would be killed. The house was in fact an insane asylum, occupied by superinsane men. Warned, they were capable of blowing the house to kingdom come, themselves with it.

Problem Five was a mere vanishing point. He doubted if he would ever see those emeralds. What an infernal pity!

He built a coronet and leaned back, a wisp of smoke darting up from the bowl of his pipe.

"I say, you know, but that's a ripping game to play!" drawled a tired voice over his shoulder.

Cutty turned his head, to behold Hawksley, shaven, pale and handsome, wrapped in a bed quilt and swaying slightly.

"What the deuce are you doing out of your room?" growled Cutty, but with the growl of a friendly dog.

Hawksley dropped into a chair weakly. "End of my rope. Got to talk to someone. Go dotty, else. Questions. Skull aches with 'em. Want to know whether this is a foretaste of the life I have a right to live—or the beginning of death. Be a good sport, and let's have it out."

"What is it you wish to know?" asked Cutty gently. The poor beggar!

"Where I am. Who you are. What happened to me. What is going to happen to me," rather breathlessly. "Don't want any more suspense. Don't want to look over my shoulder any more. Straight ahead. All the cards on the table, please."

Cutty rose and pushed the invalid's chair to a window and drew another up beside it.

"My word, the top of the world! Bally odd roost."

"You will find it safer here than you would on the shores of Kaspiskoi More," replied Cutty gravely. "The Caspian wouldn't be a healthy place for you now."

With wide eyes Hawksley stared across the shining wavering roofs. A pause. "What do you know?" he asked faintly.

"Everything. But wait!" Cutty fetched one of the photographs and laid it upon the young man's knees. "Know who this is—Two-Hawks?"

A strained tense gesture as Hawksley seized the photograph; then his chin sank slowly to his chest. A moment later Cutty was profoundly astonished to see something sparkle on its way down the bed quilt. Tears!

"I'm sorry!" cried Cutty, troubled and embarrassed. "I'm terribly sorry! I should have had the decency to wait a day or two."

"On the contrary, thank you!" Hawksley flung up his head. "Nothing in all God's muddled world could be more timely—the face of my mother! I am not ashamed of these tears. I am not afraid to die. More, I am not even afraid to live. But all the things I loved—the familiar earth, the human beings, my dog—gone. I am alone."

"I'm sorry," repeated Cutty, a bit choked up. This was honest misery and it affected him deeply. He felt himself singularly drawn.

"I want to live. Because I am young? No. I want to prove to the shades of those who loved me that I am fit to go on. So my identity is known to you?"—dejectedly.

"Yes. You wish me to forget what I know?"

"Will you?"—eagerly. "Will you forget that I am anything but a naked, friendless human being?"

"Yes. But your enemies know."

"I rather fancy they will keep the truth to themselves. Let them publish my identity, and a hundred havens would be offered. Your Government would protect me."

"It is doing so now indirectly. But why do you not want it known?"

"Freedom! Would I have it if known? Could I trust anybody? Would it not be essentially the old life in a new land? I want a new life in a new land. I want to be born again. I want to be what you patently are, an American. That is why I risked life a hundred times in coming all these miles, why I sit in this chair before you, with the room rocking because they battered in my head. I do not offer a human wreck, an illiterate mind, in exchange for citizenship. I bring a tolerably decent manhood. Try me! Always I have admired you people. Always we Russians have. But there is no Russia now—that I can ever return to!" Hawksley's head drooped again and his bloodshot eyes closed.

Cutty sensed confusion, indecision; all his deductions were upset in the face of this strange appeal. Russian, born of an Italian mother and speaking Oxford English as if it were his birthright; and wanting citizenship! Wasn't ashamed of his tears; wasn't afraid to die or to live! Cutty searched quickly for a new handhold to his antagonism, but he found only straws. He was honest enough to realize that he had built this antagonism upon a want, a desire; there was no foundation for it. Downright likable. A chap who had gone through so much, who was in such a pitiable condition, would not have the wit to manufacture character, camouflage his soul.

"Hang it!" he said briskly. "You shall have your chance. Talk like that will carry a man anywhere in this country. You shall stay here until you are strong again. Then some night I'll put you on your train for Montana. You want to ask questions. I'll save you the trouble by telling you what I know."

But his narrative contained no mention of the emeralds. Why? A bit conscience-stricken because, if he could, he was going to rob his guest on the basis that findings is keepings? Cutty wasn't ready to analyze the omission. Perhaps he wanted Hawksley himself to inquire about the stones; test him out. If he asked frankly that would signify that he had brought the stones in honestly, paid his obligations to the Customs. Otherwise, smuggling; and in that event conscience wouldn't matter; the emeralds became a game anybody could take a hand in—anybody who considered the United States Customs an infringement upon human rights.

What a devil of a call those stones had for him! Did they mean anything to Hawksley aside from their intrinsic value? But for the nebulous idea, originally, that the emeralds were mixed up somewhere in this adventure, Cutty knew that he would have sent Hawksley to a hospital, left him to his fate, and never known who he was.

All through the narration Hawksley listened motionless, with his eyes closed, possibly to keep the wavering instability of the walls from interfering with his assimilation of this astonishing series of fact.

"Found you insensible on the floor," concluded Cutty, "hoisted you to my shoulders, took you to the street—and here you are!"

Hawksley opened his eyes. "I say, you know, what a devil of an old Sherlock you must be! And you carried me on your shoulders across that fire escape? Ripping! When I stepped back into that room I heard a rushing sound. I knew! But I didn't have the least chance. . . . You and that bully girl!"

Cutty swore under his breath. He had taken particular pains to avoid mentioning Kitty; and here, first off, the fat was in the fire. He remembered now that he had told Hawksley that Kitty had saved his life. Fortunately the chap wasn't keen enough with that banged-up head of his to apply reason to the omission.

"Saved my life. Suppose she doesn't want me to know."

Cutty jumped at this. "Doesn't care to be mixed up with the Bolshevik end of it. Besides, she doesn't know who you are."

"The fewer that know, the better. But I'll always remember her kindness and that bally pistol with the fan in it. But you? Why did you bother to bring me up here?"

"Couldn't decently leave you where Karlov could get to you again."

"Is Stefani Gregor dead?"

"Don't know; probably not. But we are hunting for him." Cutty had not explained his interest in Gregor. Those plaguy stones again. They were demoralizing him. Loot.

"You spoke of Karlov. Who is he?"

"Why, the man who followed you across half the world."

"There were many. What is he like?"

"A gorilla."

"Ah!" Hawksley became galvanized and extended his fists. "God let me live long enough to put my hands on him! I had the chance the other day—to blot out his face with my boots! But I couldn't do it! I couldn't do it!" He sagged in the chair. "No, no! Just a bit groggy. All right in a moment."

"By the Lord Harry, I'll see you through. Now buck up. Hear that?" cried Cutty, throwing up a window.

"Music."

"Look through that street there. See the glint of bayonets? American soldiers, marching up Fifth Avenue, thousands of them, freemen, who broke the vaunted Hindenburg Line. God bless 'em! Americans, every mother's son of 'em; who went away laughing, who returned laughing, who will go back to their jobs laughing. The ability to laugh, that's America. Do you know how to laugh?"

"I used to. I'm jolly weak just now. But I'll grin if you want me to." And Hawksley grinned.

"That's the way. A grin in this country will take you quite as far. All right. In five years you'll be voting. I'll see to that. Now back to bed with you, and no more leaving it until the nurse says so. What you need is rest."

Cutty sent a call to the nurse, who was standing undecidedly in the doorway; and together they put the derelict back to bed. Then Cutty fetched the photograph and set it on top of the dresser, where Hawksley could see it.

"Now no more gallivanting about."

"I promise, old top. This bed is a little bit of all right. I say!"

"What?"

"How long am I to be here?"

"If you're good, two weeks," interposed the nurse.

"Two weeks? I say, would you mind doing me a trifling favor? I'd like a violin to amuse myself with."

"A fiddle? I don't know a thing about 'em except that they sound good." Cutty pulled at his chin.

"Whatever it costs I'll reimburse you the day I'm up."

"All right. I'll bring you a bundle of them, and you can do your own selecting."

Out in the corridor the nurse said: "I couldn't hold him. But he'll be easier now that he's got the questions off his mind. He will have to be humored a lot. That's one of the characteristics of head wounds."

"What do you think of him?"

"He seems to be gentle and patient; and I imagine he's hard to resist when he wants anything. Winning, you'd call it. I suppose I mustn't ask who he really is?"

"No. Poor devil. The fewer that know, the better. I'll be home round three."

Once in the street, Cutty was besieged suddenly with the irresistible desire to mingle with the crowd over in the Avenue, to hear the military bands, the shouts, to witness the gamut of emotions which he knew would attend this epochal day. Of course he would view it all from the aloof vantage of the historian, and store away commentaries against future needs.

And what a crowd it was! He was elbowed and pushed, jostled and trod on, carried into the surges, relegated to the eddies; and always the metallic tap-tap of steel-shod boots on the asphalt, the bayonets throwing back the radiant sunshine in sharp clear flashes. The keen joyous faces of those boys. God, to be young like that! To have come through that hell on earth with the ability still to smile! Cutty felt the tears running down his cheeks. Instinctively he knew that this was to be his last thrill of this order. He was fifty-two.

"Quit your crowding there!" barked a voice under his chin.

"Sorry, but it's those behind me," said Cutty, looking down into a florid countenance with a raggedy gray mustache and a pair of blue eyes that were blinking.

"I'm so damned short I can't see anything!"

"Neither can I."

"You could if you wiped your eyes."

"You're crying yourself," declared Cutty.

"Blinking jackass! Got anybody out there?"

"All of 'em."

"I get you, old son of a gun! No flesh and blood, but they're ours all the same. Couple of old fools; huh?"

"Sure pop! What right have two old codgers got here anyhow? What brought you out?"

"What brought you?"

"Same thing."

"Damn it! If I could only see something!"

Cutty put his hands upon the shoulders of this chance acquaintance and propelled him toward the curb. There were cries of protest, curses, catcalls, but Cutty bored on ahead until he got his man where he could see the tin hats, the bayonets and the colors; and thus they stood for a full hour. Each time the flag went by the little man yanked off his derby and turned truculently to see that Cutty did the same.

"Say," he said as they finally dropped back, "I'd offer to buy a drink, only it sounds flat."

"And it would taste flat after a mighty wine like this," replied Cutty. "Maybe you've heard of the nectar of the gods. Well, you've just drunk it, my friend."

"I sure have. Those kids out there, smiling after all that hell; and you and me on the sidewalk, blubbering over 'em! What's the answer? We're Americans!"

"You said it. Good-by."

Cutty pressed on to the flow and went along with it, lighter in the heart than he had been in many a day. These two million who lined Fifth Avenue, who cheered, laughed, wept, went silent, cheered again, what did their presence here signify? That America's day had come; that as a people they were homogeneous at last; that that which laws had failed to bring forth had been accomplished by an ideal.

Bolshevism, socialism—call it what you will—would beat itself into fragments against this Rock of Democracy, which went down to the center of the world and whose pinnacle touched the stars. Reincarnation; the simple ideals of the forefathers restored. And with this knowledge tingling in his thoughts—and perhaps there was a bit of spring in his heart—Cutty continued on, without destination, chin jutting, eyes shining. He was an American!

He might have continued on indefinitely had he not seen obliquely a window filled with musical instruments.

Hawksley's fiddle! He had all but forgotten. All right. If the poor beggar wanted to scrape a fiddle scrape it he should. The least he, Cutty, could do would be to accede to any and every whim Hawksley expressed. Wasn't he planning to rob the beggar of the drums, happen they ever turned up? But how the deuce to pick out a fiddle which would have a tune in it? Of all the hypercritical duffers the fiddler was the worst. Beside a fiddler of the first rank the rich old maid with the poodle was a hail fellow well met.

Of course Gregor had taught the chap. That meant he would know instantly; just as his host would instantly observe the difference between green glass and green beryl.

Cutty turned into the shop, infinitely amused. Fiddles! What next? Having constituted a guardianship over Kitty he was now playing impresario to Hawksley. As if he hadn't enough parts to play! Wouldn't he be risking his life to-night trying to find where Stefani Gregor was? Fiddles! Fiddles and emeralds! What a choice old hypocrite he was!

Fate has a way of telling you all about it—afterward; conceivably, that humanity might continue to reproduce its species. Otherwise humanity would proceed to extinguish itself forthwith. Thus Cutty was totally unaware upon entering the shop that he was about to tear off its hinges the door he was so carefully bolting and latching and padlocking between Kitty Conover and this duffer who wanted to fiddle his way through convalescence.

Where there is fiddling there is generally dancing. If it be not the feet, then it will be the soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Start The Season Right
Equip Your Motor With Champions

BEGIN your spring car-overhauling by putting in a set of Champion Spark Plugs. It is the first step in insuring trouble-free engine performance for months to come.

Champion Dependable Spark Plugs are recognized everywhere for their unfailing reliability and endurance.

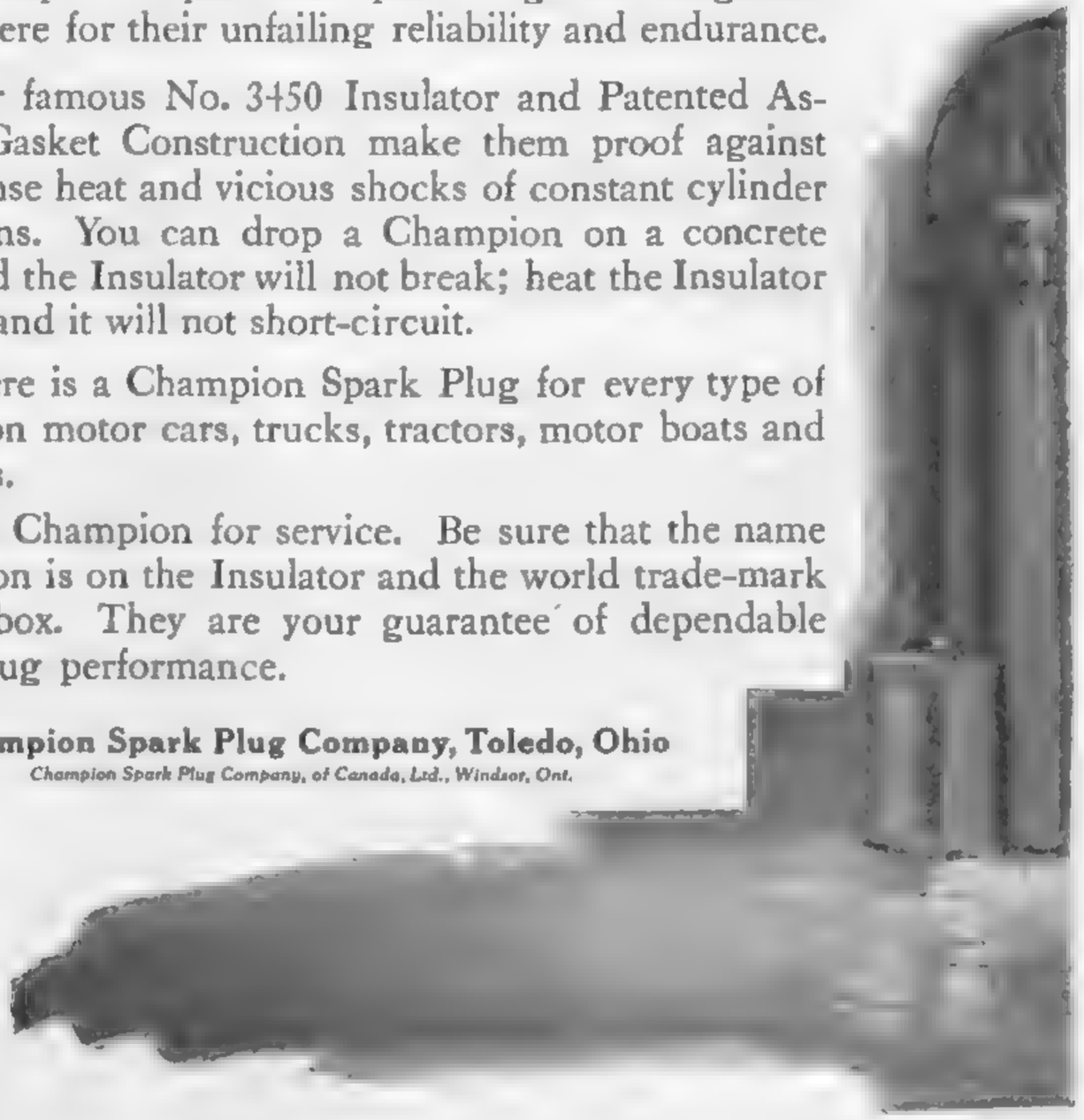
Our famous No. 3450 Insulator and Patented Asbestos Gasket Construction make them proof against the intense heat and vicious shocks of constant cylinder explosions. You can drop a Champion on a concrete floor and the Insulator will not break; heat the Insulator red hot and it will not short-circuit.

There is a Champion Spark Plug for every type of engine on motor cars, trucks, tractors, motor boats and airplanes.

Buy Champion for service. Be sure that the name Champion is on the Insulator and the world trade-mark on the box. They are your guarantee of dependable spark plug performance.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company, of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.



Champion

pion Dependable Spark Plugs

UNDER NOAH'S RAINBOW

(Continued from Page 15)

a company of men drawn up to be reviewed by the general. I think there may have been as many as forty of them, and the contrast between them and the general's small escort of British soldiers inevitably suggested to one's mind the difference between the white man's burden and its just now somewhat disgusted bearers.

I was glad to see them, because the idea at the moment was that the United States surely would accept the Armenian responsibility, and the first step would be the organization of an Armenian Army under American officers, an army that could be depended upon almost immediately to relieve the United States of the necessity for maintaining American troops in the country.

Even assumed optimism has its uses, and such assurance that the military feature of a mandate could be reduced to a minimum in a very short time was having an appreciable effect on American sentiment. We don't seem to mind economic burdens and political tutorship so much, but when it comes to supporting military establishments anywhere but in our own country we invariably make a row about it. And right we are too. If the Armenians could prove themselves capable of doing their own fighting and policing under American direction it was thought in certain circles that we might be persuaded to bend our shoulders and let them climb on.

The British general and his staff of young officers lined up in front of the double column; the colorful and bemedaled Armenian officers fluttered about waving their sabers and clanking their spurs and pretty soon the evolutions began. Shoulder arms! Forward march! Right turn! And so on. Only it was not in that language. The men got out of line, lost step, hopped over mud puddles instead of marching through them and did practically everything that drilled soldiers are supposed not to do. When they got so badly tangled up that something had to be done about it their officers would get in among them and straighten them out with seemingly confidential instructions; after which they would begin all over again.

They were uniformed in undyed homespun that was a product of the looms set up by the American Relief Committee. Excellent material it was, too; better than any that can be bought in the highly developed communities where wool has come to be used chiefly for camouflage purposes. But it was uglier than any material had a right to be. Even so, I could not help thinking that with as little effort as it took to make it look as it did look it might have been made up into fitted garments. There is no way to describe the baggy effect they had achieved, and to get a *toul ensemble* the legs of the men were incased in rain-soaked swaths of the same material. There was not a whole pair of shoes in the outfit.

Poor, suffering, heroic survivors of the greatest tragedy in modern history! I am not meaning to make fun of them. I regarded them with unqualified respect. But as a nucleus of an army that would relieve the United States of the necessity for keeping troops in Armenia under a possible mandate they were not very promising. However, the general was as ceremonious before them as he would have been had he been reviewing a crack British regiment. It was a curious scene.

The Tongue-Tied Interpreter

Some ladies, who had learned through the American Relief Committee that I was coming, were on hand to meet me with their arms filled with flowers and their heads filled with prepared speeches of welcome—both of which they proceeded to relieve themselves of at the earliest possible moment. It was very nice, but rather embarrassing on the whole, because none of them spoke anything but Armenian and my interpreter seemed strangely disinclined to interpret. I listened attentively while a large lady with a high voice made a long speech. Then I turned to him with an intimation that I expected from him an adequate summary of it.

"She says you are welcome to Erivan," was the sum total of his translation.

I thought it was a good thing she had talked such a long time, because if she had said any less there would not have been any of it left at all by the time it got through him.

"What else?" I asked.

"Well, she says she hopes you'll visit their kitchens. They're running free kitchens for the refugees."

"What have they to cook?"

This question for some reason started him off, and he made a speech on his own account which took several minutes. The lady answered at length and with a good deal of interesting gesticulation and facial expression.

When she had finished I said: "Well?"

"Nothing much."

"Nothing much what?"

"Nothing much to cook."

"What I like about the English language," said I, "is its directness and the way it lends itself to brevity of statement. If you don't think it will take all day to say it in Armenian you might tell the ladies that I shall be delighted to visit their kitchens, and please thank them for meeting me with such a kind and courteous welcome."

That started him again and he made another long talk to which the lady replied. She grew eloquent and wept a good deal, while the other two women stood by, heaving occasional sighs to indicate that they concurred.

"Well, what does she say?" I asked.

"She says don't mention it."

"Don't mention what?"

"About their coming to meet you."

I was getting annoyed.

"Yes, and what else?"

"Oh, all about the misery of the people and that sort of thing."

He looked very sad. Later on, after I had seen a good many things myself in the capital, he told me she was talking all the time about the ruin of the people's souls. She could not bear that they should be reduced to such degradation through helplessness and soul-numbing horror. He was acutely sensitive with regard to the impression his people might make on me and was wanting me then to observe the better citizens, whose good looks and charming manners anyone might have been proud of. When the president came up to greet me and to introduce the brightly uniformed members of his suite I fell back on French and did my own talking.

The City That Noah Built

The president had provided an automobile for me, but it was an ancient and wheezy old once-new and soft-spoken vehicle that seemed to have formed a habit of lying down on the job within what an optimist might regard as easy walking distance of the next place he wished to arrive at on time. And there are a good many stories contained in that one involved sentence that I have no time to tell. At that it was the best machine in town. Indeed it was the president's own, and the only one he had. The general's orderlies had lifted his motor down off its flat car while he was reviewing the troops, and he got away on his tour of inspection while I was being polite and listening in a ladylike manner to the speeches. By the time the ceremonies came to an end it was too late to do much of anything that day, but I thought we might go up into town and locate the headquarters of the relief committee.

I really could not blame the old car for not being able to go along and stop fussing and wheezing. There was a long stretch of road between the station and the town, and no stretch of road on earth was ever in worse condition. There were evidences that once upon a time it had been paved with cobblestones, but I could not think that anybody later than the grandsons of Shem, Ham or Japheth had put the stones in place.

They say Erivan is the city that was founded by Noah when he descended from the ark—that is, the Erivanites say this. Over in Etchmiadzin, a few miles away, they say that Etchmiadzin was the original foundation. I am sure I do not know. But what with all the seemingly fulfilled promises of fruitfulness and multiplication I see no reason why he should not have founded both of them. There is very little in either to inspire civic pride, but being haloed by such legend and by a history that has its authentic beginnings in the remotest ages they are exceedingly interesting.

Milk Arrives From America

Bad as the middle of the road was we were compelled to turn out into the gutter in order to get past a most important procession. Indeed it was the first of its kind I had seen in Armenia and I could hardly believe it was real. It was a procession of oxcarts loaded with cases of American milk! Unless you stop to realize that for days on end I had been crying over babies who probably had never tasted milk in their conscious lives and watching people starving to death and actually dying under my very eyes you will not be able to understand why such a procession should have thrilled me as this did.

I felt like crying some more, and especially when the local Armenian gentleman who had come along with us told me it was the first milk that had been seen in Erivan since before the war. The town, he said, was greatly excited about it, and an announcement had been made that there were more cargoes on the way. The milk, however, was to be reserved for the orphanages and hospitals. It could not be sold or generally distributed, because there was not enough of it—not yet; but since the American orphanages here and there were already sheltering something like forty thousand children, with a prospect of perhaps two hundred thousand more to be gathered in, everybody was tremendously interested in them.

The American orphanages were establishing the real basis of the future Armenian state. The orphans were to be well brought up and properly educated. They would be the leaders of the next Armenian generation and by degrees the Armenians would adopt purely American standards and principles; a consummation devoutly to be wished. All of which the Armenian gentleman expressed to me in one way and another as we bumped along over the execrable road.

The American who has things of this kind said to him under such circumstances is not unlikely to feel slightly embarrassed and to hope in a vague sort of way that American standards and principles are all that they should be. Or he may think he is being coerced by flattery and feel a sense of resentment. It depends on the American. Some of us are modest, but most of us are not—thank heaven! For myself, I very definitely am not, though I manage usually to pretend to be. Nobody can hurt my feelings by telling me how wonderful my country and my people are. I find no difficulty whatever in agreeing with all such opinion. I have seen just enough of the rest of the world to realize fully the magnificence of my own country's place in the sun. But I do have periods of wishing we could vacate the position that goes with moral leadership. I get tired of being afraid that our performance may not always measure up to our standards and principles and to the expectations of our eager friends, who are sure to call us worse names for our shortcomings under the circumstances than they would have if we had kept them in ignorance of how wonderful we are. Some of us have talked too much. But never mind; I think maybe we shall go ahead and finish a few of the things we have started anyhow, and perhaps by degrees the world will forget that we promised to adopt it and bring it up as though it were our own.

American Relief Headquarters

After we had coaxed our car out of two or three long, silent fits of despondency en route, it finally drew up and died at the curbstone in front of American relief headquarters. We left a governmentally uniformed and much too dainty-fingered chauffeur to perform an autopsy, and went inside. A one-time private residence, quite spacious and imposing; a wide hallway with a bare splintery floor and weather-streaked walls done in green and salmon-pink scrolls; a winding stairway with worn wooden steps and ornamental banister; and upstairs a large front room with two business-like desks in it, some blue crushed-plush chairs, a few commonplace Persian rugs and a grand piano. The piano intrigued my interest. Is that the way you say it? I hate that word "intrigued" and I never would use it except for the fact that in connection with interest it conveys to my mind an idea of the kind of interest that should be acknowledged as nosey curiosity. It was a shiny-bright, new-looking piano and I meant to ask them how they came by such a luxury at such a time in such a place. But my interest was soon intrigued by other considerations and I forgot all about it. There was some good music open on the rack and I observed a general suggestion in everything that the room was the combined business office and home of a couple of not too well-served bachelors.

I was received by Dr. Clarence D. Ussher and the Rev. Harrison A. Maynard. Both these gentlemen are Christian missionaries. I used to wonder why we sent Christian missionaries to Christian countries, but nobody would ask such a question in Armenia unless he were deaf, blind, olfactorily ossified and mentally deranged. The idea latterly has been not so much to turn perfectly good Gregorians into something else, but to turn them into better citizens, illuminate their benighted minds and introduce them to conceptions of health and cleanliness that might make their lives in some degree worth living.

Doctor Ussher is a medical missionary, and during the era when trouble was an interesting something that people got into afar off in picturesque countries with which we had nothing to do he served twenty-one years in Turkish Armenia. His central station was at Van, and when the Turks were coming into that city and his one-time pleasant life was tumbling in ruins about his ears he was carried out on a stretcher, suffering from an almost fatal attack of typhus. The story of his journey is as the

(Continued on Page 151)

Mothers and Children of Erivan

The Truth About Growing Feet

The normal boy or girl takes twice as many steps a day as the average grown-up—walking, running, skipping, jumping. Their health depends upon this wholesome exercise.

Unless their shoes are made to strengthen their tender muscles, and to preserve the correct shape of the pliable bones, the growing feet cannot develop properly.

Therefore, the necessity for the scientifically designed Brown Shaping Lasts—that give form and shape to the inside of the shoes—for the proper development of the growing feet.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes made upon these perfect lasts—that provide the exact space for the toe, ball, arch and heel—that give the correct support to the arch—that prevent corns, bunions, twisted bones, weak ankles and broken arches.

Buster Brown Shoes are made from carefully selected leathers, by skilled shoemakers, have Government standard oak-tanned soles, and are sold by good stores everywhere at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to size and style—in button, lace and blucher—with separate models for boys and for girls.

Every parent should read "Training the Growing Feet"—the free book that shows why the health of your boy or girl depends so largely upon the shoes they wear. Write for it today.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.
St. Louis - - - - U. S. A.

Style No. F 145
For Boys

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

On Time!
Bethlehem freight is fast freight-Bethlehem Dependability carries its load to destination on schedule time
Ship via Bethlehem
Chassis Prices
¾ ton $1495
1½ ton $2095
2½ ton $2495
3½ ton $3595
F.O.B. Allentown
BETHLEHEM MOTOR TRUCKS
The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out-of-date to-morrow

(Continued from Page 148)

story of a fearful nightmare. They got him finally to Erivan, where he made a slow recovery. He was eventually attached to the American Committee for Relief as medical director for the Caucasus.

Mr. Maynard had a mission at Bitlis and followed his flock in retreat to Russian Armenia during the great dispersal of the Armenian people. He is now treasurer for the American Committee in the Caucasian section and was himself just recovering from a long siege of typhus when I met him. There was enough typhus always to keep everyone in a constant state of nervous apprehension. The population was crawling with the disease-bearing insect and one was reminded of the danger at almost every step. One of our nurses—a splendid young woman who was a member of a Vassar unit—had just died of it, and the little American community that loved her was saying its prayers very sadly.

We talked along about various things, and presently an announcement was made that General Gorgonov, the mayor and civil governor of the district, was below, accompanied by a delegation of leading citizens, and desiring an interview. I, having made my plans for the following day, rose to take my departure, but was invited to stay and sit in. Doctor Ussher thought I might hear something that would interest me. I did, and I must say I felt sorry, very sorry for the Armenian gentlemen. They had come to beg, and they begged with a persuasive eloquence and with a cause to plead that I think I should not have been able to resist if I had been directing the affairs of the relief committee. But the directors were made of sterner stuff than I; so stern in fact that they seemed to me at the moment to be utterly heartless. It must be a terrific thing to have put up to you the necessity for deciding to let certain persons die in order that others may live.

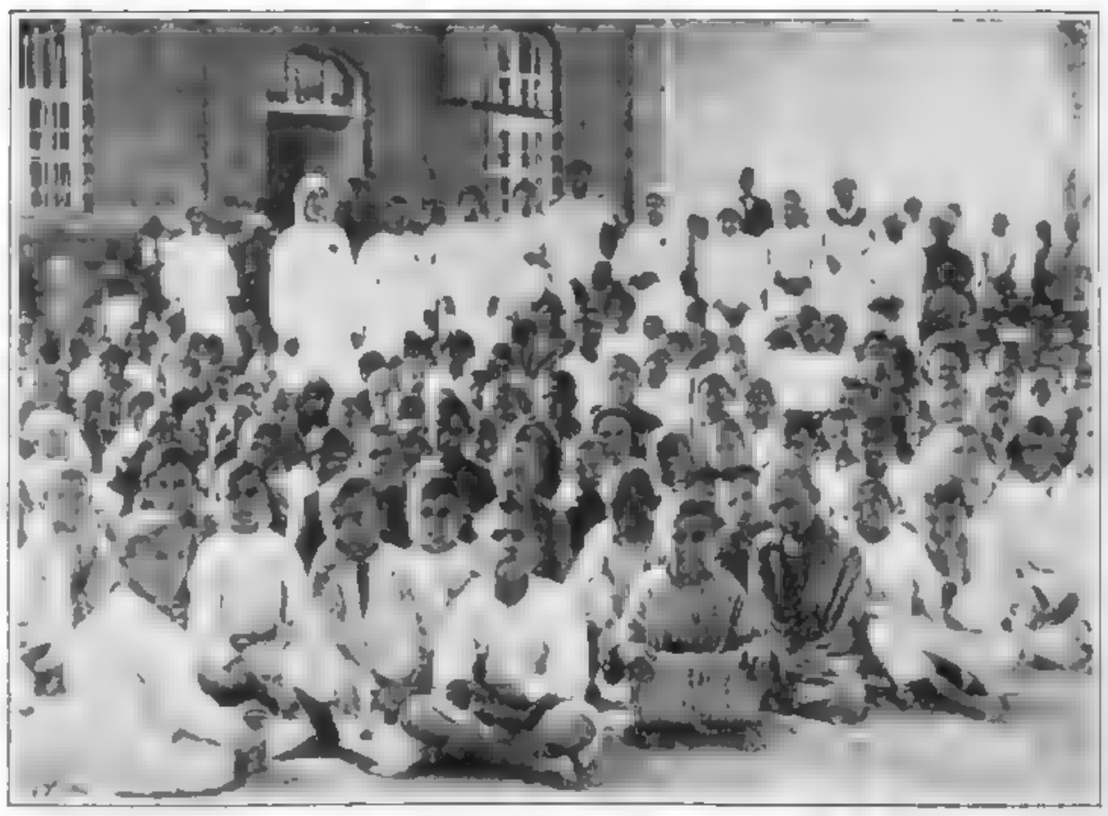
The government had no flour with which to produce the next day's ration of bread. The committee had two carloads carefully guarded on a siding down by the station, and the delegation had come to ask that one carload be consigned to the government to feed the people. The committee gently but firmly refused.

Little Flour and Many Mouths

General Gorgonov argued that a breadless day in a city where there was practically nothing to eat but bread and grass would be very dangerous. There would be riots. But worse than that the death toll for the day would be tremendously increased. In ordinary times Erivan had about twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, but in the city and its environs as many as one hundred thousand refugees had fastened themselves upon the people, and they, too, had to be fed. Moreover, large numbers of them had been reduced by starvation and hardship to the last ounce of physical resistance. They could not live through a breadless day. And how many days would there be? Where was the flour?

I was to learn that men sometimes have to be heartless in order to obey the dictates of what they believe to be right judgment. Doctor Ussher and Mr. Maynard, as well as other members of the relief staff who had come in for the conference, were unemotional to the point of frigidity. They had assumed full responsibility for thousands of children, and their little hospitals were crowded with patients. These people had to be taken care of in some way and the committee dared not take the risk of narrowing its already too narrow margin of supplies. The unclassified and unenrolled others would have to live through the breadless days—or die. There was no help for it.

And maybe it would be only one day after all. There was a delay in the delivery of American flour from Batum, but representatives of the committee had been sent down into Persia with money to purchase grain that was known to be there, and these representatives might be counted on to come along in a day or two at most with enough to tide the people over a brief period. But there was no certainty about anything; everybody knew what the difficulties were with regard to transportation; the food trains might be raided by bands of Tartars on the way; the American agents might not be able to get engines or fuel or freight cars; any one of a number of things might happen, and the committee could not risk the possibility of having to starve the children and the sick. No, the government could not have the flour. I think I never saw men so depressed. They went away with bent shoulders, looking hopeless and somewhat resentful.



Inmates of an Orphans' Home

The next day I went with Doctor Ussher round the town. It may be enough to say that the town is a mass of ruins, though that conveys nothing in the way of a picture. There are ruins and ruins, and Erivan does not suggest so much the ravages of war as the ravages of time. Having been built of mud and rubble and soft varieties of stone it has simply crumbled into unsightly heaps, except for a few cheap looking streets of fairly modern buildings. In the main it is a town of rubbish-strewn and malodorous nooks and crannies. But it is picturesque. A large part of it clings to a cliff's edge over the river gorge as though it had grown there out of the soil itself. It is a rock-roughened and unfriendly soil, offering encouragement to nothing but thorn bushes and harsh spiny grasses. It is a town of steep hills, from the tops of which there are wonderful views of the vast valley of the Araxes, wonderful views of Ararat and the Alaghez.

We went first to the employment bureau in a great tumbledown house with a wide paved court and inner balcony. We stepped over prostrate forms to get in, and found the court filled with the unemployable; pitiful, awful wretches who swarmed round us weeping bitterly, cringing, beseeching, lifting up the hem of my skirt to kiss it. I shuddered away from them. I could not help it. But inside I found young American women—of the clean-cut refinement that is characteristic of our best type of college girl—putting hundreds of more or less the same kind of wretches through the process of examination and enrollment. I remember doing somewhat the same sort of thing in the midst of typhus-stricken mobs in Serbia in 1915, but the American women on that job wore the most hideous safety outfits you ever saw, and did most of their handling of people with tongs, so to speak.

Self-Sacrificing American Girls

These girls were dressed in neat blue-linen uniforms with white collars and cuffs—uniforms that had the regular American-girl look—and they were so freshly sweet and pretty that I felt it was wrong for them to be there. Of course it was not, except that they were taking their lives in their hands every hour of every day. I met the same kind of girls in the business offices, the hospitals, the orphanages and schools. And I saw them walking among the crowds on the streets and in the market place, which was no longer a market but a camp for refugees. At home they might have been just a few among hundreds of merely American young women, but out there they were radiant. The contrast between them and the people they were engaged in serving was simply amazing.

They were a particularly fine company, to be sure, but even so they were typical. They were all college graduates of the past four or five years and had all taken special training for their volunteer service. It was whispered to me that one of them at least—and the snappiest of the lot she was, too—was very rich and had a rich father and mother at home worrying about her and wondering what they had done to deserve a daughter with a conscience so completely out of relation to her face, figure and fortune; a daughter who didn't have sense enough to take advantage of the pleasant life they had prepared for her; a daughter who preferred to give up—oh, everything! And Armenia of all places! But she was having a wonderful time if I am any judge. She was working among the children; the children who had not yet qualified as orphans; the children who day after day were gathered up in the streets to be fed in big empty rooms here and there, where they squatted together in huddled groups and were happy over chunks of black bread and cups of a hot brew of some kind that had no fat in it; the swollen-bellied, blue-skinned, hollow-eyed, indescribably ragged and filthy little pitiful runts; all of them ugly; none of them touchable! The willful little rich girl had taken the place of the girl who died. It was as supervisor of this particularly unpleasant part of the committee's work that the girl who died caught the typhus infection.

Conditions Not Improving

The American committee had set up many looms, tailor shops, carpentry shops, wagon factories, blacksmith shops and what not. But raw materials were very scarce and employment had to be reserved for the really employable. There would have been work for everybody if there had been materials to work with. There were not. Everybody wanted to work; that was the meaning of the weeping and beseeching hundreds in the courtyard of the employment bureau. But up to that time the best the Americans had been able to do was to give employment to about eight thousand men and women. It is all now more or less as it was then. I am writing about midsummer of 1919, but nothing has changed except for the worse.

From the hilltops of Erivan one looked out over the wide-spreading, far-flung beautiful valley and saw not a single acre under cultivation. That was the saddest thing. In all the country—and I traveled over a good part of it—I cannot remember seeing a plowed field. There were no farm implements; no seed grain. And there were no animals either, save a few donkeys, ponies and oxen—all in a fearful condition. One of the Americans told me a story about some children he once saw disputing with hungry dogs the carcass of a donkey that had died of starvation when the pastures were under snow. We were exchanging hideous experiences and he thought this beat anything I had to tell about. The pastures were green when I saw them and the animals could eat, but, nevertheless, they were bags of bones, and since no grass was being cut to feed them through the winter I imagined that by the spring of 1920 they, too, would probably all be gone.

Doctor Ussher and I left the employment bureau and went for a tour of the workshops. We walked from one to another, picking our way through muddy, rubbish-strewn streets, laboring up stony hills and down into stagnant gullies. We saw the people at their labors; the washers of wool; the combers, carders, spinners and weavers; the workers in cotton; the smiths and carpenters; and I observed that they were all working with crude implements of their own fashioning. It was as though they had just begun to live and had brought with them into life a half-remembered knowledge of old methods of producing life's necessities.

Then we went to the hospitals and the orphans' homes. These were nearly all established in queer old buildings that were never meant to serve such purposes, but they were well-arranged, orderly and scrupulously clean. Both hospitals and orphanages were furnished almost entirely with unpainted articles turned out by the committee's carpenters; the blankets on the beds were of the undyed woolen material from the committee's looms; the mattresses and pillows were mostly made of American flour sacks stuffed with grass. The children for the most part were uniformed in ugly dirty-white cotton goods from the committee's mills. Everything that was being done was being done by Americans disbursing the funds provided by American benevolence.

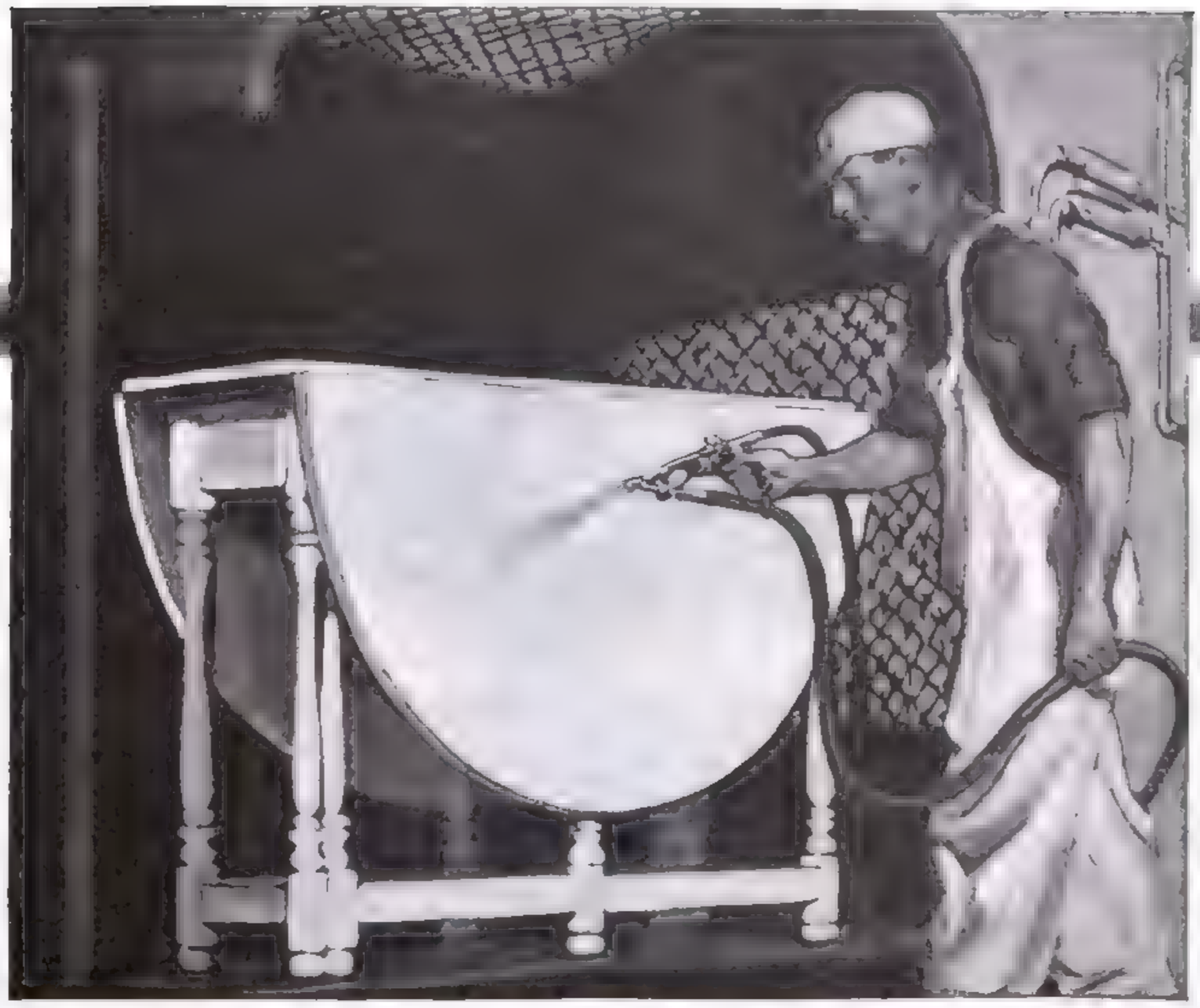
The boys in one orphanage had a carpentry shop and were turning out desks for the schoolrooms, wooden beds, chests of drawers and tables. Doctor Ussher enjoyed calling my attention to the effect on a child of a little feeding and proper care. In all the institutions there were children who had been in quite a while, others who had come in later, and so on down to those who had just arrived, and the difference between the newly arrived and the first comers was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. The doctor beamed on some sturdy-looking boys who were playing handball out in a courtyard and told me that only three weeks before they had been starved little creatures who would not have had strength enough to throw a ball even if they had known how.

The Question Never Answered

Maybe you think all boys know by instinct how to throw a ball. Well, maybe they do. I used to think all children knew by instinct how to play, but I can testify that in Armenia the rescued children in the American orphanages have to be taught how to play, while outside these institutions no little boy or girl is ever seen doing anything that even remotely resembles indulgence in childish amusement. It occurs to me that I saw thousands of children and that I never once saw a child laugh. Wan little smiles I saw, yes; but never a laugh. Even the children in the homes were solemn little things. One felt that they had had wrung out of them all the sparkle and lightness of life. But outside the little people were worse than solemn; they were tragic. They had never known what it was to be happy. They had come from the unconsciousness of underfed infancy to the consciousness of starved childhood without ever having seen the face of anything but fear. They had learned only to whimper and whine; to search like hungry puppies for bits of food; to hold out their hands for alms; to cling to their fear-stricken elders; to huddle together in silence and sit still. This is the impression one gets of Armenian children.

The martyrdom of the Armenians began almost simultaneously with their adoption of Christianity, and even before that they seem to have been more unpopular with their neighbors than any other people that ever lived. There must be some reason for this, but nobody has ever satisfactorily defined it. Everybody asks: "What's the trouble with the Armenians anyhow?" But it is a question that is usually answered with a wry smile, as much as to say: "Whatever it is it won't do us any good to talk about it." Their characteristics are evident enough, but none of them is sufficient to account for the bitterness of the hatred they seem able to inspire. It is a mistake to believe that the Turks in killing Armenians are actuated by religious fanaticism. They use that for an excuse at times and make the most of it to whet

(Concluded on Page 155)



Everywhere on Everything

–that the Maker Needs to Paint

The maker of your tables, your chairs, your furniture, must be a judge of paint, varnishes and other kinds of finishing material.

It's a part of his business to see that his product is properly finished—to see that it has the degree of beauty and the degree of durability that you expect. So the maker must know beforehand how long these surfaces will wear, how long they will hold color and how they will protect the surface underneath. He cannot run risks with a thousand tables.

It is for these very natural reasons that so many manufacturers depend upon Glidden Industrial Finishes for their good results.

Glidden Service to the manufacturer embraces more than barrel shipments of painting materials. It is a service that develops the right finishing schedule and then provides the necessary painting materials to insure the result desired. It represents a paint-shop service of practical value—a complete department subject to Industry's call.

GLIDDEN

INDUSTRIAL

FINISHES

Everywhere on Everything

—that Needs a Coat at Home

When this same table, chair or cabinet needs refinishing there is nothing that will quite meet the need like a Glidden product made for the purpose.

For every manufactured article in your home there is a Glidden product for the manufacturer's use and a Glidden product for your use.

Japalac Household Finishes will fulfill most of your needs about the home. Because of its good quality, Japalac is frequently imitated. Be sure you see Glidden and Japalac on every package you buy.

Glidden Dealers usually have all of the other Glidden Paints, Varnishes, Stains and Enamels and will be glad to assist in selecting color and to give practical painting advice. Write for interesting literature.

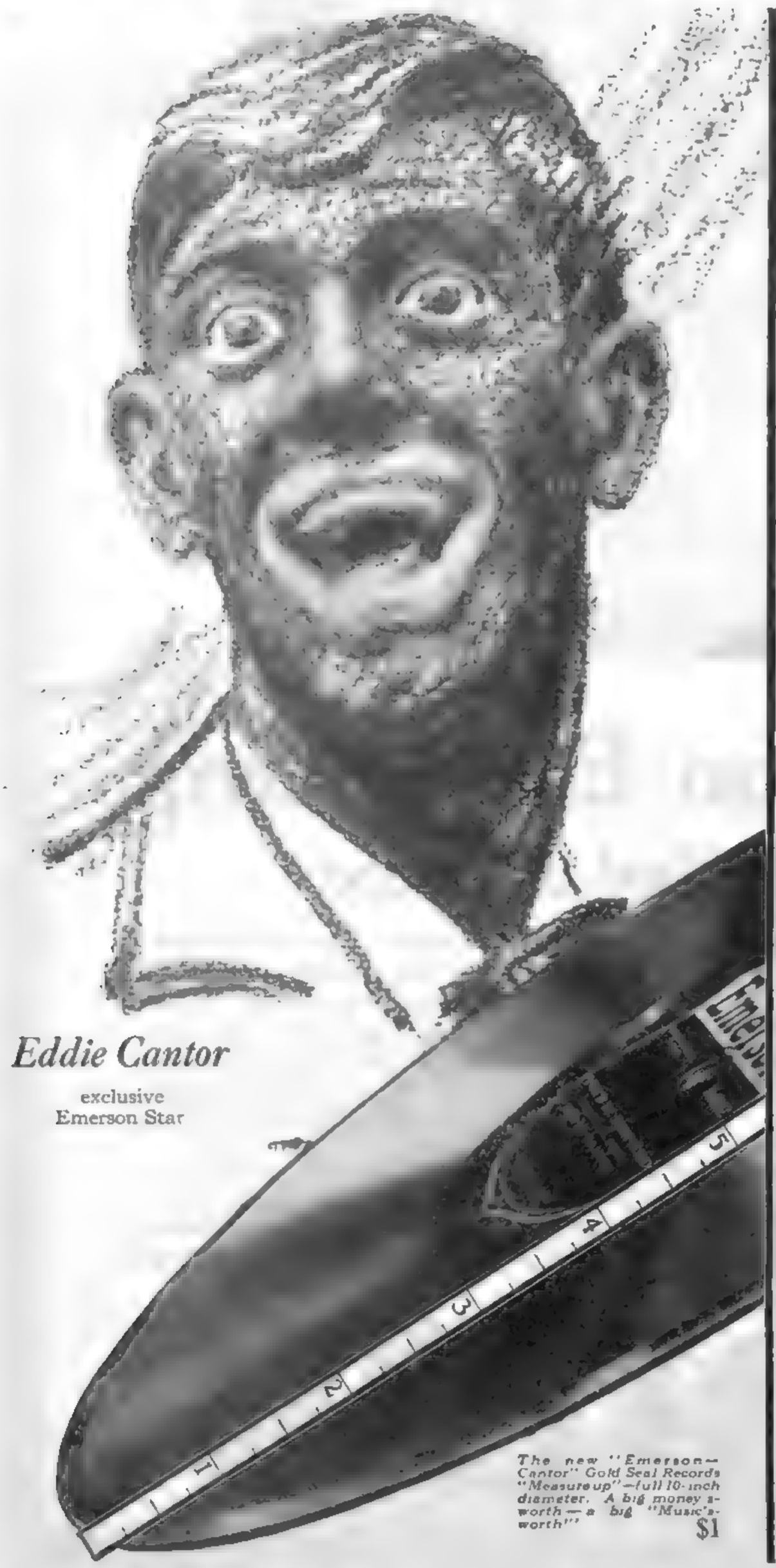
THE GLIDDEN COMPANY

National Headquarters, Cleveland, Ohio . Stocks in Principal Cities

Factories: Cleveland Chicago San Francisco Reading New Orleans St. Louis Minneapolis St. Paul Toronto

Branches: New York Chicago Kansas City Detroit Boston Scranton Evansville Birmingham Baltimore Pittsburgh Atlanta Dallas Des Moines Montreal Winnipeg

EMERSON "HITS"


Eddie Cantor
exclusive
Emerson Star
The new "Emerson—Cantor" Gold Seal Records "Measure up"—full 10-inch diameter. A big money's-worth—a big "Music's-worth"
$1

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG when you buy a song by lively Eddie Cantor. You take no risk when you buy a disc that's full of his bright banter. In the "Follies" show he makes things go, with his sparkle and his wit. On a record, too, he's just as new, and he makes each song a HIT.

*

Eddie Cantor, star of the *Ziegfeld Follies!* Eddie Cantor, exclusive *Emerson Artist*. It isn't so much the songs Eddie sings—though they're sure to be cracking good ones. It's the way Eddie does them that makes them so wonderfully popular. If you're lucky, you may *see* Eddie Cantor in the big show. But you can *hear* him any time—on *Emerson Standard 10-inch Gold Seal Records*.

The list below is just a taste—The Prince of Wales was so delighted with Cantor's singing of "You Don't Need the Wine" and "You'd be Surprised," that he got records of them to take back home. So will you when you hear them at your Emerson dealer's.

No. 10102
You'd Be Surprised — Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
I Used to Call Her Baby — Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
One Dollar

No. 10119
Come On and Play With Me — Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
All the Boys Love Mary — Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
One Dollar

No. 10105
When It Comes to Loving the Girls, I'm Away Ahead of the Times — Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
Give Me the Sultan's Harem — Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
One Dollar

No. 1071
You Don't Need the Wine to Have a Wonderful Time — Comic Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
Don't Put a Tax on the Beautiful Girls — Comic Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
One Dollar

No. 1094
When They're Old Enough to Know Better, It's Better to Leave Them Alone — Character Song — *Eddie Cantor*
I Don't Want a Doctor — Character Song — *Irving Kaufman*
One Dollar

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH CO., Inc.

Makers of
Standard 10-inch Gold Seal Records

Also records in foreign languages

Emerson Records

EMERSON RECORDS

(Concluded from Page 151)

their zeal, but apparently it is whatever it is that is the matter with the Armenian that urges the Turk to violence.

The Armenians are accused of an acquisitiveness of a particularly unpleasant variety, but it cannot be said that they have a monopoly of that defect. They are pugnacious and designing. Time and again in their history one finds them plotting against a neighbor, picking a quarrel, then fleeing for their lives with wails of woe and shrieks for sympathy. Yet time and again one finds them fighting bravely and behaving as nobly as any people could. They are a queer mixture. They are exceedingly intelligent and always industrious, yet they have descended farther into hell on earth than any other people that ever lived. Only their intelligence and industry have enabled them to survive. If they had been a stupid lotus-eating people they would have been exterminated long ago. Yet it is as well to remember that they have the elasticity of the Orient.

We read of a war they had with the Mohammedans at the beginning of the tenth century, a war which lasted thirteen years. "The wretched inhabitants fled to the mountains and the deserts; the remnant wandered about in a state of nakedness and experienced all the tortures of famine. When winter came thousands perished in the snow. If they fell into the hands of the enemy they were either massacred or subjected to every description of torture." An excellent account of what has happened in the twentieth century. And during each century of the millennium there have been similar tales to tell. Again:

"Whole towns were destroyed and whole countrysides depopulated. . . . This state of affairs continued for no less than seven years, exhausting the country and denuding it of cultivation." The wail was: "We sow, but do not reap; we plant and gather not the fruit; the fig tree bears not, and the vine and olive tree are barren. We collect a little and abandon the rest."

Their chief characteristics, of course, are intense nationalism and religiosity. They have always fought tenaciously against subjugation and have steadfastly resisted every effort that has ever been made to absorb them, resorting at times to every imaginable means of self-expression, admirable and otherwise. Their nationalistic zeal has marched hand in hand with their religious fanaticism. They could never get together even with their Christian neighbors, and fought many a fierce battle with the subjects of the Cæsars over differences of religious opinion. At one time they nearly wiped themselves out trying to establish their version of the unfathomable subject of Christ's divinity.

Some Legendary History

I should like to write a history of Armenia, it is so filled with wonderful names and so overlaid with color. Strangely enough faint traces of the color still exist and one is permitted in some parts of the country to dream dreams of a heroic past with the almost undimmed ornament of the past before one's eyes.

I like the name Vagharshapad. It is the ancient name of the city of Etchmiadzin. Etchmiadzin means "where the Only Begotten descended from heaven," and was substituted for Vagharshapad when the Armenian church was founded.

Vagharshapad was the capital of ancient Armenia, and the ancient Armenians seem to have been somewhat predatory. There was a powerful monarch at the beginning of the third century who cast covetous eyes upon the riches of the Sassanian Empire and resolved to gather them unto himself. He assembled vast armies, including "Huns from beyond Caucasus and other nomads," laid waste the northern provinces of Persia and marched to the very gates of Ctesiphon. This makes a colorful picture in my mind. I myself have stood "at the gates of Ctesiphon." Or rather I have walked among the mounds of desert sand that cover the once great city's ruins and have stood in awe before the one mighty relic of its greatness that is left for us to see. This is the arch of the throne room of the palace of the Sassanian kings; of its kind the most magnificent structure on earth.

The Armenians made war on German principles. They attacked without provocation and fought for spoils. For ten years they harried and harassed their neighbor, filled their country with his treasure and adorned the temples of their gods with his jewels. Then the Sassanian king, whose name was Ardashir, decided to put a stop to it, so he advertised for a reliable murderer. He wanted someone to go over into Armenia and kill the Armenian potentate. It was a Parthian who volunteered. His name was Anak. He accepted Ardashir's promissory note for a large reward and set forth upon his mission. He was a Parthian of the blood royal and had letters of introduction to the very best people. They did things in a leisurely manner in those days. He took his whole family with him and settled down in Vagharshapad. He established a rich ménage and spent a most enjoyable winter. Indeed he had such a good time and made such a lot of interesting friends that he almost forgot what he was there for. But spring came and the Armenian began to drill his troops and make preparations for more raids. Then Anak woke up and bethought him that his purpose was to serve Ardashir and collect a rich reward.

The Adventures of St. Gregory

He chose a night of revelry when he was the king's guest. He thought he might not be able to do it alone, so he induced his brother to join him, and because they were very popular and highly regarded gentlemen they were able to lure the king into a quiet corner for a little confidential talk, and there they ran him through with their swords. They made a quick escape, but it was not quick enough. A king is soon missed from among his courtiers. He was found mortally wounded, and the hue and cry for his murderers was set up. Set upon by the king's soldiers they perished in the flood of Araxes.

The king lived just long enough to decree that the whole family of Anak down to the last babe in arms should be massacred. But by some means not revealed in the records two sons of Anak were saved. One of them was spirited home to his relatives in Persia; the other was carried off to Cappadocia. The one who went to Cappadocia fell into the hands of Christians, was brought up a Christian and lived to become Saint Gregory, the founder of the Armenian church.

The story of Gregory even briefly sketched would fill a volume, but to go to Etchmiadzin without a few points of it fresh in one's mind would be to miss practically everything that Etchmiadzin has to offer.

The murdered king was succeeded by his son, Tiridates, who was a small boy, and during the regency of the nobles first Ardashir and afterward his son and successor, whose name was Shapur, made wars of vengeance on Armenia and reduced the country to ruin. Gregory grew to pious manhood in ignorance of his father's crime, and the secret was not revealed to him until after the Armenians had succeeded in driving the armies of Shapur from their country and had placed the splendid pagan, Tiridates, upon his throne. When Gregory learned who he was he chose at once what he conceived to be his path of duty, and forsaking all else made his way back to Armenia resolved to devote his life to the interests of the king whose father his father had murdered.

He came eventually to Vagharshapad, where he entered into the king's service. By virtue of his high moral attributes and lofty intelligence he rose rapidly in his master's confidence and soon became a trusted counselor. But he kept his secret to himself and steadfastly refused to renounce the Christian faith, though Tiridates, to induce him to do so, tried every method of persuasion, from good-natured argument to an occasional experiment with fiendish tortures. Then came a great feast day when Tiridates stood in the temple of his favorite god demanding sacrifice from everybody in his kingdom. He commanded Gregory to place upon the altar of Anaitis an offering of garlands. Gregory refused. Whereupon a jealous courtier who had learned his secret denounced him publicly, saying:

"Sire, this man deserves not the light of thy countenance. He has dwelt among us a man condemned, knowing that he abused thy confidence. He is the son of that Anak who slew thy royal father and plunged Armenia into ruin!"

He was thrown into a deep pit under the castle of Artaxata, where it was intended that he should perish, but in the castle was a tender-hearted widow who kept him alive by ministering secretly to his needs. Thirteen years passed. Then came to Armenia a band of Christian nuns who had fled from Rome to escape the outrages of Diocletian. One of them, Ripsimé, was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in the world, and Diocletian had sought to tear her from her convent. When he learned that she had fled with her companions to Armenia he sent an ambassador to Tiridates to warn him of the danger of permitting Christians to live in his realm and to advise him to put all the women to death, all save Ripsimé. She was too beautiful to be sacrificed. Diocletian wanted her, but it pleased him to be imperially generous and to assure Tiridates that he might keep her himself in case he should be overcome by her loveliness.

Needless to say he was overcome, and he made immediate preparations to have her brought to his palace—in glittering procession if she wished; by force if necessary. Force was necessary. Then came a long struggle of wills, the details of which are written in the old books but may not be written in these days; a struggle in which Ripsimé, inspired by her faith and upheld by her belief in the sanctity of her vows, came off victorious. In the end Tiridates, baffled, discomfited, humiliated before all his people, committed the great crime and had the entire company of holy women put to death with horrible tortures.

A few days later he and a number of his courtiers were turned into wild boars, foaming at the mouth, devouring their own flesh and rooting in the refuse of the kingdom. This really is a wonderful story. In comparison with it the story of Nebuchadnezzar lacks everything in the way of thrilling details. But I must leave most of it to your imagination—if you are not already familiar with it—and hurry on.

One dark and stormy night the king's sister had a vision. She was a good sister and was not included among those condemned to metamorphosis and dementia. Her name was Chosrowidukht. A radiant being appeared to her and told her that the only person who could restore the king and get the country out of its difficulties was a certain prisoner whose name was Gregory. He was confined in a deep pit under the castle of Artaxata and must be brought forth. Gregory alive? Impossible! It was thirteen years since he was thrown into the pit to die! But Chosrowidukht dared not disregard the commands of the vision.

Modern Etchmiadzin

Gregory was brought forth. He was a time-blackened, filth-incrusted, shriveled little man, but a halo hovered above his head. He restored the king to reason, but not at once to human form, because first he must bury the bodies of the martyred nuns and seek the counsel of God. He retired from the sight of the eager people who now began to follow him on their knees, and sojourned for sixty days in the place where the nuns had lived among the great vats of an abandoned wine press. There one day he was startled from his prayers by violent peals of thunder in a clear sky, and terrific rumblings of the earth. The heavens opened and the Man, in an aura of celestial splendor, descended. Gregory followed the Divinity from point to point in the city of Vagharshapad and noted each spot where he struck the ground with a golden mallet, saying each time: "Here shall a chapel be built." There were thirty-seven in all, in memory of the martyred nuns, and a great central cathedral.

This is how the name of Vagharshapad came to be changed to Etchmiadzin—"where the Only Begotten descended from heaven."

Etchmiadzin is a fearful place! It is built on flat swampy ground, but is surrounded by such mountainous and far-flung grandeurs as I have already tried to describe. Mt. Ararat is so close that one feels an impulse to reach out and lay hands upon its eternal snows. But in the town I saw nothing but shivering misery, tumbledown hovels, rutted and muddy streets that the little motor truck I had borrowed from the relief committee had a hard time getting through, a fairly modern academy, an ancient monastery—and the churches.

The churches are commonplace. At any rate they are not at all impressive. I found it very difficult to believe that the cathedral was even resting on its original foundations, yet they told me it was practically as it was built under the direction of Saint Gregory himself some seventeen hundred years ago.

I called on the Grand Catholicos. Having plowed a way through a narrow street, getting glimpses into the mud-floored interiors of rows of ragged huts and passing hundreds of terrible people whose only motion was a quick gesture of supplication as I hurried by, I drove through a wide ornamental gateway and into a great compound inclosed by an ancient wall. In the center of the compound stands the cathedral, while round three sides of it is built the monastery, which is as old almost as the church itself.

We were met at the cathedral door by a beautiful man. I use the objectionable word deliberately. He was not merely handsome; he was beautiful. He was very tall; his hair fell in glossy black waves upon his shoulders; his beard, as glossy black, fell into the long black folds of his magnificent robe; he wore a great diamond cross above his placid brow, pinned on the front of a high potlike hat; a massive jeweled chain hung about his neck; his features were as the features of a Greek cameo. Only his eyes suggested the ordinary man. They were keen and twinklingly inquisitive.

He was a graduate of Harvard University! This I learned when he addressed me in such perfect English that I had to ask him where he got it. As a Gregorian priest of high degree his dignity was almost overwhelming, but when I referred rather jocosely to his Harvard accent he unbent a little and we got quite cheerful and chummy. We went about here and there in the great institution, examining with keen interest some rich relics of the ages past, then he conducted us into the presence of the Catholicos.

Armenian Prayers for Haste

The Catholicos is an aged man. His long beard and the hair upon his shoulders are snow-white. His robe and jewels were more splendid than the priest's, but he had the mild benignant look of a prayerful man. He sat in a thronelike chair behind a large table at the end of a long, richly furnished room. He rose to greet us with a vast solemnity.

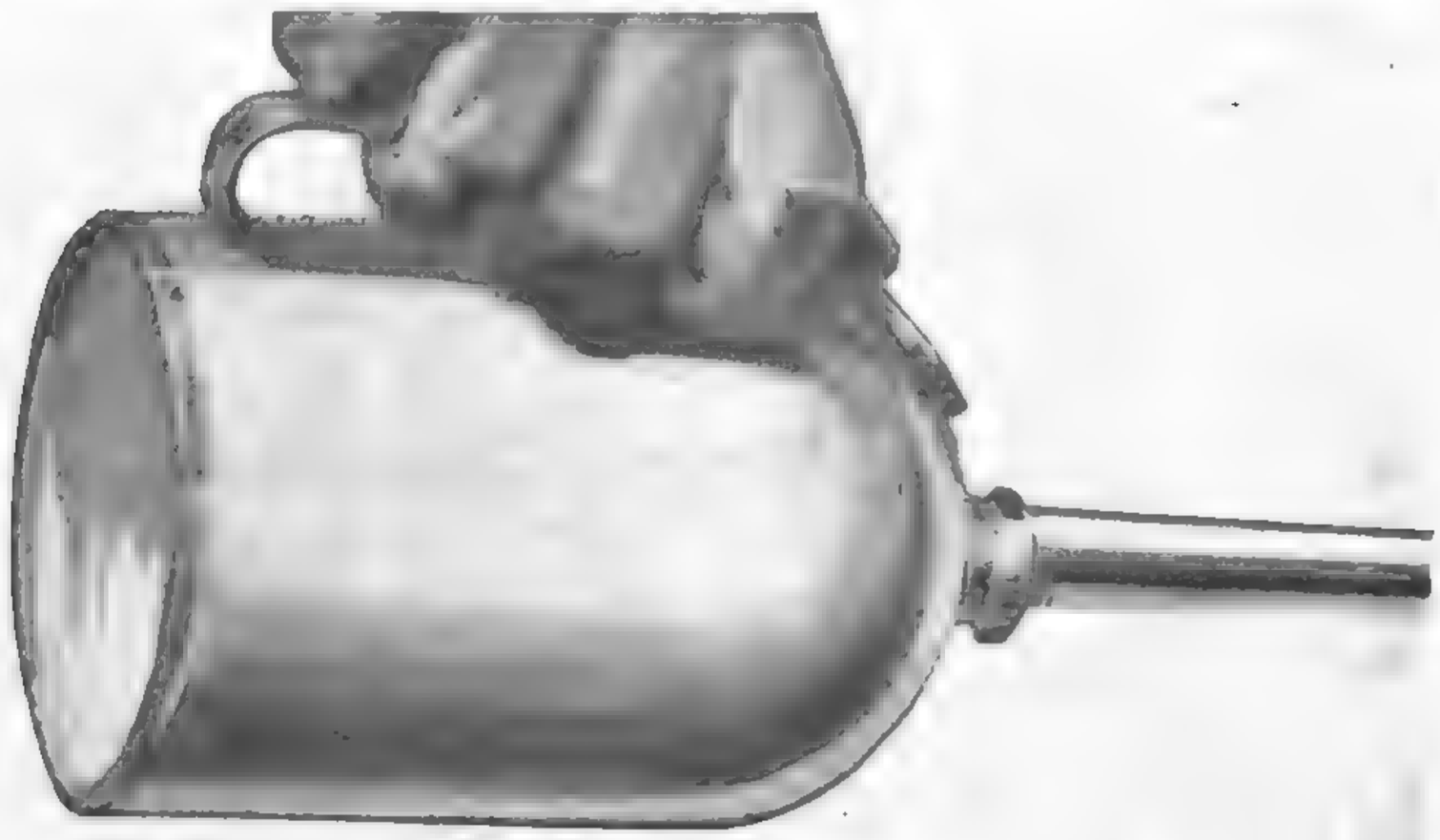
When I had an audience with the Pope in Rome I had a regular case of stage fright, but His Holiness made me forget it almost immediately by being as pleasant and engaging a gentleman as I ever met. My nervousness in the presence of His Eminence of Etchmiadzin increased until the unnatural gloom of a smileless greeting deepened into the dreariness of a discussion of the Armenian situation. I stopped being nervous then and was merely sad. He spoke no English, but through the priest and my interpreter he talked freely. His whole being seemed to be yearning toward the United States. He indulged in no flattery; indeed he thought we were heartbreakingly slow in reaching his people with aid; but for what we had done, for what we were doing and preparing to do, he was profoundly grateful.

He thought it an amazing thing that any people should have a feeling of such brotherly solicitude toward another people so far away. He said that in his prayers every day he thanked God for our greatness and our strength and begged for their continuance.

"But," said he, "won't you ask your people to hurry?" He clasped his delicate hands across the table and addressed himself directly to me. The Harvard priest turned his words into English—emphasized in a low tone.

"We depend entirely on our American friends. We have no other hope. At best many thousands yet must die, but a remnant of our people may be saved. Our prayers to God are that he may bless your wonderful country. Won't you ask your people to hurry?"

We drove on after that to Igdir. We found two splendid young Americans establishing orphanages and hospitals and feeding the people as best they could with rations brought over daily from Erivan in little motor trucks such as the one I myself was using. Igdir is many miles from a railroad and is supposed to be the most awful place in the awful land. I do not know. I cannot write about it nor about any one of a dozen other places because to do so would be merely to repeat, with more harrowing details, what I have already written. It was from a graveyard at Igdir that I saw the perfect rainbow framing Ararat and wondered why our Creator had not guaranteed us against a deluge of woe.



GARGOYLE
BEARING OILS

The following oils are prescribed by our Board of Engineers for the correct lubrication of all types of bearings.

Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils

As bearing lubricants, they produce a minimum amount of carbon, and resist moisture in circulation or splash systems:

Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil, Extra Heavy
Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil, Heavy
Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil, Heavy Medium
Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil, Light

Gargoyle Viscolite Oils

Very heavy bodied oils, especially suitable for the lubrication of farm machinery, and bearings of heavy or slow running machinery:

Gargoyle Viscolite Oil, A A
Gargoyle Viscolite Oil, B B
Gargoyle Viscolite Oil, C C
Gargoyle Viscolite Oil, D D

Gargoyle Etna Oils

Heavy bodied oils, manufactured for the lubrication of machinery bearings in general:

Gargoyle Etna Oil, Extra Heavy
Gargoyle Etna Oil, Heavy
Gargoyle Etna Oil, Heavy Medium
Gargoyle Etna Oil, Medium
Gargoyle Etna Oil, Light

Gargoyle Vacuoline Oils

Medium bodied oils for the lubrication of bearings of light high speed engines, machines and shafting:

Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil, Extra A
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil, Extra B
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil, B
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil, C

Gargoyle Velocite Oils

Light bodied oils for the lubrication of textile machines:

Gargoyle Velocite Oil, Bleached
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, A
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, B
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, C
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, D
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, E

Bearing Lubrication

—*Yardstick to Profit and Loss*

FOR many years a machine-shop maxim has run, "It is cheaper to wear out oil than machinery." But many executives are just waking up to the full importance of that fact—particularly in regard to bearing lubrication.

Practically every machine has bearings somewhere in its makeup. To get work done mechanically, "The wheels must turn." The way to let the bearings turn the wheels most freely is to lubricate them with the correct bearing oils.

It is the same old story—the best is the cheapest in the long run.

A change to Gargoyle Bearing Oils immediately brings better results. Nearly always power that was formerly wasted is saved. Sometimes it is only a small per cent. In extreme cases it may run up to 15% or 20%.

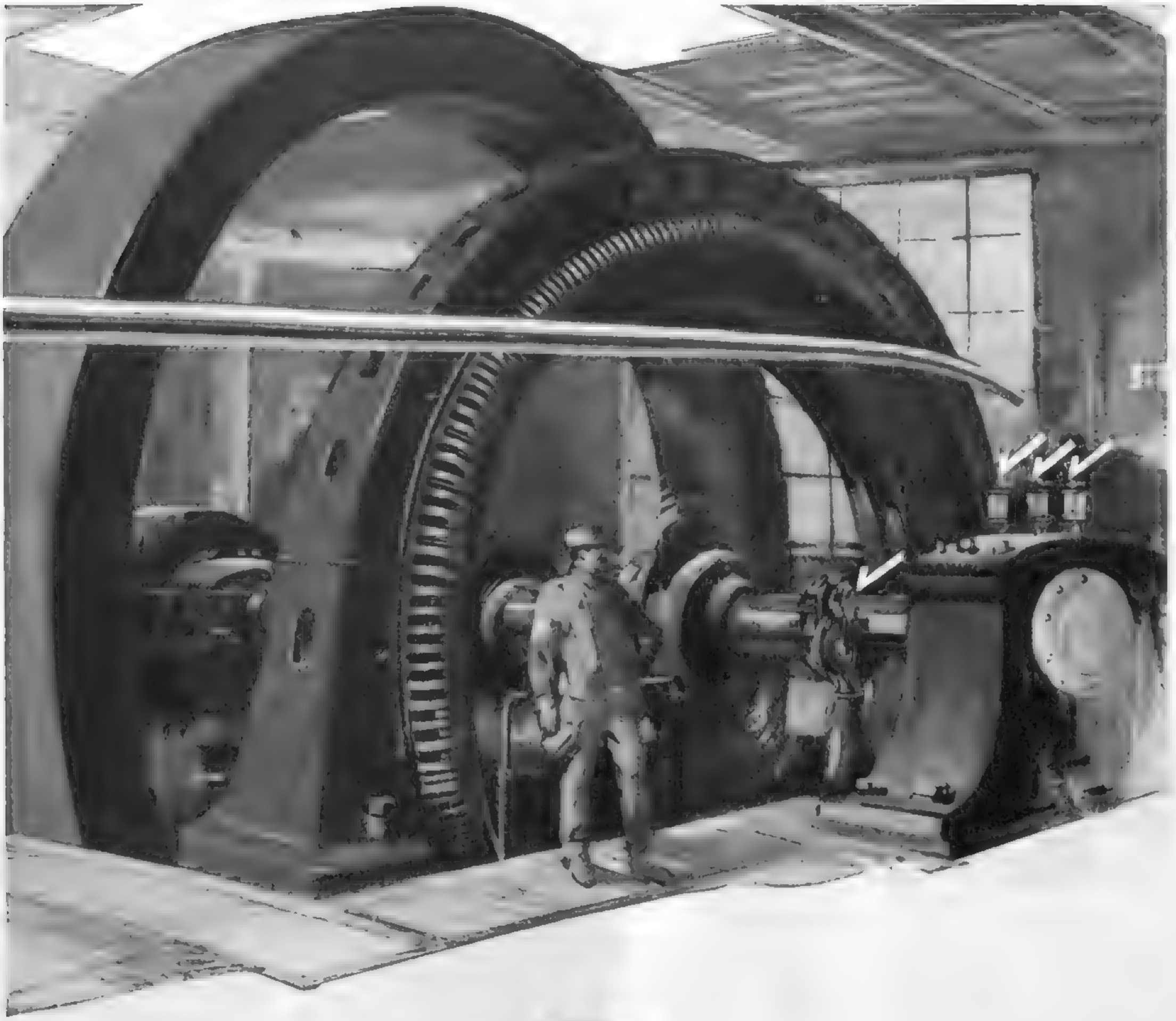
Again, Gargoyle Bearing Oils minimize the chance of shut-downs. Manufacturers who have figured it out realize that an hour's shut-down may cost them more than all the oil which a plant may buy in a whole year.

The cheapest oil per gallon is usually the most expensive in the long run. Results more than justify the use of high-grade bearing oils.

Gargoyle Bearing Oils are produced in grades to meet the nine different conditions under which bearings are lubricated. Our Bearing Paper discusses these nine conditions in detail.

We recommend that you write for our paper on Bearing Lubrication. Please address our nearest Branch.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world.* NEW YORK, U.S.A.



GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

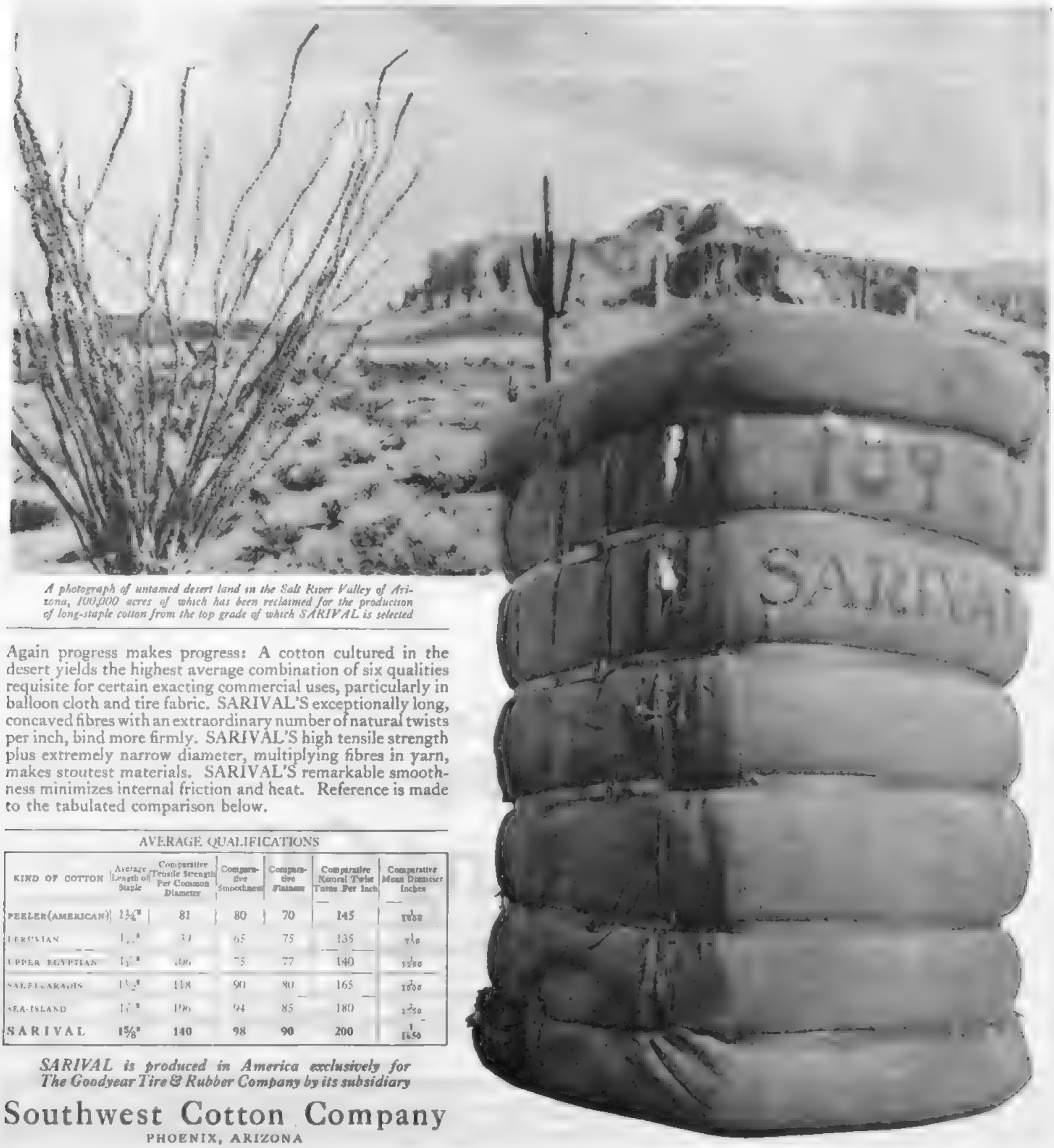
DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York	Boston	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Detroit
Chicago	Minneapolis	Indianapolis	Kansas City, Kan.	Des Moines

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

SARIVAL

SELECTED FROM COMMERCIAL LONG-STAPLE COTTON PRONOUNCED BY EXPERTS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD



A photograph of untamed desert land in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, 100,000 acres of which has been reclaimed for the production of long-staple cotton from the top grade of which SARIVAL is selected

Again progress makes progress: A cotton cultured in the desert yields the highest average combination of six qualities requisite for certain exacting commercial uses, particularly in balloon cloth and tire fabric. SARIVAL'S exceptionally long, concaved fibres with an extraordinary number of natural twists per inch, bind more firmly. SARIVAL'S high tensile strength plus extremely narrow diameter, multiplying fibres in yarn, makes stoutest materials. SARIVAL'S remarkable smoothness minimizes internal friction and heat. Reference is made to the tabulated comparison below.

AVERAGE QUALIFICATIONS

KIND OF COTTON	Average Length of Staple	Comparative Tensile Strength Per Common Diameter	Comparative Smoothness	Comparative Fineness	Comparative Natural Twist Turns Per Inch	Comparative Mean Diameter Inches
PEELER (AMERICAN)	1¼"	81	80	70	145	1/1850
PERUVIAN	1 1/16"	80	65	75	135	1/1750
UPPER EGYPTIAN	1 3/16"	106	75	77	140	1/1780
SAKELLARADIS	1 3/32"	118	90	80	165	1/1950
SEA-ISLAND	1 7/32"	126	94	85	180	1/2150
SARIVAL	**1⅝"**	**140**	**98**	**90**	**200**	**1/1650**

SARIVAL is produced in America exclusively for The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company by its subsidiary

Southwest Cotton Company

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

THE POSSIBILIST

(Continued from Page 17)

spilling of blood for man; and we'll celebrate it on the first of May, and in every household and in every community where working men and women and little children have been betrayed and crucified for a few dirty pieces of silver by the Judas Iscariots and Pontius Pilates and the white-tied, white-livered, heartless, gizzardless pharisees and high priests of capitalism."

He stopped to quote a line or two from one of the curious doggerels in the I. W. W. songbook—written for singing to familiar tunes—"to fan," as the cover of the red ten-cent booklet says, "the flames of hate." The character of this odd stuff may well be shown by a repetition of a few of the stanzas from which he quoted:

It was in the year of 'seventeen,
On August the first day,
The tyrant dogs of the master class
Our hero bold did slay;
We do not fear their lynching threats,
Their gunmen or their jails;
And here to-day we stand as one—
Our Union never fails.

Oh, cruel was this martyrdom,
Suffered by our patriot bold,
When dragged upon the rough paved streets,
All for the greed of gold;
Sure, Christ himself when on this earth
Suffered on the cross of Calvary,
His life for freedom gave.

Here's to your memory, Frank Little,
Though dead and in your grave;
For the workers' cause you fought so hard,
And your precious life you gave.

The hoarse-voiced speaker choosing deftly but a few words from this crude verse went on easily and familiarly through a bitterly humorous and ironic appeal for sympathy for outrages too well believed to need ranting propaganda, to his final appeal for the defense—for contributions from the worker to protect his fellow workers now suffering martyrdom for him at the hands of the venal courts and judges of the Government of the capitalist class.

It was an appeal irresistible in the circumstances—shaped so as to make refusal spell publicly the shame and disloyalty which would accompany the sneaking non-payment of an immense debt of gratitude—more despicable than the denial of support to a mother. Money, in bills of large denominations at first, and later on in smaller sums, was borne up from the crowded aisles by collectors and heaped upon the bare table on the platform.

And in the meanwhile, as the collecting was going on, the audience sang its various hymns of hate. One characteristic one was suggested with an ironic smile by a member of the committee on the platform to the speaker as doubly appropriate to the subject of the latter's speech and to the anniversary of the death of the man who wrote it—an individual executed by the authorities on the charge of murdering a grocer whom he was robbing, but canonized by the Wobblies as an innocent man, murdered by society through a frame-up.

"Sure! We'll be singing that right now while the money's coming in for the other boys they've got now rotting in their jails!" shouted out the speaker of the meeting with savage good humor. And started by him the audience sang out, to an old gospel tune, the curious words of the song entitled The Preacher and the Slave:

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

"You will eat, by and by,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die."

Holy Rollers and Jumpers come out,
And they holler, they jump and they shout,
"Give your money to Jesus," they say;
"He will cure all diseases to-day."

Workingmen of all countries unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight;
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

"You will eat, by and by,
When you've learned how to cook and to fry.
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet by and by."

They are taken—a great part of the tunes for the small red volume of the hymns of hate of the Wobblies—from the old songs and religious choruses familiar to the homeless men, from the shrill, flat-voiced singing of the religious enthusiast on the dark-night corners of the streets which they frequent all over the continent; but sung as they were sung in this bare, somber, green-walled hall, in a low pitch—male voices largely carrying the air—they made an odd travesty on the high-pitched feminine-voiced singing of the religious revival, combined at the same time with the solid and somewhat menacing quality of the measured heavy sound of marching men. For this prayer meeting of the gospel of hate, in spite of the women in the audience, was still predominantly a revival service for the emotions of the male.

The service was now, however, nearly over. The money piled up fast upon the table; the contributors having left it knew their part was done, and there was now a distinct movement of small currents in the crowded hall toward the exit, near which Spinner stood.

He saw that now it was probably time for him to find his way over to Sonia, and edged his thin body through the cross currents of the crowd going out the main entrance way, slowly progressing toward her. She sat, conspicuous in her red smock, on a corner of the table bearing the red pamphlets, one foot on the ground, the other swinging nonchalantly as she gazed on the slowly moving crowd with a certain air of proprietorship in her direct glance. She was a substantial-looking girl; deep bodied, thin faced, high cheek-boned—furnishing the interesting contrast which the more utilitarian type of Eastern Europe's women offers to the nervous, slight, small-boned type which American stock and conditions tend now to produce. She had with this the almost boyish independence that factory life produces in the younger generation of foreign parentage; a directness and self-assertion not diminished by her conversion to revolutionary doctrine, and expressed everywhere—in her attitude upon the table, her level glance, and the revolutionary and uncompromising simplicity with which her hair was drawn straight back from her forehead in the unornamental fashion of the peasant women of Eastern Europe.

Behind her, on the side of the table toward the wall, sat the other and larger girl, her assistant and personal friend; a greatly different type—a slow, unhurried personality; black hair drawn straight back; dark eyes; a madonna slowly chewing gum—serene, sincere, who had witnessed much and heard much and whom nothing in the world could now surprise. Vera was the name she was known by in the red movement—Vera Strinsky.

Spinner edged through the crowd till he stood almost touching Sonia in the jam without her seeing him.

Vera behind the table recognized him, however, and smiled her slow, understanding smile while he waited, as Sonia was talking briskly to acquaintances in the crowd, jollying them, urging them to spend their money to improve their minds and aid the cause.

Suddenly she turned and saw Spinner—and was down from the table, her swinging foot upon the floor, her whole active person tense with surprise, her face deeply flushed.

"John!" she cried; and projected her body toward him, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him with the direct and unembarrassed gesture of a young child—or an animal feeding a long-felt hunger.

She started at once talking to him, questioning him, with an equal disregard of her surroundings and auditors. The committee on the platform having finished counting the dingy piles of bills upon the bare wood-colored table were now announcing the amount of the collection.

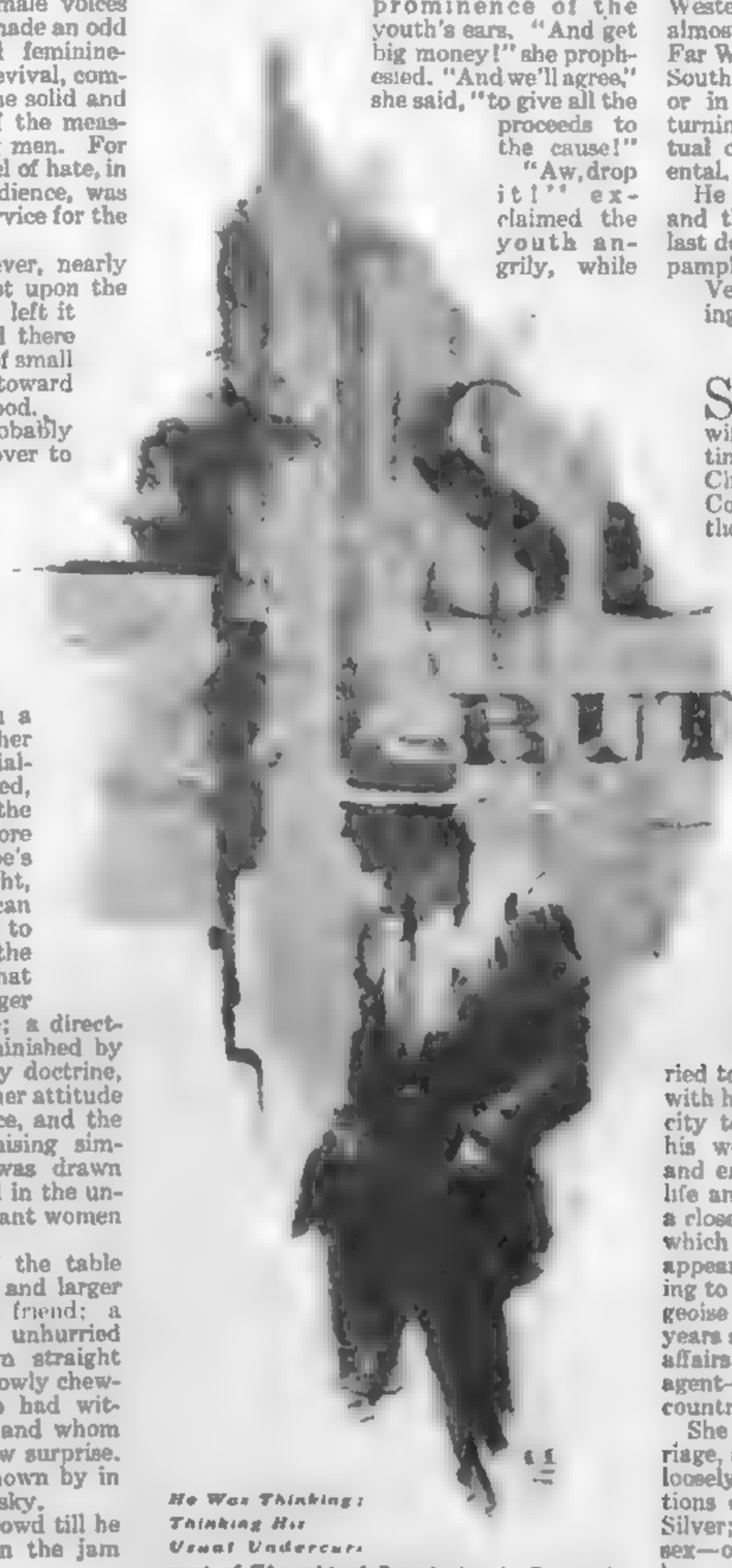
"Go hire a hall!" a thin, Oriental faced youth next to Sonia—evidently another garment worker—advised her, with the level equality of discourtesy which passes between the sexes who have worked together in a factory or in a practical working people's campaign for revolution.

"Sure," the girl answered him, "if the fellow worker will let me put him in a cage and exhibit him there."

The fellow worker, a dark, slight youth, bent a look of intense blackness upon her; which she returned with frank truculence.

"We'll show you as the only living human aëroplane," the girl remarked, calling attention to the rather extraordinary prominence of the youth's ears. "And get big money!" she prophesied. "And we'll agree," she said, "to give all the proceeds to the cause!"

"Aw, drop it!" exclaimed the youth angrily, while



He Was Thinking: Thinking His Usual Undercurrent of Thought of Revolution in General

several others looked round toward her rather languidly. It was no unusual event to them—an exchange of hostilities of this kind there between the sexes.

Spinner smiled slightly and touched the girl's arm significantly.

"Oh, all right," she said quickly, and withdrew her defiant glance from her opponent.

She flushed as she did so, and for a moment turned down her eyes to avoid Spinner's—a thing she did for no man living but John Spinner.

"Look," she said to him, recovering herself quickly. "We'll be through here before many moons now. You stand over there and wait for us."

She spoke to him as she had looked upon the crowd, with a certain air and pride of proprietorship. For Spinner after all—though always when possible in the background, and at just this time not in any flush of popularity with his fellow workers—was still a considerable and recognized figure in the circles of revolution.

He subsided willingly back against the dead surface of the dark-green wall and watched the diminishing crowd, while the two girls at the table called their wares and started gathering together their takings of small coins, and their remaining periodicals preparatory to leaving.

Many members of the crowd stopped and exchanged greetings with Sonia. It was certainly a gathering of human beings of a vastly different type, as Spinner saw, musing, watching them, from the homeless men with whom he had just been living—the Western "working stiff," with the laconic almost affected paucity of emotion of the Far Western. These foreigners, Eastern or Southeastern Europeans, in their gestures or in their dark, white-rimmed, quick-turning eyes, showed an emotionalism, actual or potential, which was almost Oriental.

He turned finally, to see Sonia coming, and they went out together, leaving the last details of the evening's business at the pamphlet table to Sonia's fellow worker Vera. He walked beside her to the lodging house where she was now located.

VI

SPINNER and this woman—this girl—had lived together as man and wife for two or three years now, in the time he had had his headquarters in Chicago. He had met her on the Pacific Coast in the work there. She had been the wife of another professional radical—a man of a somewhat effeminate type, of much inferior mind to Spinner's. And they had felt after a time—both Spinner and herself—that she would better leave him, so that they could join forces more effectively in the work for the revolution.

She was a young woman—considerably younger than he—in the early twenties—but she had already seen much of life at close range, without the usual carefully fed illusions of the young bourgeoise woman. She had had at first the harder and more practical view of life of the economic class whose girls normally work in factories. Then coming into the radical movement with the garment workers she had met and been married to Spinner's friend; and had traveled with him about the country from one large city to another, taking part with him in his work with her characteristic energy and enthusiasm. She had seen, therefore, life and men and cities from an angle and a close-range view of the actualities of life, which gave her an outlook that would appear unbelievably hard and even shocking to the sensibilities of the average bourgeoise woman of twice her age. Now for two years she had been in the center of radical affairs in Chicago—largely an independent agent—while Spinner moved about the country as he found it advantageous.

She retained—as she had in her first marriage, and as is not uncommon in the more loosely tied and less formal marital relations of the radicals—the name of Sonia Silver; a name which critics of her own sex—of whom her energetic methods gave her many—claimed had been at her birth and until her conversion to radicalism Sadie Silvensky. Whatever her name might have been, she was, as Spinner well appreciated, a very able, restless and efficient spirit—a most capable and valuable fellow worker, who devoted her whole energies and her quick and ingenious mind to the revolution.

She talked energetically and excitedly as they walked in the direction of her lodging house—her Eastern temperament and necessity for vocal self-expression offering, as always, a strong contrast to the silence and undemonstrativeness of Spinner, which held him during the great part of his daily life. They came at last to the place where she was rooming—the lodging of reds which, from the continual activities of the authorities in raiding it, the Wobblies with their usual sardonic humor had named Restful Valley.

It offered in an extreme form the sense of sadness and isolated melancholy given by the occasional sooty dwellings which survive in odd corners of the industrial centers of the city, which for the present are not required for railroad yards or factories or wholesale blocks. On one side it bordered one of the can-littered, cinder-paved empty

Continued on Page 162

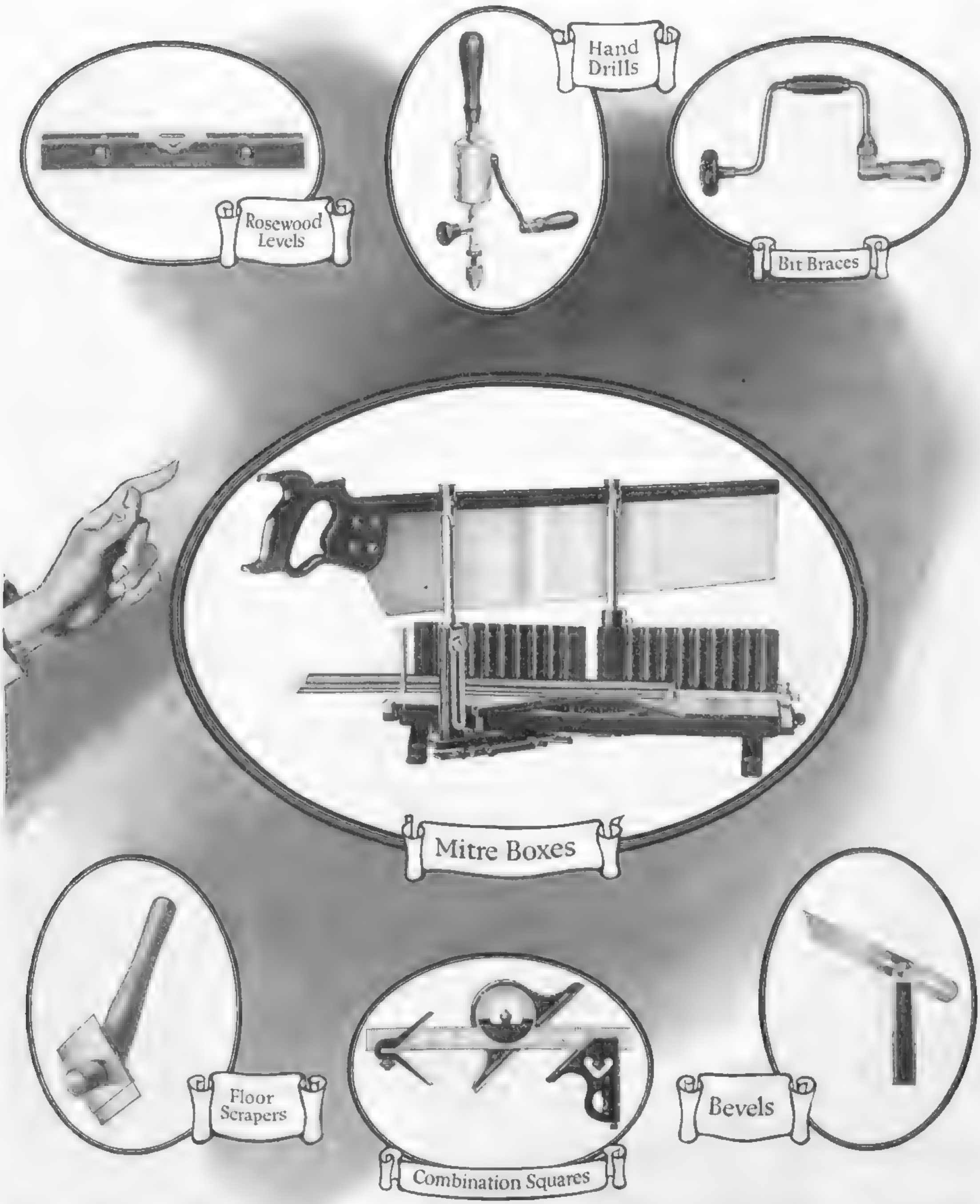
GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

THROUGHOUT the manufacture of every one of the 1500 Goodell-Pratt Tools this fact is kept firmly in mind—that each tool must give useful service over the longest period of time. This has been accomplished only by the use of the best materials, the employment of the most skillful workmen and the adoption of the most approved methods of tool designing.

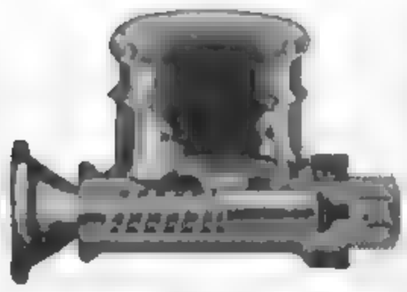
* * * *

The all-steel mitre box is built like a modern bridge. The rosewood level is one of the 146 sizes and models of the famous Stratton Levels, known the world over for their unquestioned accuracy. The bit brace is the favorite of many carpenters. The floor scraper displays all that cleverness of design for which the Goodell-Pratt Tools are noted. The combination square and the bevel are instruments that stand the knocking about which often comes to tools in a carpenter's kit, without losing any of their accuracy.

The very tool you contemplate buying can probably be found among the 1500 Goodell-Pratt Tools. Ask your dealer for it.

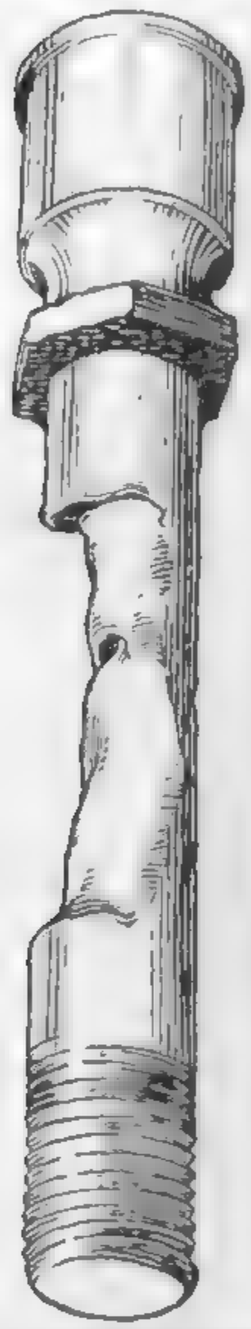


GOODELL PRATT COMPANY Greenfield, Mass. U. S. A.



Cut-away view of Model "K" Oil-Kipp for Spring Pins and other horizontal positions. Kipp-Adapters fit Oil-Kipps to any make of truck or car.

Because squeaks cause rattles



A Spring Pin, worn out because of the inability of grease to lubricate.

Squeaks gnaw away at spring-bolts until enough of the bolt is worn away to cause a rattle.

And a rattling bolt means a loose bearing and vibration that often causes spring breakage.

Oil-Kipps silence and prevent the squeaks caused by poor lubrication.

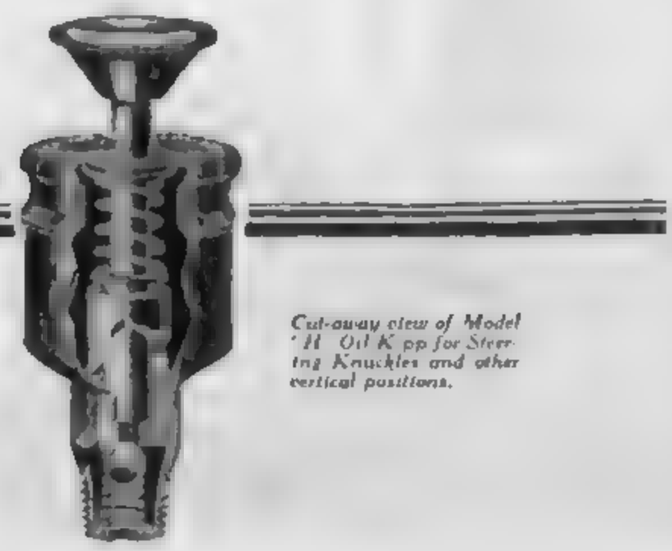
They replace any lubricating cup, gun or other device and shoot heavy oil, under pressure, over the most snugly fitting bearing surfaces.

One filling from your oil can loads them with enough shots for a month, and by simply snapping their spring plungers you can lubricate your chassis in three minutes without dirt or bother.

If your dealer doesn't carry them as yet, send for the free bulletin, "Silencing the Chassis."

MADISON-KIPP CORPORATION
Madison, Wisconsin

Oil-Kipps
KEEP CARS NEW



Cut-away view of Model "H" Oil-Kipp for Steering Knuckles and other vertical positions.

(Continued from Page 159)

lots which visitors in Chicago marvel to find occupying what would seem to be immensely valuable property in the heart of a great city. Its flat, bare, unornamented brick front now gave that peculiar sense of secrecy and possible danger that come from a house on a dimly lighted sordid street, whose whole face shows no light but the dim one over its hall door.

They went in together, walked up the faintly lighted stairs, down the hall, into the room of Sonia Silver, on the second story, with its one window opening out upon the black, can-sprinkled empty lot. She turned on the white glare of the electric light and pulled down the window shade, still talking, exclaiming concerning the work—explaining the developments that had come in his absence and the progress of the legal fight made for the men whose martyrdom had been discussed in the meeting of that evening.

"That was good stuff," she said, throwing her small hat upon the bed. And then suddenly she reached over—where he had seated himself, lighting a cigarette—and patted his hand as he brought it back upon the arm of the cheap rocking-chair.

"Every one—every one of our boys," she went on in her rapid voice, "that gets put away—pushes the movement along just so much."

"The more the merrier, eh?" said Spinner, smiling and watching her as she stood for a moment before her mirror and passed her hand hurriedly over her perfectly plain hair.

It was interesting to watch her. She gave this martyr propaganda such a different value from that which he did. To him it was one of the various necessary and effective forms of propaganda; it roused his emotions very little except occasionally in its extreme form, when the I. W. W. used that very effective means of propagating class hatred which it was now employing—the photographing of the dead body of the occasional man killed or executed in the violence of class strife, and circularizing the workers with cheaply printed reproductions of these pictures of dead men, showing their more or less ghastly wounds.

This did at times affect him, especially when he employed the pictures in public speaking; they refreshed and stimulated his expressions of hate; but mostly his hatred—deep as it undoubtedly was—ran cold and quiet, and he viewed all forms of propaganda with the practiced eye of the man who played upon them as a means to an end—an organ of mass emotionalism of whose key he was master. With a woman it was different; he had never yet seen a woman—including this one—who was not borne away to some extent by the emotionalism she was creating in others.

He looked round the room rapidly as Sonia was straightening her dress. There were none of these extreme pictures visible—though no doubt they could have been found in the pile of radical papers and red pamphlets that stood in the center of the room under the bulb of the electric light hanging down from the bare white ceiling. But on the walls he saw again that she had moved here with her and put up again her portraits of her favorite martyrs—her framed photograph of Joe Hill, whom she had known; of Rosa Luxemburg, persecuted though not then yet dead of violence in Germany; the portraits of several others cut from Sunday newspapers; and always that old, familiar romantic picture of Charlotte Corday, looking out, large-eyed, from the bars of her last prison.

It was a hideous room—bare white ceiling, walls covered with that cheap coarse-patterned paper, whose figures look like huge magnified beetles crawling in set columns toward their top; and coarse lace curtains, grimy with the eternal soot of the smoky neighborhood.

And in it all appeared the one insistent note of sentiment—the girl's pictures of her martyrs.

The place was hideous, absolutely considered, yes; but relatively to what John Spinner had been through, far otherwise—both clean and comfortable. He had bathed and fumigated and generally cleaned himself and his clothing, as he must when emerging from the jungle, yet the deprivation and uncleanliness of the life among the homeless men were still very close to his memory and senses; and even he—cold-blooded as he was supposed to be—felt the grateful warmth and sense of cleanliness and a personal solicitousness and affection which the return to the life and surroundings of woman means first of all to any man who has been out into the wilderness inhabited by men alone—even when returning from only a vacation or a hunting trip in the woods. So he sat for the moment, smoking comfortably and watching her with an interest not unmixed with affection.

She turned as he looked toward her, caught his eye and its expression, and with an impulsive motion came toward him, clasped him about the head and neck and held his upper body to her as he sat there.

"Are you glad to see me?" she asked him, flushing deeply.

He put his long thin hand upon her warm one and held it. She released him then from his awkward position.

"That'll be all," she announced with a quick flash of self-mockery, "for the present."

For she sensed, though he never voiced it, of course, how essentially repugnant demonstrativeness was to Spinner; especially when it was in any way strained and awkward. She never, in fact, forgot this when she was with him.

"Tell me," she said, and sat down near him, "what have you done—you—and seen all these weeks?"

He told her then of his visit to the Coast, his cleaning up of his mission there and hurrying home.

"That's no place of possible importance now," he said. "Every minute I was there I was planning to get back here to where the action is—where there is something to be done." He turned the conversation, asking her about herself.

She told him then, more communicative of the happenings of her life—as women are—the personal side of the progressing martyrdom; about the men in jail; the women to whom they were married or with whom they lived—where they were now and what doing; women in some cases, at least, of a very different economic and social standing from that of the men with whom they lived. While she talked she had taken some work into her hands—stockings to darn. Never that he could remember had he seen her idle. She was an endless reservoir of energy, which she took an evident pride in using—possibly in displaying. And as she darned her well-worn stockings she talked on of the curious and disillusioning relations of the prisoners and their womenfolk—and of the other women, who in places touched the radical movement.

And now Spinner holding his cigarette poised in his hand sat back in his chair watching her, waiting, for she was coming now very close to the matter of chief consequence to him, which he was anxious to learn about from her.

VII

IT WAS, of course, Spinner's business as a possibilist to use and divert all types of forces developed in the capitalist form of society to destroy it; his duty to take advantage of every slip made by those he considered his densely stupid opponents in their decadent social organization; and there had naturally not escaped him the increasing use to which the women of the bourgeoisie were and could be turned for the purposes of the revolution, especially since the beginning of the war.

For some time all radicals had realized that this source of aid from the enemy was available, and had used it to such an extent that many of its features had found their way into the peculiar cynical slang of the rougher radical. But more recently the great wave of emotionalism which had passed over the world with the universal disaster of war had projected itself especially upon the woman, and had swept the bourgeois woman from her accustomed circumscribed life into movements and emotions and sensations of which she would have been incapable ten years before. A creature of her immediate surroundings and its influences, her emotions had been used by chance radical acquaintances to bring the more prosperous women by thousands and tens of thousands, first into movements expressing a natural feminine revolt from war, from that into pacificism, and from pacificism into radicalism of all kinds by an easy-graded way, which would have made it impossible for the women themselves to recount the exact steps in their mental progress.

To Spinner watching this new emotional force rise in the world to be played upon it seemed to a more and more important

(Continued on Page 165)

Bent Bones That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
EDUCATOR SHOE®
Unless stamped EDUCATOR on the sole, it is not an Educator

Old-Shoe Comfort Plus Good Looks

THERE'S something more, too, in the Educator Shoe—more than well-bred appearance and ordinary comfort. There's the assurance that Nature can now do her work, abolishing the corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, callouses, etc., which narrow-toed, unnatural shoes have caused you.

For the Educator "*lets the feet grow as they should.*"

Make up your mind today never again to wear those narrow-pointed torturing shoes. Make up your mind to get your feet into Educators without delay.

Once you feel the blessed foot-freedom that Educators bring, you will be buying them for the whole family, in your desire to share your comfort with the grown-ups and to let the children's feet grow up strong, healthy, and free from foot ills.

But be sure, in buying, that you *see* EDUCATOR on the sole. It is put there for your protection, that you may be sure of getting Educators, and not merely a broad-toed shoe.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE®

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Men, Women, and Children

Read "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

Send for a copy of this free booklet. It will tell you some surprising things you have never thought about.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High Street, Boston, Mass.

"Brush up an acquaintance"

"YOU ought to brush up an acquaintance with my friend Williams'. I've known him since boyhood. And as for him, he knows every line of my face. In every close shave I've ever had, he's been right there with his rich and creamy lather. He comes instantly and stays as long as I need him, smoothing out the rough places in that gentle way he has. And he never leaves any hard feelings behind.

"Another thing about Williams'—he's steady; he never hangs round the drug store. He's got too many friends who insist on taking him home with them!"

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c for a trial size of either the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

Your choice of four forms

Shaving Cream
Hinger-Top Shaving Stick
Shaving Liquid
Shaving Powder

Send 2c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you prefer to use a shaving cup, as many still do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap or Williams' Barber Soap.

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J B WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY CONN., MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAPS, TOILET SOAP TALC POWDER DENTAL CREAM ETC

(Continued from Page 162)

one—more so in its possible results than its mere numbers. For he could see already possibilities of securing from among these women not only financial supporters of radicalism—as there were now in great numbers—but eventually spies and even *agents provocateurs* among the capitalists. And it struck him incidentally as infinitely amusing that the idle and overfed women of the capitalist class, thrown out of normal life by the present maladjustments of capitalistic production, should promise to become through their women's emotions and the curiosity incident to idleness one of the most potent instruments for the destruction of the society which had produced them.

"If Pandora had had a family of children or had worked in a factory," he had often said of them in his usual bitter way to Sonia, "she would never have had the time to make all that trouble in the world by opening that hatbox."

To which she, as hostile to the type as he, always eagerly agreed.

It was a rather daring experiment in manipulation of this kind of woman which he had planned before his departure and which Sonia had been carrying out in his absence, the matter which it was Spinner's first interest now to learn about, and to the telling of which Sonia was now coming.

"Our friend," he asked her flippantly, "the plumed Joan of Arc"—for he invented continually new and scornful names for her—"how is she coming along with us?"

"I've got her!" said Sonia—and shot her stockinged hand out with dramatic energy. "I've got her—absolutely. Something very—very big. You'll be surprised!"

He sat impassive while she looked at him, starting from the beginning to phrase her accomplishments dramatically; he watched her intently, waiting with some impatience for her development of her story.

It was a matter of high importance to Spinner—a move because of which he had already strained to some extent his bonds with the I. W. W. in his plans to follow the earlier and more prominent possibilists. These men had in their successive moves operated with the multitudinous cheap laborers among the carmen and stockyard employees, and now with the still more multitudinous steel laborers, and would bring the massed power of these multitudes—under the equal-suffrage rules of unionism—behind them in their campaign against the existing control of the American Federation of Labor. But Spinner himself had, partly through previous contact with the field, planned his radical campaign within the greatest of all American unions—already within the federation, with a membership already largely disaffected, and for years the object of secret campaigning by the I. W. W.—the great union of the coal miners. It was an organization so great and widespread, in fact, that he, at least for the present, could hope to touch but one of its many fields.

It was to one of these that the great bourgeois woman with whom Sonia had been working held the key, he hoped, for his unlocking. And now Sonia, working, gesticulating with her stockinged hand, was relating the entire episode to him, developing it from the beginning, withholding the dénouement of her drama until its proper place in the ending.

"From the political-amnesty game—where you left her," she said in her disjointed way—"on with us always. Every little thing. She takes it all, as we to-day. She is convinced! From there to the deaths—the accursed murders of the working class—in this damned capitalist war. She comes to that too. She sees as we do absolutely. And from there her conscience troubles her. She sees—she starts to see—the whole of industry—as it is!"

"Not too far," jeered Spinner. "Not to giving up her part of the proceeds. Nothing like that."

"Nothing like that, no!" the girl said, laughing, but immediately serious again, dramatic earnestness never far away. "No—but this much. This positively. I can promise you. She wants to see you. She wants now to advise with you—on ways and means—for economic justice for her workers. Hundreds—thousands."

"Does she?" asked Spinner, and a faint but pleased smile came over his thin lips.

"Isn't that pretty good? Going some? More than you expected?" she asked, flushed—looking for his approval.

He gave it to her, placing his hand over hers, with its darning needle, as she flushed still more deeply.

Here was reward enough for all her labor—a sheer profit over and above the satisfaction of her success for success' sake; for all her endless activities, arranging committees, arranging meetings, spreading literature—all the hard, practical work to which she was inured, expended for the direction and the guidance of a movement for those other women, capable neither of the hard physical work nor the mental effort essential for its promotion, but who would have all the public credit for the success she had engineered.

Even Spinner gave her achievement only passing attention; he was thinking on—of what could be founded on it. His hopes, his plans, in fact, were aimed eventually to secure a very definite object, the unionization of these mines—an accomplishment that would contribute a great personal triumph for him; for these mines in which this woman's fortune lay were notorious in labor circles for the fact that year after year with others in their section of the country, they had preserved an unbroken impassable front to labor organization. If he could bring about in any way what others had for a quarter of a century now attempted or pretended to attempt in vain it would be a strengthening of his personal power and prestige that would carry him far along the way he had laid out for himself.

Of course the woman was only a part owner in the mines; they were managed and controlled by the males of her family—her brother being the nominal head of operations and the actual head of the family fortune that held them.

And yet Spinner listening to Sonia's detailed and exhaustive report had the feeling that something was about to develop from his plans.

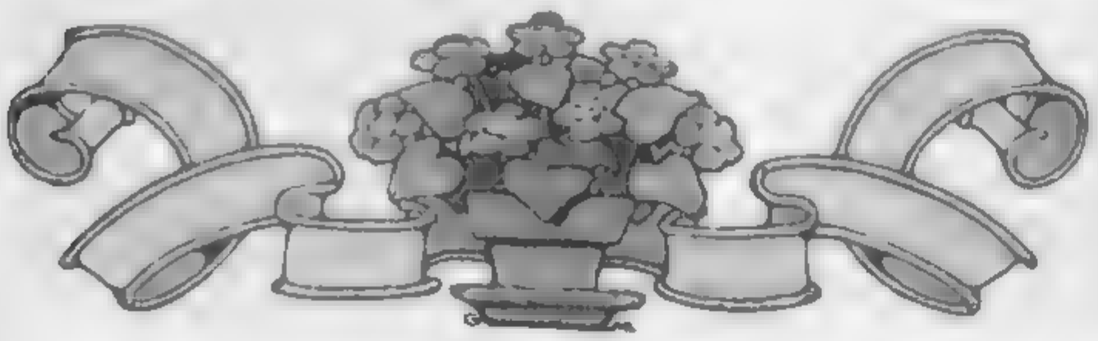
You can do much with a woman—and especially these days with a woman whose sympathies have been carefully stimulated and interested in social reform. And it seemed to him, from Sonia's clear verbatim repetition of her talk with this Mrs. Brown-Tucker, that she had now some definite hope—some actual plan in mind for accomplishing the end he had been working for. Indeed, she had practically said as much, according to Sonia's reporting.

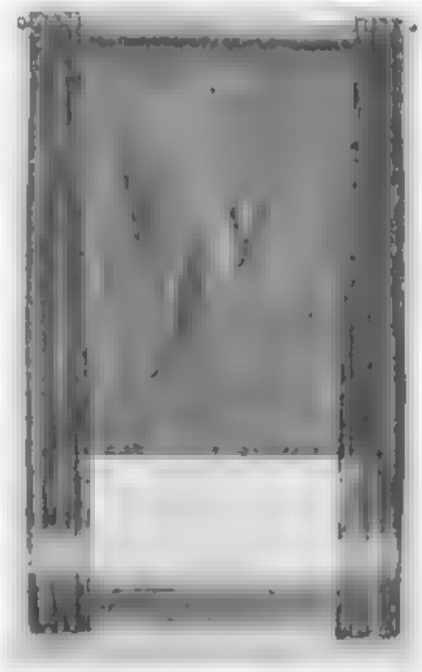
The girl was going on, with her endless buoyancy and dramatization of her accomplishments, when suddenly she stopped staring into his face.

"What a fool I am!" she cried with sudden violent self-reproach. "What a fool! Here I talk, talk, and you sit there—all in—dead. Like a ghost. Come," she said. "It's two o'clock. You ought to go to bed."

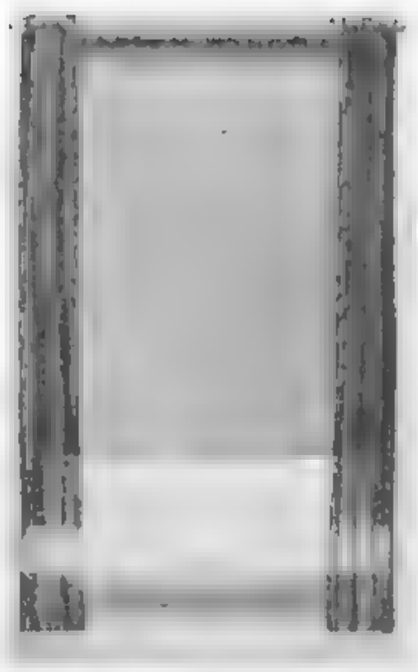
He was tired, when he thought of it. The place had an enervating, softening effect upon his usual restless nervous energy. He felt, with pleasure and gratification, the sense of warmth and cleanness and personal attachment which lives in the atmosphere round woman—a sharp and pleasing contrast to the traveler fresh returned from the haunts of the homeless men. He looked about him with a deep unusual sense of quiet and security at the hideous room, the girl in her plain garments before the mirror of the ugly machine-made bureau, and the grim and miscellaneous gallery of martyrs on her walls.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





An ordinary window shade—a coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness. This brittle filling quickly loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags



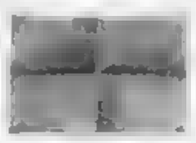
A Brenlin window shade—as heavy, so tightly woven no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

There's a wrong and there's a right way to make window shades

Learn this difference before you buy: you'll save yourself money and disappointment.

The ordinary window shade is made of a coarse and loosely-woven cloth, then coated with a "filling" of chalk or clay to give it weight and smoothness.

It is made the wrong way. It can't stand the strain and stress of everyday usage for the "filling" soon becomes hard and brittle. Under the strain and stress at the window, it's bound to crack and fall out, leaving unsightly pinhole streaks. The shade wrinkles and sags.



Ordinary material cracks when folded tight

Brenlin unbroken . . . no pinholes

An entirely different kind of cloth is used for Brenlin—a fine, heavy, tightly-woven material, perfectly made.

Brenlin contains no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

This is the right way to make window shades: Brenlin proves it. It is soft and supple—yet always hangs straight and smooth. And it outwears two or three ordinary window shades.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, try the famous Brenlin folding test, and look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Cumtex or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way.

Write today for a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully; it's free. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 102 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

Brenlin

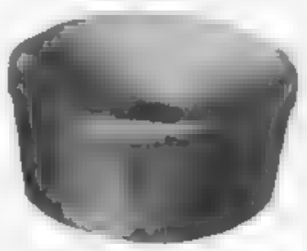
the long-wearing window shade material

U. S. Gov't Post Office, Baton Rouge, La. Shaded with Brenlin by the [illegible] Furniture Company

"Fibrotta" for hotels, offices, stores and homes.

"Fibrotta" pails last two or three times as long as others. No cracks or seams. It won't rust, swell or dent out of shape

CUSPIDORS, waste baskets, umbrella jars, pails and fire pails of "Fibrotta" are the best looking, most durable and economical ones you can buy. Handsome mahogany in color, they are made in one piece under tremendous hydraulic pressure and have no cracks or seams to hold dirt. They will not rust, swell, warp, leak or dent out of shape.



"Fibrotta" pail cuspidors. Very sanitary, durable and easy to clean. Handsome mahogany color. "Fibrotta" or metal tops

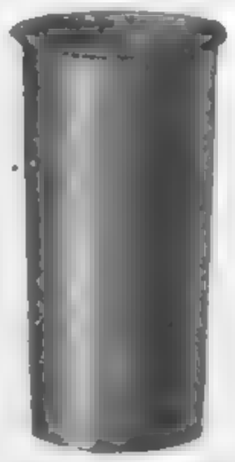
For the *home* a "Fibrotta" dishpan is just the thing. It is very sanitary and will not chip fine dishes like a metal pan. "Fibrotta" pails do not harbor grease and dirt. "Fibrotta" baby baths do not give the tender skin of infants a shock, like cold metal. Papers placed in "Fibrotta" waste baskets will not sift out and litter the floor.

Fire pails of "Fibrotta" outlast all others. Approved by fire underwriters

"XX*th* CENTURY" COOLER

An absolutely sanitary cooler for serving drinking water. No dirty or germ laden ice can come in contact with the water, which is always served at the coolness of a woodland spring—never disagreeably and dangerously cold. The ice is held in a separate container of "Fibrotta", a non-conductor, which keeps the heat out and the cold in. On this account the cooler uses far less ice than others and soon *pays for itself in ice savings.*

Our "Fibrotta" Catalog or Cooler and Dispenser Catalog sent on request.



"Fibrotta" umbrella stands are very attractive and durable

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS

1 Leonard St. Dept. B New York City
Established 1889

OUR RAILROADS TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 19)

me to reply by saying that if S. P. is not a well-managed railroad we have none in all the length and breadth of this land. Its great operating director, Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the board—the big J. K. known and respected all the way from New Orleans and El Paso up to Portland and Seattle—is among the few really great railroad operators in the United States, which in railroading almost means the entire world. Yet on this road 100 per cent of freight ton miles in 1915 jumped to 140 per cent in 1916 and to 173 per cent in 1917; while the number of freight cars—100 per cent in 1915—actually dropped to 94 per cent in 1916, and only returned to the original 100 per cent in 1917. The average capacity of these cars had increased but a mere two per cent in the two years. Operation was the thing, and the only thing.

For one thing the operating forces of the road had the benefit of the patriotic educational propaganda toward better loading—a propaganda which was quickly followed up by unbending rules. The stress and stimulus of war counted—not only with the men who loaded the cars but those who actually moved them. Intensive car loading, the placing of far higher minimums in carload lots of commodities of all kinds, the raising of demurrage, the increase of penalties for delays of every other sort—these worked the miracle; not only in the case of Southern Pacific but of other roads as well. In no other way could the freight traffic estimated for 1925 be taken care of by the rolling stock and terminals of 1917.

"The thing to do is to take the friction out of the pipe and at the same time to increase the pressure," says Mr. Kruttschnitt. "To continue the campaign for heavier car loading is of vital importance to the public as well as to the carriers. In no other way than by increasing the pressure on the traffic stream—intensive car loading—and by removing obstacles to flow—prompt loading, unloading and movement of cars—can more volume be driven through the channel provided by existing cars and tracks; in no other way can elasticity of circulation be attained, whereby in times of stress facilities can be made to work overtime and carry an overload. The appeal must be made to the public to continue to cooperate and to assist us in every possible way both in raising the carload and in consenting to increases in carload minimums. The coöperation of shippers—so cheerfully and loyally given to help win the war—should now be given again to help solve forthcoming domestic problems quite as serious as those that confronted us during the war—if not more so."

Six Billion Dollars Needed

I know exactly what Mr. Kruttschnitt means and also appreciate the very real difficulties that he and all the other railroad executives are going to face when they ask the commercial public of the United States to continue wartime traffic practices a long time after the ending of the war. Here is a big wholesale grocer down in a Texas city which is served in part by one of the subsidiaries of the Southern Pacific. He is tired of wartime regulations—and wartime service—and does not hesitate to say so.

"There is no reason whatsoever, as far as I can see it," he says to me, "for the United States Railroad Administration's continuing to ask that cars be loaded still heavier, regardless of the fact that a minimum load of 36,000 pounds of canned meats, canned vegetables or other commodities of that sort is sufficient for a jobber for twelve months' supply. Nevertheless he is almost compelled to ship 60,000 pounds, which is more than he wants, more than he is able to buy—particularly if he is compelled to buy his other commodities in anything like the same ratio. Moreover, if prices of foodstuffs should drop no wholesaler cares to be overstocked with these things, at the present high market prices."

Perhaps Mr. Howard Elliott, who stands in almost the same relation to the Northern Pacific system that Mr. Kruttschnitt stands to the Southern Pacific, has something of this last point of view in his mind, for he does not hesitate to put down as the definite needs of our railroads for the next five or six years the staggering total of 600,000 new freight cars in addition to some 20,000 locomotives and 20,000 passenger cars. Translated into costs these great figures are all the more appalling. Six hundred thousand freight cars, at an average cost of $2500 each, come to $1,500,000,000 as a starter. Twenty thousand locomotives at $60,000 each make $1,200,000,000. One remembers rather sadly when a pretty nifty locomotive could be bought at $10,000 to $15,000. Those days are gone. The best of the big steam pullers now cost as high as $85,000 each, and those designed for operation on electric lines are priced at $125,000. Passenger cars can still be bought for a figure approximating $15,000, which makes the total for these $300,000,000.

All in all this needed new rolling stock figures out to the pretty tune of about $3,000,000,000. How easily we come to think in billions these days instead of millions. Mr. Elliott and his brother railroaders feel that the tracks and terminals to accommodate them will easily amount to an additional $3,000,000,000.

Six billions of dollars! It was a lot of money—yesterday. It is a lot of money even to-day, unless you say it mighty quickly. And it brings our unanswered question of a moment ago of how much money the railroads really need for the next five years to a fairly definite figure of a little more than a billion dollars a year.

What Twenty Cents a Day Would Do

"Even then it is no certainty that, even if the railroads were able to secure this new capital, they would be able to expend it within five years," continues Mr. Elliott. "Twenty thousand locomotives in five years is a pretty large contract for a country whose maximum output of this sort of railroad equipment has hitherto been some 1800 a year. Prices aside, we are short of labor, short of raw materials. And 20,000 locomotives, 20,000 passenger cars and 600,000 freight would tax our building shops—to put the matter very mildly indeed."

Still we are a pretty big country, Mr. Elliott, and after our recent great adventure billions do not seem to trouble our soul very much—perhaps, as a matter of fact, not enough. A clever Wall Street banker has worked out that if each of the hundred million men, women and children were to save a mere twenty cents a day—on an average no great sum whatsoever—the sum total of the savings would come to some $6,000,000,000 a year—enough to take care of the very vital growing needs of our railroads, the equally pressing needs of our new merchant marine and many other things as well. And the great era of national extravagance and wastefulness that set in on the eleventh day of November, 1918, would seem to indicate, among many other things, that when the American wants a dollar he has his own most satisfactory way of finding it.

I do not think that the question of the nation's being able to raise the money for railroad development is a perplexing part of our great transportation problem at this moment. Two things will bring the money forth—faith on the part of the investment-buying public in the business future of our carriers, and a definite and progressing policy for the future on the part of those selfsame carriers. Of this last the plan for increased rolling equipment upon their rails becomes a definite and most important chapter. But before we return to this future plan let us consider for a few minutes the all-important financial end of the proposition; the thing which seems to-day to be almost solely engrossing the railroad executives.

"The whole railroad question as I see it," says Mr. Frank Trumbull, chairman of the Chesapeake and Ohio and other important roads, "can be brought down to a single sentence: Can the railroads be made a profitable enough business to attract investment capital in competition with manufacturing and other forms of American industrials?"

That is simple and succinct. Yet back of its very simplicity lies a vast ramification of complexity. For the moment most of this complexity lies about the heads of Congress. Yet even before Congress became superensnarled in this railroad problem the Railroad Administration had made something of a success of the same thing.

(Continued on Page 169)

Magneto Ignition

IT'S DEPENDABLE

For easy starting in cold weather

THESE winter mornings when the engine is like ice, why does it take so long to "get her started"? Nine times out of ten it is because the sparks at the plugs, if they occur at all, are not hot and fat enough to ignite the poorly-vaporized gasoline.

It needs the big, white-hot flaming spark of the Magneto to fire such mixtures.

Since the Magneto, like a dynamo, makes its own current, it is an ignition system unaffected by weather.

Its intense spark, even at low speeds, makes for positive starting of the stiffest "cold-bound" engines.

And because it is an independent unit, it enables you to start and run irrespective of heavy strains placed on the other electrical systems during cold weather.

Insist on Magneto Ignition. You want it not only for easy starting in cold weather, but for the economy of gasoline, greater power, better control, and absolutely dependable ignition that the Magneto provides.

MAGNETO MANUFACTURERS, 110 West 40th Street, New York

THE SIMMS MAGNETO CO.
Simms Magnetos

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
Dixie and Aero Magnetos

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP'N
The Bosch Magneto

THE EISEMANN MAGNETO CORP'N
The Eisemann Magneto

ERICSSON MANUFACTURING CO.
The Berling Magneto

The Magneto is the only dependable self-contained unit which produces high tension sparks for ignition, independent of battery or coil.

Send for the Book

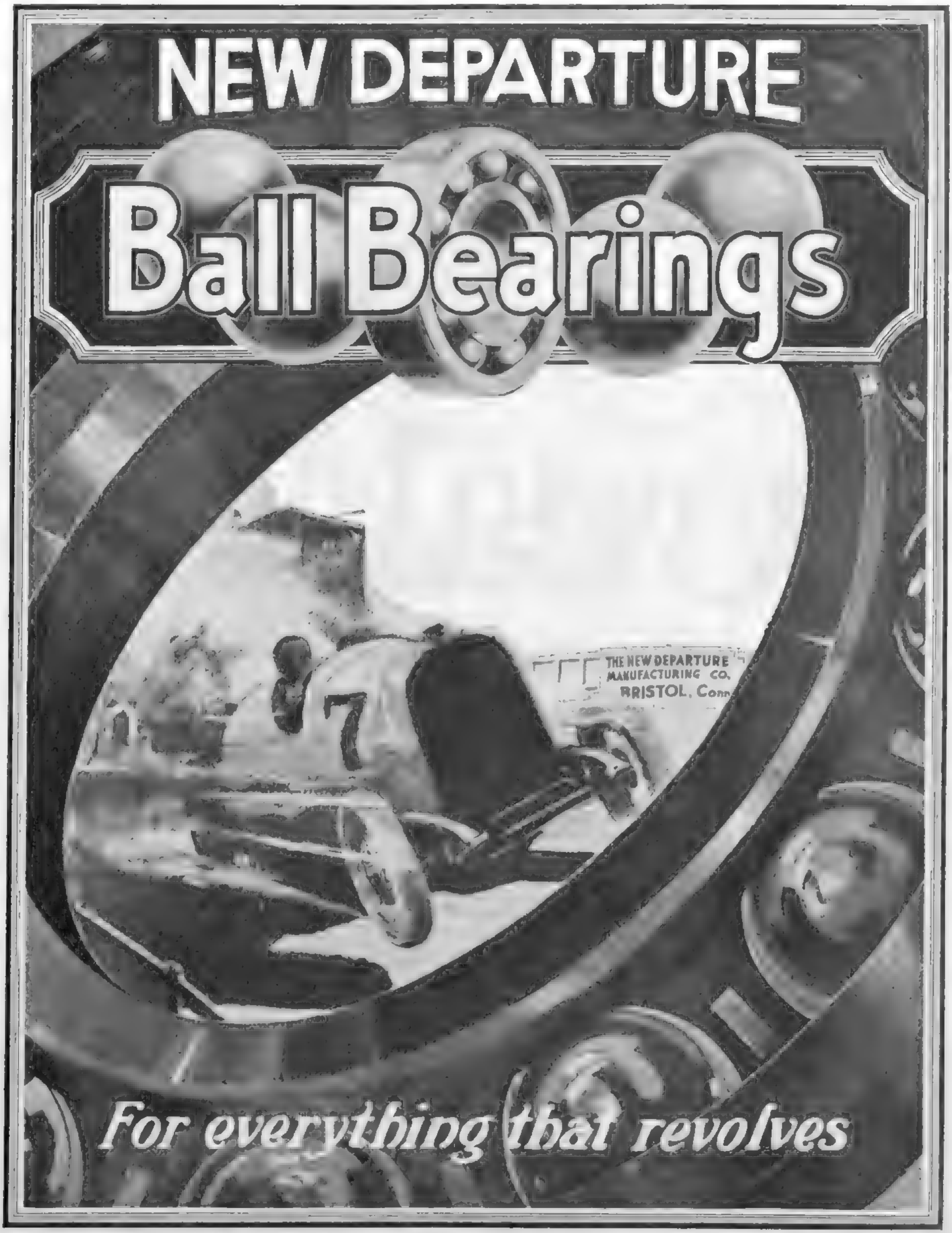
MAGNETO MANUFACTURERS,
110 West 40th Street, New York

Please send me your free book, "Why Magneto Ignition Makes A Good Engine Better."

Name

Town _____ County _____ State _____

Mention make, year, model of your car, truck, etc.


NEW DEPARTURE
Ball Bearings
THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.
BRISTOL, Conn.
For everything that revolves

(Continued from Page 166)

Yet in all fairness it must be said that the first report and findings of its well-organized wage commission—headed by Franklin K. Lane—despite some sins of omission and commission, quite exceeded in its efforts to place the pay of railroaders on a related and scientific basis any efforts that the railroads themselves had ever made. They were not very progressive along these lines.

The question of railroad pay, though seemingly not tightly tied up with that of our roads to-morrow, as a matter of fact has much indeed to do with it. The president of one of the busiest of our Eastern trunk lines—a system of some four thousand miles of main line and ranking fourth or fifth among the carriers of the land in the volume of the traffic it handles—recently made a study of the present increased rates and greatly increased expenses as applied to the business of his road in 1916. He took 1916 because that year represented typical good business, before his road had entered upon the abnormal top waves of wartime traffic.

In 1916 the road had freight revenues of $95,600,000; passenger ones of $16,743,000—a total of $112,343,000. Its expenses that year were $87,780,000, leaving the property a balance of a little more than $24,000,000. Of this sum, anticipating our entrance into the great war, it put some $10,000,000 into most necessary permanent improvements along its lines. From the balance it paid its dividends and had a neat surplus of $4,000,000.

Applying to this same traffic the increases of 1919 over 1916—twenty-five to fifty per cent—in passenger and freight rates there is shown a gain of $47,737,000. Until you see the other side of the picture this looks good. Then—still using the same comparative tests—you find that the increases in wages alone are more than $48,000,000; or more than the $47,000,000 just gained by the increased passenger and freight rates. Yet the wage increases are only a part of the outgo. There are, in addition to these, $22,000,000 in increased costs of material—remember how we saw the prices of locomotives going up—of which an increase of $11,000,000 is in coal alone; and this takes no account whatsoever of the further jumps that are bound to come as a result of the strike in the bituminous fields.

Wages to Remain High

Totaling these increases in outgo we find that they come to $70,000,000. And this balance—far in deficit, even after deducting the increased income—more than wipes out the funds for permanent improvement not charged to capital, funds for dividends of every sort, digs deeply into the payments necessary for bond coupons and in sixty days after the withdrawal of government protection would thrust this road into certain receivership. Yet this road in this perplexity is not much different from its fellows. Its problems are in about an even ratio with theirs. And their executives are equally concerned at this very moment for fear their properties may be handed back to them at the present wage scales and other costs as well as at the present rates—without guaranty of any protection.

No sane man expects these expenses to drop materially for a long time—particularly the wage scales. Instead I feel that these will rise even higher than they have already risen. For, despite all the hue and cry over them, the cold fact remains that the rises in railroad wages have not kept pace with the rises in many other forms of American industry. Since the Government took control they have been raised something less than seventy per cent; in some other industries the increases have been well in advance of a hundred per cent.

As a matter of further fact American railroaders—with a few conspicuous exceptions—in the days before the war were decidedly underpaid. The conspicuous exceptions were the men who were protected by the great brotherhoods—the engineers, the firemen, the conductors and the trainmen. These men had organizations to fight for their rights; and they obtained their rights—and decent wage scales. The unorganized railroad labor—as I have pointed out repeatedly in the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the past ten years—had neither their full rights nor decent wage scales. Until the wonder became not that the railroads had trade-unionism but that they had so little of it. They themselves placed a premium upon it.

The Lane Wage Commission made an earnest attempt to readjust these scales and though working under a fearful time pressure made a good deal of a success of its job. But it could not ignore the brotherhood men as it raised the nonunion workers up to a place on the pay rolls which their efforts really deserved. And so the fact remains to-day that the brotherhood railroad employees are still well-paid men. You could not add on a goodly portion of that seventy per cent average to their prewar wages and not have the total fairly presentable. The difficulties that most of them confront—particularly those who are in the freight service—are those of service rather than of wage. Despite the workings of the so-called eight-hour day the hours of actual service remain both long and onerous; and because of the peculiarities and exigencies of railroad service in the United States they must in all probability so remain. Therefore I think that I am quite safe in saying that the railroad wage scales will go up before they go down—if ever they go down—and in hoping that gradually they will be more and more scientifically equalized and adjusted and that the conditions of train employment in many cases will be greatly eased.

Ready to Pay for Service

Yet these things should not be impossible nor even particularly difficult. The American people are willing to pay the price if only they can have the service. Please mark these last words. The crowded trains between New York and Chicago and between New York and Washington and between New York and Boston are the high-priced excess-fare trains—that render the service. Price seemingly is not an object in America these days; at least that is the impression gained by one who lives in New York. And the price of transportation has risen less than that of almost any other commodity—luxury or necessity. Its average increase in the war period has been about twenty-five per cent; which compares very favorably with shoes or food or motor cars.

That is why I say that the railroad executives should have no extraordinary amount of difficulty in getting rates to attract capital—if they will do but one thing: Make concrete and definite promises of a bettered service. But few of them apparently are willing to do this. Seemingly they have no plans or—what is probably the truth of the situation—they are afraid to divulge them, possibly for fear that their competitors might get wind of them. Despite almost numberless gentlemen's agreements there is still a good deal of secrecy and distrust in the railroad business.

Yet the public does demand to know, and will continue to demand more and more loudly, what the railroads propose to do with new capital if it be given to them. It is not enough to talk of 600,000 new freight cars or 20,000 new passenger cars or the same number of new locomotives. These are ordinary necessities of growth—almost routine necessities, one might say. What some of us wish to know is how the plant itself is to be enlarged, and, if you please, modernized in some of its details. That is what I asked of the executives. And a few of them have responded to the request in more or less detail.

Mr. Elliott spoke for the Northern Pacific and likewise, in a measure, for the Great Northern and the Burlington properties. He showed the relief and secondary lines to be built here and there, particularly in the tortuous stretches across the Rockies. The plans for the Hill group are remarkably definite and long-seeing. The spirit of the far-visioned empire builder still hangs over the properties he so firmly established. Mr. Elliott, moreover, mentioned an impending cost against the railroads that constantly becomes more imminent—the eventual removal of the infinite number of grade crossings all the way across the land. Recent requests from but three communities on his lines for work of this sort would make the railroad's proportion of the cost more than $200,000. Anyone who has ridden by day into Chicago from almost any direction can hardly fail to be impressed by the coming day of grade-crossing removal in the many great and growing towns and cities of the Middle West, where such removal can only be accomplished by miles of embankment or of cutting—at a terrific expense to all parties concerned. And yet with the steady

Lucas Paints

Varnishes—Stains—Enamels

Save the surface and you save all
Plant Standardization of Paints and Varnishes
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY
Interior Painting -FACTORY
Exterior Painting -FACTORY
Interior Painting -OFFICE

Plant Standardization Plan
of the General Baking Company

Industrial engineers have shown that Plant Standardization of Paints and Varnishes—including the use of standard individual colors on the various pipes, conduits and systems throughout the factory, makes possible the right selection always of the paint best suited for the job and aids in quickly tracing trouble to its source.

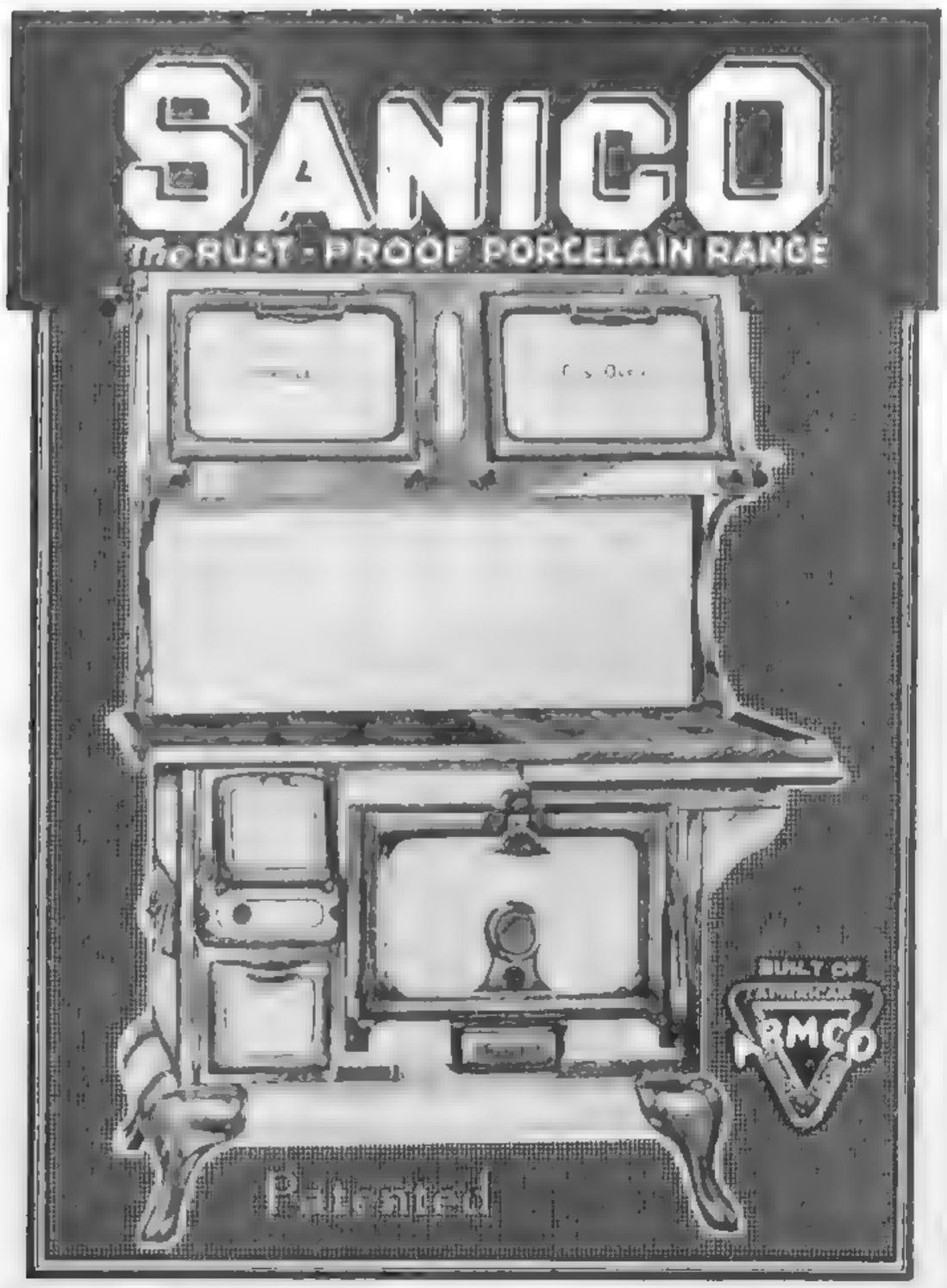
Two years ago our industrial department, in cooperation with the Superintendent of Construction of the General Baking Company worked out the standardization plan shown above, which is now in operation in the twenty-five plants of that company.

We are pioneers in this field of Plant Standardization. We shall be glad to send full particulars, and are prepared to work out a plan specially suited to your plant.

John Lucas & Co., Inc.

PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK PITTSBURGH CHICAGO BOSTON
HOUSTON, TEXAS JACKSONVILLE, FLA. MEMPHIS, TENN.
RICHMOND, VA. SAVANNAH, GA.

Purposely Made For Every Purpose

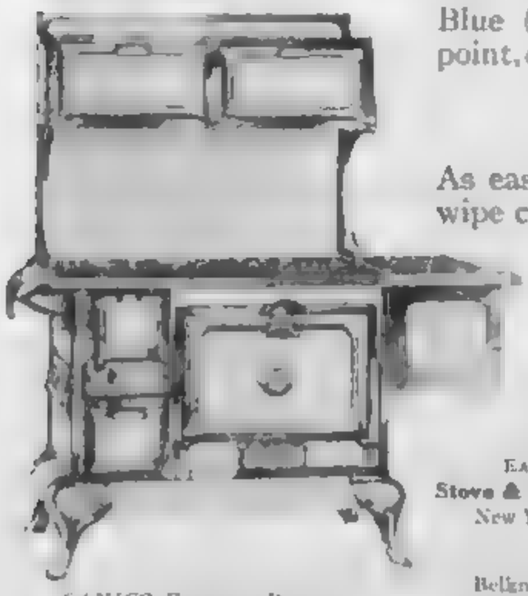


Two Ranges in One

The SANICO Combination Range burns gas, coal or wood, two complete ranges in one, two full-size ovens, use either or both at once. The most convenient range, the most satisfactory, the only Rust-Proof range with a

25 YEAR GUARANTEE

Coated inside and out, ovens and flues included, with everlasting, unbreakable SANICO Six-Metal Porcelain fused to rust-resisting Armco Iron. Handsomely trimmed in brilliantly polished heavy nickel. Finished in Azure Blue, *Snow* White or Dark Blue (stippled). Best from every standpoint, convenience, durability, economy, etc.



SANICO Porcelain Ranges are also made with detachable reservoir or water coils, to burn coal or wood, in the same quality and colors as the SANICO Combination Range.

A Beauty

As easy to clean as a china dish—simply wipe clean with a damp cloth and it shines like new. The finish never loses its lustre.

Write for catalog and sample of this wonderful Porcelain. Please give your dealer's name. If his stock has not yet arrived, we will see that you are supplied.

EASTERN AGENTS
Stove & Repair Corporation
New York and Newark

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson
San Francisco and Los Angeles

DISTRIBUTORS

Belknap Hdwe. & Mfg. Co. Inc., Louisville, Ky.; Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago, Ill.; J. A. Williams & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Strevell-Paterson Hdwe Co., Salt Lake City, Utah; Huey & Philp Hdwe. Co., Dallas, Texas; The Tritch Hardware Co., Denver, Colorado; Seattle Hardware Co., Seattle, Washington.

AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

800 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis — 1319 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

growth of the American town and the leaps ahead of our highway traffic the day of such wholesale grade-crossing removal is not far distant.

Mr. Kruttschnitt's vision leads toward more double track for his system. That is the way in which he comes back to his fundamental idea of increasing railroad efficiency by likening its traffic to water in pipe, which moves best when pressure is increased and friction removed.

"Our most essential need," said he, "is additional double track. No other thing quite takes so much friction out of the pipe, while the factor of safety is raised thereby to a supreme height. It is hardly possible to have head-on collisions on a double-track railroad. That is why we move as fast as possible to second track, and where we cannot afford to make it continuous we approximate that condition by increasing our sidings and lengthening the existing ones. It all goes toward wiping out the friction."

This is definite. This is concrete. And so is J. K.'s desire to increase his shop facilities greatly; we already have seen how hard pressed the American car builder and engine builder may soon find themselves to meet the necessities of the hour.

"It is obvious," concludes the chairman of the Southern Pacific, "that with our shops doubled in capacity—in tools and in men as well as in buildings—the length of time that our locomotives will have to spend in them will be cut in half. And the gain in operating efficiency will be very great."

Outgrown Terminal Facilities

When one comes east across the continent he finds that the Pennsylvania and the New York Central cannot be included among the roads whose plans for the future lack definiteness. Upon these two roads runs the greatest volume of traffic in the entire land—both freight and passenger. Their problem has always been almost as much to keep pace with the present as to build for the future. In the past four years the passenger miles of the Pennsylvania system, east and west of Pittsburgh, have increased from 4,300,000,000 to 9,000,000,000—more than doubled—while the freight traffic, in ton miles, has grown from a little over 38,000,000,000 to nearly 50,000,000,000. The officers of that road do not hesitate to say that if capital were immediately available the expenditure of from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 could be started at once on needed additions, betterments and extensions to the entire system. Such expenditures, which necessarily require time for completion, they say, would merely bring the system up to current requirements upon it. Thereafter upward of $100,000,000 a year should be spent. The volume of traffic on the Pennsylvania doubles in periods which in the past have ranged from ten to fifteen years each. The road must be kept adequate to such increases.

Yet, with the exception of the great stations at New York and at Washington there are practically no terminal facilities upon the big road, either freight or passenger, that have not within the past few years either been distinctly outgrown or at least taxed beyond the limits of their normal capacity. A good many folk on Manhattan Island regarded the Pennsylvania Station, when it was first opened there, a decade ago, as a good deal of a white elephant to the road. I am not at all sure that another decade will not see it outgrown and measures under way to add to its capacity. Its use has trebled since 1911. The Pittsburgh station seemingly was new but yesterday—a great and handsome modern American passenger terminal. It already is outgrown and a real operating problem.

Chicago is being taken care of in its great new Union Station, yet Atlantic City in its phases of rapid development needs a new station and in a short time must have one. The Pennsylvania folk are not asleep to the necessities of this and other places. Neither are they failing to notice that freight terminals must at all times keep pace with passenger; and in these days of the on-coming of the new American merchant marine particularly so at such port cities as Philadelphia and Baltimore. Freight trackage is nearly as important as terminals. The Pennsylvania, like a good many of the big Western roads, has always had an ingenious fashion of routing its through freight separately and in some cases well away from its through-passenger traffic. Freight may go more miles, but it must have the easy gradients. That is why its freight route across the crests of the Alleghanies is miles removed from the main-line passenger tracks, while to-day its vision seeks to double-track and develop the route along the lower Susquehanna as the whole of an alternative to the old-time Northern Central for the movement of freight bound north and west from the port city of Baltimore.

Nor is it content to rest even here, but seeks to avoid the present congestion of both freight and passenger traffic on its main line across New Jersey by building a brand-new double-track freight line from Morrisville, Pennsylvania—the eastern end of the present Trenton cut-off, which avoids the congestion of the Philadelphia district—across the Delaware from Trenton well to the south of the present main line, to a point somewhere near Newark, where it would rejoin it; in fact the piers for the bridge of this new line have already been set in the bed of the Delaware.

Perhaps the most important new trackage of the Pennsylvania is the project which it has for placing its own line into Detroit. The road of the red cars already reaches Toledo on its own rails. It is now definitely proposed to extend it to Detroit, partly by the construction of a new double-track railroad and partly by utilizing the existing line of the Pere Marquette, which will be extensively improved. In Detroit it is proposed to build a belt-line railroad connecting the automobile and other industries of that city; also to construct new freight yards and additional passenger facilities as well as to improve and enlarge the extremely well-located existing freight and passenger terminals which to-day are shared by the Pere Marquette and the Wabash Railroads.

All this is vision. This is progress. Yet the New York Central will yield in neither to its great competitor. Its traffic doubles each decade as does the Pennsylvania's. Its problems of congestion are equally great. Albany is the real bottle neck of the Vanderbilt system. Not only do its lines up from the sea at New York and at Boston unite there but the road takes its way up a fearful hill from the valley of the Hudson. This hill is in fact the worst grade on the system—ninety feet to the mile—and so necessitates the breaking of the big efficient 100-car through freights that come up from the west side of Manhattan Island into five twenty-car trains, to go over the hill, which in turn means the maintenance of fifteen or twenty pusher engines for this service alone. Nor is this all. The entire vast traffic of the New York Central crosses the Hudson at Albany on drawbridges which test has shown to be open full one-half of the time during the summer months.

The Proposed High-Level Bridge

Yet this bottle neck—this single expensive slowing-up factor of the busiest part of the main line of one of the busiest of all the rail systems of the United States—could at any minute be entirely eliminated by the construction of a single engineering feature—a high-level bridge across the Hudson at Castleton, twelve miles below Albany.

"We propose to build a bridge with but a single pier in the river with its deck a few feet higher than either the Brooklyn or the Manhattan Bridge across the East River, so as to afford little or no impediment to the navigation of the Hudson," says the New York Central. "A freight line swinging from and off to the east of our present Hudson River main line at Stuyvesant will rise on a long easy tangent to the foothills back from the river, where, at the level of the bridge deck, it will join a similar connecting line from the Boston and Albany, and crossing the river at almost right angles will come to the present main line of our West Shore property just north of Ravena. At this point a great classification yard will be developed.

"Now the ease and facility of this great plan develops. A heavy through freight from the West pulls into the new classification yard. It may be destined for Weehawken—the West Shore's port terminal opposite New York City—to Boston or to Manhattan direct, down the old main line; either in whole or in part. In any of these cases the work of division and starting on again is a matter almost of seconds rather than of minutes. The bottle neck is gone! The traffic flows both rapidly and evenly."

One thinks again of Mr. Kruttschnitt's remark about the friction in the pipe. Yet what

(Concluded on Page 173)

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

You can call it a Starting Battery
but what you really buy is —

PERFORMANCE

—and naturally you want that performance to be *of* the highest possible quality.

The motorist who equips his car with

The "Exide" Starting & Lighting Battery

gets quality performance—persistent, dependable, enduring.

"Exide" Service is thoroughly organized to meet every need of every make of starting and lighting battery. The address of the "Exide" Station nearest you will be sent on request.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

The largest manufacturer of storage batteries in the world

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1920

New York, Minneapolis, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta, Washington, Kansas City, Denver, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis, Rochester

Special Canadian Representative, Charles E. Goad Engineering Co., Toronto and Montreal

"Exide", "Micap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator"

Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

"Horse Sense"

An authority claims that the "horses that roamed this continent 2,000,000 years ago were only sixteen inches high." It took some time for them to grow to a size to be of some use to man.

Motor-trucks have knocked the romance out of the "prairie schooner" because they have a way of "getting there" sooner.

The intelligent way of putting the cart before the horse—Traffic Trucks.

The Traffic Motor Truck Corporation announced as its Christmas gift to its employees a $5-a-day minimum wage scale for every employee in 1920, including porters and office boys.

You can cut in half the cost of hauling with teams with a Traffic Truck—it is the easy way to increase your profits.

During an automotive dealers' convention held in St. Louis December 11th and 12th, attended by dealers from all parts of the country and foreign countries, Traffic Trucks were sold on the first day of the meeting at the rate of one million dollars' worth a minute for twenty-two minutes—$22,000,000!

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert transmission;*** multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto; Carter carburetor;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russell rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; ***6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat;*** oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazyback seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395
Factory

Traffic Truck chassis equipped with cab, hoist, steel dump body (painted and varnished) ***no extras required,*** $1870 complete.

The lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Traffic production this year will be quadrupled and has already been sold.

Many dealers are getting in line now for 1921.

You have no time to lose.

Traffic Truck
4,000 LBS. CAPACITY
(chassis)
$1395
(factory)
Delivering Every Day
WHISTLE BOTTLING CO.
OF EVANSVILLE, INDIANA
200 UPPER WATER STREET
EVANSVILLE, IND.
December 8-1919
Traffic Motor Truck Corporation,
St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen:-
I noticed your advertisement of the Traffic Truck in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of yesterday the 7th, and this reminded me that possibly you would like to know how much we think of the Traffic we are using.
We deliver Whistle every day with the TRAFFIC. Last Friday we made a country trip with a real load, the distance was about seventy miles and never changed speed for a hill all we went over some hills. We find the TRAFFIC profitable, economical and as good as the best and want to thank your representative, Mr. E. L. Plowman for selling us the truck. We are well pleased with it and all additional equipment will be Traffics.
WHISTLE BOTTLING COMPANY
OF EVANSVILLE, IND.
Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

(Concluded from Page 170)

has been the actual fate of this bridge project? The New York Central folks started in well before the war. They obtained the approval of the War Department and of the other Federal authorities having jurisdiction, for their plan for bridging the navigable Hudson. But they could not get Albany's approval. That ancient Dutch town did not like the idea of being shoved off the Central's main line, even for freight traffic. It was nothing to it that the big road was choked and congested within its walls. It wotted nothing that some day one of those twenty-car freights might come tumbling down the hill and muss up Pearl Street or the Union Depot yard in a perfectly terrible fashion. It did not propose to be hurt, it did not even propose to be insulted; and it exerted its power in state politics to prevent a big railroad from working out a perfectly logical and efficient step in its own development. Contemplation of Albany's act makes me wonder sometimes why the railroad men so dislike a sweeping Federal control.

The new bridge still remains in the New York Central's improvement scheme, however; only now it will cost some six or seven million dollars to build, instead of the four millions of the before-the-war estimate. Yet it will have to come, just as bigger and better New York freight terminals will have to come. The Central has solved its passenger problem there for a decade or two or three in a really superb fashion. Yet its freight terminals upon Manhattan Island are still in a fearful mess and typical of America's greatest and most inefficient harbor. Yet this is hardly to be charged against the railroad—entirely at any rate. For a number of years it has been arrayed against local politics of a most astonishing sort—some of it vicious and some of it merely stupid—until it finally has been forced across the Hudson entirely out of the city of New York and into the neighboring state of New Jersey. There, at Weehawken, at the terminal of its West Shore property, it is preparing to build for itself a great ocean-side port that shall be the equal not merely of anything in this country but of anything in the entire world. And because an expanded waterside terminal such as this must mean of necessity better rail connection the Central plans for the four-tracking of its West Shore main stem all the way from Haverstraw, thirty miles up the Hudson from New York, down to Weehawken, and the addition of the necessary greatly enlarged terminal yard, elevator and shop facilities.

Plans for Electrification

All these things hang upon one—the finding of capital adequate to meet needs. Upon capital hang three most important passenger-terminal developments on the system in which the New York Central is entirely or chiefly interested. These are at Buffalo, at Cleveland and at Cincinnati. All three cities stand greatly in need of such improvement work. The Central has planned to spend on the three more than $150,000,000—when it can get it. They are projects not only large in scope but in the case of at least one of them—Cleveland—tied up with the development of a great zone of electric operation.

The Cleveland project not only involves a radical relocation of the city's chief passenger station but an extensive tunnel under the high bluff upon which the city stands. Its estimated cost is now placed at $65,000,000, of which the New York Central system as owner of the New York Central Railroad and the Big Four will use about seventy per cent of the passenger facilities and be prorated as to the cost in accordance.

I have hardly more than touched upon the possibilities of the further electrification of our standard steam railroads in this article; a rapidly narrowing space will not permit of an extended consideration here and now of the full phases of this possibility. It is sufficient to say that though some of the big railroaders have been most loath to embark upon this new transportation sea others are most fascinated by it and are studying deeply into it. Despite some of the important electric-power installations in the suburbs of New York, of Philadelphia, of Oakland and of Portland, Oregon, we have as yet hardly made more than primary steps along this possibility.

I asked the Pennsylvania Railroad what plans it had for the further electrification of its properties—it has been most progressive along this line—and, asking, remembered how a great engineer of that selfsame road more than a decade ago had told me that he had planned a ten-mile tunnel under the Alleghanies—electrically operated of course—and how each year he redrew that tunnel and made it a mile or more longer. So do science and modern tunnel-making progress. And only a little time ago I heard how another engineer was devising an automatic tunnel-boring machine by which it might be possible to bore a thirty-mile tunnel under that same great barrier range of mountains and have a simple grade of but thirty feet in the whole thirty miles from the Conemaugh to the Juniata.

"Ultimately it will no doubt be in the interest of public service and economy," said the Pennsylvania, "to electrify our entire main line between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, as well as so to equip the mountain grades from Altoona westward across the summit of the Alleghanies, and the suburban zones both east and west of Pittsburgh. In this connection we may point out that by the electrification of two of our important lines of suburban travel in the vicinity of Philadelphia—the main line to Paoli and the Chestnut Hill branch—we have been able to reduce the train movements in and out of Broad Street Station so as to prolong for quite a few years the period in which we shall be able to handle the increasing traffic in the present station."

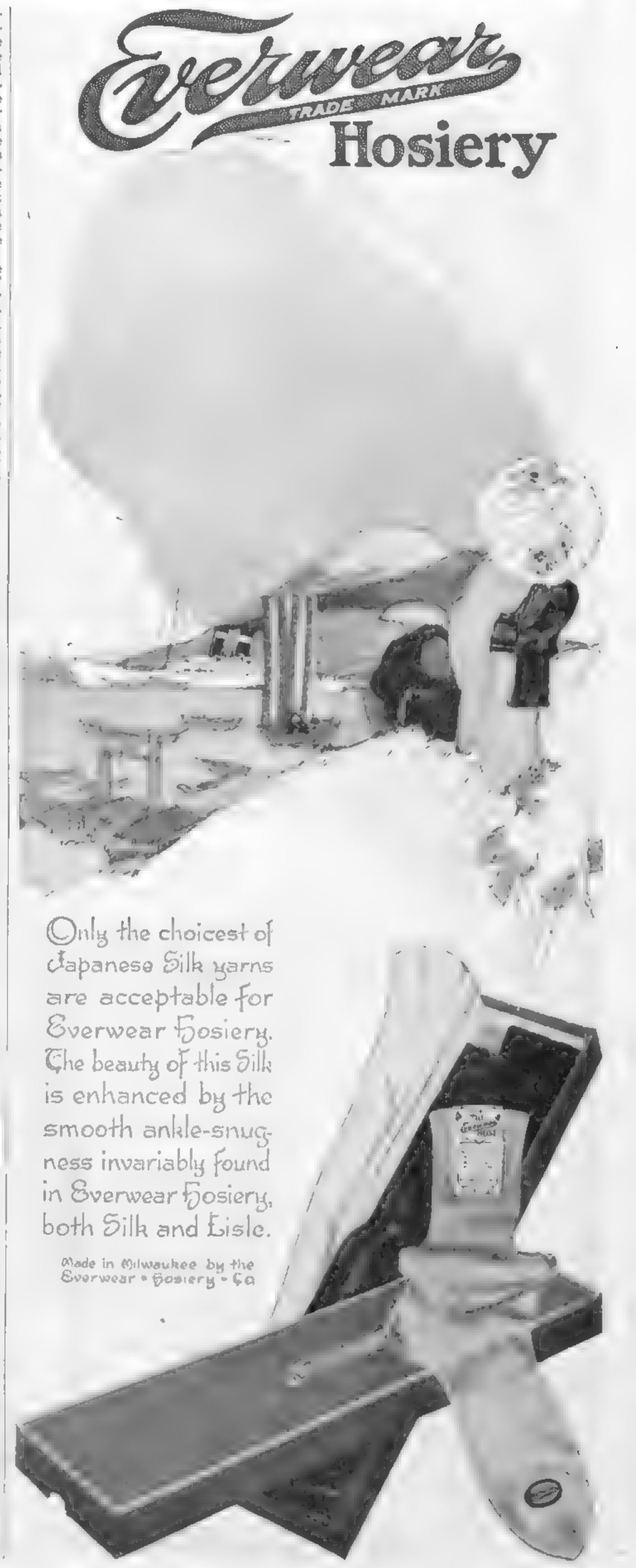
The Outlook for the Future

What further indorsement could electrification want? And what wider opportunity for an appreciation of the possibilities in our standard railroad service of the abundant water power that still is going to waste here and there and everywhere across the land? Some railroaders look forward to the day when coal will not be transported from the mines—a fearful burden upon the carriers—but will be burned at the mine head and there transmuted into electric power, to flow long distances roundabout. Railroaders are not without vision. May I go further and say that among them are still to be found to-day—despite all the discouragements of recent years and the defections that these have brought to other industry—men of broadest vision?

To these men will come—there must already have come—visions not only of the electric locomotive's supplanting its older brother as coal becomes scarcer and more expensive but also the internal-combustion engine, which may be translated either as the motor truck of the highway or the motor that has flanged wheels and runs upon standard railroad tracks. Of the possibilities of these I shall hope to write at another time. They are dazzling—to-day. A transport dream of to-morrow is becoming one existent at this very hour.

This, it seems to me, is the hour for railroaders of strength and of real vision to phrase their appeals for assistance more definitely and more vividly along these very lines. It seems the supreme opportunity. Their necessities are being realized by the bulk of the country to-day—in all probability as never before. But the American people want something more than a continued appeal for mere necessities, plaints and complaints. It has little continued interest in any of these. What it wants is a picture, a big picture; if you please, a picture of American transportation to-morrow; new lines, new terminals, new shops, trains a-plenty, steam and electric, the motor-truck supplemental service, the correlation of inland waterways. If our railroaders can paint this picture as the Pennsylvania and the New York Central have just painted it, and paint it with even a fair degree of accuracy, they will receive all the sympathy and interest and support they need. Of that I am sure. And Congress will fall into accord with the plan—if not of its own volition, then under the coercion of public opinion.

The transportation question may be vexed and tedious, but it is not in the long run particularly intricate and difficult of solution. It needs money—needs money vitally. But equally it needs vision—still more vision than yet it has received. With these two commodities—a modicum of judgment and plain old-fashioned common sense thrown in—it would almost adjust itself and release Congress to the consideration of some other vexing questions that of late have been sadly neglected.


Everwear
TRADE MARK
Hosiery
Only the choicest of Japanese Silk yarns are acceptable for Everwear Hosiery. The beauty of this Silk is enhanced by the smooth ankle-snugness invariably found in Everwear Hosiery, both Silk and Lisle.
Made in Milwaukee by the Everwear Hosiery Co

The silent praise of real appreciation lightens up the face of the man who smokes a WDC genuine French Briar Pipe.

It recalls many a pleasant pipeful. Equal enjoyment is promised for days to come.

It's the pipe to bring out the full fragrance of your favorite blend.

So don't say "pipe" to your dealer, say WDC.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FINE PIPES

TRADE WDC MARK

BUSINESS NEUROLOGY

(Continued from Page 11)

"He would see the rut—and fall into it the second day," the younger man assented.

"Just so! But if we took on a man who had nothing but what you might call his native ability and a desk to sit at he might stumble on something helpful?"

"That's precisely it. He might not even know what he had found, but it's dollars to brides' biscuits that he would find something. If you O. K. the plan I will have a talk with Nares and see how it strikes him."

"But what are you going to offer him—what is he going to do to earn his money?"

"I promise you that I will tell him less about that than any man was ever told before on being offered a cinch. But I will try gently to convey to him the idea that what we want are his observations—his reactions to what goes on here."

Sisson rose.

"I think both of you have gone crazy," he said. "But personally I would rather try a crazy scheme than to come here once a week and get the blue devils talking and arriving nowhere. Put me down for the boy with the native talent, Paddy; I'll try anything once."

Taking cue from a public-service corporation, Padrig Nolan created for Sisson Brothers the position of tax agent. Nares, the young newspaper man, was informed that nominally he would be expected to see that the firm's taxes were paid but not overpaid.

"What you say is interesting, Mr. Nolan," Nares observed, smiling. "But it doesn't seem to make sense. Haven't you a treasurer or an auditor or someone to make out checks for the taxes and couldn't you ——"

"You don't get me," Nolan interrupted. "Paying our taxes will never give you brain fag. The situation is this: Though neither Sisson nor my brother is a doddering wreck exactly, and I'm a mere spring chicken, we are suffering from too much familiarity with the business. We are looking not only for new blood and young blood—what we need is a different breed of cats from ourselves, if you know what I mean. We want you because you say yourself that you haven't had a day's experience of business in your life. Perhaps you won't see anything wrong at our shop—the hope is that you will."

"It seems to be clearer," Nares remarked. "But if you think that I'm coming down there to poke round like a mother-in-law looking for dust on the piano and cracked dishes in the pantry you have the wrong party."

Nolan laughed.

"Nix on the mother-in-law part, Nares. You are explicitly requested not to poke. Put your feet on your desk and smoke cigars if you please. You will earn your money by keeping your mind open and telling us what you think."

"It's all as vague as a free-verse poem," Nares said, frowning. "But your people have a reputation for knowing what they are doing. I'll sign on if you say so."

Nolan said so, and Wesley Nares went on the pay roll of Sisson Brothers according to program. He was introduced extensively through the plant, shops, departments, yards and offices of the concern. It was impressed on everyone that as tax agent it would be necessary for him to familiarize himself with every department before he could be of much value in combating the public-spirited zeal of the county assessor and the cold calculations of the tax collectors. For two reasons Nares hopped enthusiastically into his somewhat hazy job: One because he had been slaving along on a newspaper at thirty dollars a week for a long time hoping to get his big chance at last, the other because he found himself fascinated by the sight he was given of the inside of a big plant where nothing could interfere with his seeing the wheels go round. He proceeded cautiously, avoiding anything that might give offense or make employees suspicious of him. He made friends freely. He asked questions when he was invited, but he bothered no one. And for three months he attended the weekly conferences of department heads without once opening his mouth.

Peter Sisson had been skeptical of the Nares scheme from the first. He was as anxious as anyone to determine the cause of their annoying experiences as a going concern, but he considered Paddy Nolan's suggestion an inopportune and excessively expensive joke. Ninety days had gone by without any returns on this investment in comedy and Sisson had taken occasion once or twice to raise his eyebrows in the presence of his two associates and to say "Well" in a particularly annoying and entirely unanswerable manner. Then one day Nares came to him and announced that he had a tentative diagnosis to offer. Sisson snapped him up.

"No, young fellow," he said shortly, "you've come to the wrong place. Save your report for the next conference. If you have any ammunition shoot it at the gang."

"What I have to say may hurt feelings somewhere, Mr. Sisson."

"Feelings? Sisson Brothers don't carry that line. Put on your hobnailed boots Saturday and walk all over feelings if it will get us anywhere. Twelve-thirty!"

The regular conference that week left a lot of routine business undone and forgotten, because when it opened Sisson made the blunt announcement that Mr. Nares, the new tax agent, had the floor for as long as he needed it. Pitched at the men in the room in this abrupt manner, Nares colored a little. But he faced the music promptly—on both feet.

"I suppose you all know," he began, "that I was asked to come here to see whether or not I could find anything wrong with the plant—on the basis of an outsider looking in. I told Mr. Padrig Nolan that I wouldn't take a job of gum-shoeing for things and people to criticize. Instead I have sat back and listened and watched and let impressions hit me just as they came. I hope the result will be helpful—I think I have found out what is wrong with Sisson Brothers."

This introduction caused them all to lean forward. Nares' next sentence was a puzzler:

"My diagnosis is weak nerves."

Peter Sisson snapped impatient fingers. "Get down to cases, Nares!" he growled.

"I will, Mr. Sisson. But I want to give you the broad general lines of my analysis first. Let's say that the executive offices are the brains of the firm. The sales force is the legs. The manufacturing and wholesale and transportation departments are the hands. Financing—business management—the routine of this big business—is like the heart and the circulatory system in the body. As nearly as I can make out all these organs and parts function perfectly. There's no trouble with the departments. The trouble is in the nervous system of the house. It's all shot to pieces."

"Go on," someone growled as Nares paused for words.

"Generally speaking, the nerves include messengers, office boys, the telegraph clerk, the people in the mailing room, the clerk who receives mail and express matter and the telephone operator. And with no intention of being unkind I want to tell you first that the weakest spot in your system is that your telephone operator is too pretty."

Padrig Nolan came up to this bait all-standing.

"You've said either too much or not enough there, Nares!" he exploded. "Miss Richards came to the firm on my recommendation."

Nares smiled.

"I'm not insulting Miss Richards—I'm complimenting her. She is a capable girl—for a pretty one. But she has been costing the house a good deal of cold cash, and worse than that she has been losing it friends and the confidence of its customers. It is all because she is pretty and attractive and alive—and knows it."

Sisson characteristically drove straight at essentials.

"You mean that she flirts and amuses herself on company time when she should be attending to business?"

"Only partly that. What makes her a weak link is that she is too feminine. For instance, she comes back at a kidder—reacts to the man who thinks of her as a woman instead of as a part of the Sisson Brothers machine. Businesslike calls get businesslike answers from her—most of the time. But usually short and sharp calls get short and sharp answers from her. She often forgets that she is talking to customers of the house; she never forgets that she

(Continued on Page 177)

"Good workmen know the difference"

What was wrong with Bus Wilkes on Saturday, November 8th?

DOWN in Louisville, Ky., Jay H. Skinner, an old newspaper man, is running the Shoe Service Shop, just about the livest, most up-to-date shoe repair shop in this broad United States. With his permission we reprint this letter:

* * * * * *

"Saturday is always our busiest day and every man and every machine has got to work like the very dickens to keep up with the tide.

"A delay of 15 minutes in the morning will grow to two or three hours before night. That is, if one man slows up for 10 or 15 minutes early in the day, work that should come out at 5 that afternoon is not finished until near 7:30. We can't make up the lost time, the schedule for the day is broken, and it gets worse and worse.

"About 8:30 on Saturday morning (November 8, 1919), Bus Wilkes, who runs the shop sander, stops his machine and reaches for a piece of Speed-grits 1½ D Garnet Paper. The box is empty. A hurried whistle brings the Foreman and the Foreman sends the Brush-boy scurrying to the stockroom for a supply. 'We are out,' says the stock boy. 'I aimed to order it in yesterday but she slipped my mind.'

"'Skip across the street to the hardware store, quick,' says the Foreman to the Brush-boy, 'and get a couple dozen sheets of sandpaper.' Back he comes and Bus slaps on a sheet, switches on the motor and away goes the sander.

"Now Bus Wilkes is a 'bear' on his machine. He fought the Boche all over France for more than a year and he's in the habit of treatin' 'em rough. When he turns loose on a pile of shoes he usually makes the fur fly.

"But this day there was something wrong with Bus. Work piled up all around him. He passed up his lunch hour and stuck to it, but he just couldn't seem to keep up. The Brush-boys took it easy, waiting for Bus to pass them the sanded job. The whole shop, from the sander down to the boys that shine the shoes after they are finished, was on a drag.

"We ended up the day three hours behind schedule. After it was all over I called Bus over to me. 'What was the matter all day, Bus?' I said. 'You slowed up something awful.'

"'Mr. Skinner,' said Bus, 'it was that dog-rotten sandpaper Willie got this morning. I just couldn't get the work out of it. Look at this sheet; you don't call that Manning's Speed-grits, do you?'

"I looked, and sure enough, it wasn't.

"This is a true story of how a little 'ornery' sandpaper lost my shop three hours and several dollars."

Jay H. Skinner

Above is a picture, taken after this letter was written, showing Bus Wilkes at work on his sander. Notice the smile! They'll never have anything but Speed-grits in stock for him after this. "Good workmen know the difference."

Speed-grits is made by Manning Abrasive Co., Inc., Factory and Laboratory, Troy, N. Y., Sales Offices in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, and other leading cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

Send to-day for "The Difference Book"—you'll like it.

Don't say
Sandpaper
—say
Speed-grits

Manning Speed-grits
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Speed-grits
comes in the following varieties:
GARNET PAPER
GARNET CLOTH
GARNET COMBINATION
FLINT PAPER
EMERY CLOTH
EMERY PAPER
METALLIC CLOTH
HANDY ROLLS
GRINDING DISCS
DURITE CLOTH
DURITE COMBINATION
DURUNDUM PAPER
DURUNDUM CLOTH

Greatest production is obtainable only where each machine, its electric motor and control equipment are built to co-operate most effectively.

One of a number of G-E Motors driving planers at a plant of the American Locomotive Company.

Any plant will produce more—if you let it!

THE output of the American Locomotive Company's largest plant was partly fixed by the capacity of certain tools, belt-driven, from long lines of shafting.

Traffic demanded as many locomotives as possible—at once! Extra machine tools for planing could not be had.

Driving each machine with a G-E motor made it possible to eliminate long lines of shafting and many belts; saved labor, oil, time and power; and materially increased the production from these machines.

The machines in any plant *will* produce what they *should*, with the correct G-E motor drive.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Look for that mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

63-513

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 174)

is talking to men. In making connections or attending to her job she gives a shade the best of it to the man who jollies her along. She has a quick ear and a good memory; she knows the voices and names of probably hundreds of people who telephone to the house. But instead of employing those abilities to make business and friends for the house she employs them to lighten the day for herself."

"Granting what you say," Paddy Nolan cut in, "I fail to see how this perfectly natural human trait can cost the firm money."

"Directly it may not," Nares replied. "But indirectly it does. It means that Miss Richards will concentrate and give her best service the kind the company is paying her to give every minute—to the men who register as men to her—men she likes or who pay attention to her. It's inevitable. And those who don't register in that way may not get past her board. In any event the messages and business of the men who are short, sharp, impersonal with her will always be in danger of a sidetrack or of absent-minded handling or of neglect."

"Until you have a machine to operate our switchboard," young Nolan objected, "I don't see how you are going to overcome human nature and instincts."

Peter Sisson nodded.

"Exactly. You invent an automaton for that place, Nares, and we'll buy it—at your own price. We've had trouble of this sort before."

"You have," Nares agreed. "I have found traces of it. And before we go any further I want to say that it is your own fault. If the blame must be placed it goes to you, and since I've been here I have looked round me a little and have become convinced that most business firms are exactly as shortsighted as you have been.

"The root of the whole trouble with the nerve systems of business is that you employers are looking at this problem of minor help exactly upside down. You spend thousands of dollars equipping a factory, building warehouses and offices, advertising, making connections, employing skilled and experienced workmen and department heads, and then when everything is ready for opening up you scratch your heads and say, 'Now we will need a telephone girl and a few messengers and office boys and someone to handle mail as it comes in and as it goes out, and all that. Get out and find some boys and girls and throw them into the jobs and then we're off!' You're just that careless."

He turned to Peter Sisson.

"How much do you pay your best salesman?" he demanded.

"Two hundred and commissions."

"Round three hundred a month probably. That is because salesmen are the medium through which you touch your public. They are worth all they get or else they cease to get it. And yet the one employee who might be made your best salesman—who reaches a hundred of your customers where any outside man reaches one—is considered so lightly here that you would kick if she asked you for ninety dollars."

"You mean the telephone operator?" Jim Nolan said.

"I do. Look at it for a minute. Just now someone asked me if I wanted to make the telephone operator an automaton. That is precisely and exactly the reverse of what I want to make her. I want to make her virtually the head of a department, almost on a par with the others in this room."

"Oh, fudge!" the younger Nolan snorted.

"Right-o! Let me tell you something. The other day I met a telephone-company man named Cooper. He is manager of all their p. b. x. boards—the private-branch exchanges—in this district. He knows telephony backward. But his principal value to the corporation is that he knows telephone operators. I went over the whole ground with him. Here is one of the stories he told me—it illustrates precisely what I am talking about.

"Last year one of the biggest law firms in the state sent for Cooper and told him that they had about decided to have their private-exchange board taken out. When Cooper showed his surprise one of the partners said, 'We realize that this is a backward step, but we are dissatisfied with the present arrangement. Our Miss Smith is efficient enough, but she isn't human. Our business is all intimate business; our relations with our clients are close and friendly. Miss Smith is an outsider on everything. She treats all comers the same—gives them prompt service and courteous treatment and there she stops. Though she has been with us for two years, she doesn't know one client from another. If someone calls asking for me and I am out she says so and cuts them off. We have remonstrated time and again. Miss Smith looks at us with a fishy eye and says that she is giving perfect service. And she is—mechanically perfect.'

"'I get you,' Cooper said. 'Any objection to discharging this girl—or finding another place for her?'

"'None at all if you can give us a substitute who is different.'

"'I can,' Cooper said, 'but she will cost you a hundred and a quarter.'

"'What? For a telephone operator?'

"'Yes, a human telephone operator—one you can practically make a member of the firm.'

"'Oh, see here, Cooper, you're missing the point.'

"'I don't think I am,' Cooper interrupted. 'Think it over.'

"The subject was laid on the table after that—for a while. Then one day a prominent man called in asking for one of the partners. The girl replied that they were not in and closed the incident. The man was mad. A few days later the lawyers learned that he had called them up to discuss retaining them for the first time in a whopping big case but he had been disgruntled by his treatment and had gone elsewhere. That was the last straw. The attorneys sent for Cooper and told him to bring on his new operator.

"She was homely and dowdy, Cooper says, but she was a miracle at the switchboard. Troubles rolled off the backs of the partners and the girl's shoulders were broad enough to take them all. In a month she knew by heart practically the numbers of all the offices ever called and more than that she soon had placed all the voices of their clients, knew something about their dispositions and troubles and called them by name on the phone. But what won her a happy home was her uncanny ability to get what she was asked to get.

"One day one of the partners was in Needham County trying a case when a big railroad man called, asking for him. Miss Robinson—or whatever her name is—replied, 'Good morning, Mr. Billings. Mr. Brown is out of the county—will one of the others do?'

"'No,' Billings growled, 'this is for Brown and nobody else.'

"'And it's something you want to get to him at once? I will find him for you.'

"She started in. But as it happened, when she got the Needham County courthouse Brown had already left for lunch. No one seemed to know where he would go. But the girl pestered them until they searched the building and found an elevator boy who had heard Brown talking to his client about the country club. Ten minutes later Brown was on the phone, wondering how in blazes the girl had located him, and was in communication with his friend Billings. What Billings told him won a ten-thousand-dollar case for him.

"Cooper told me he wasn't surprised at this. But he asked Brown whether she was worth what he was paying her.

"'She is,' Brown said. 'And on the first of the month she will be raised to a hundred and fifty. I wouldn't lose her for twice that.'"

Nares paused. The Sisson Brothers' cabinet had been listening closely. Now Peter Sisson said: "That's all very well, Nares, but if you have ever tried to hire a telephone operator you know that a good one is a rare bird. I see your point about automatons, but can you find us a second Miss Robinson?"

"I can't," Nares replied, "but Cooper can. He claims that every p. b. x. board in the city should be operated by a girl hired by the company instead of by the subscriber. He points out that most of these girls are now engaged because of friendship somewhere in the firm or because they happen along.

"What I said before goes heavy here—the average employer looks on a switchboard operator as an incidental, a necessary evil, and he believes that anyone can fill the place. If you say the word Cooper will find what you need."

Padrig Nolan waved a hand.

"You've sold me, Nares," he said. "We'll decide later what to do about Miss Richards."

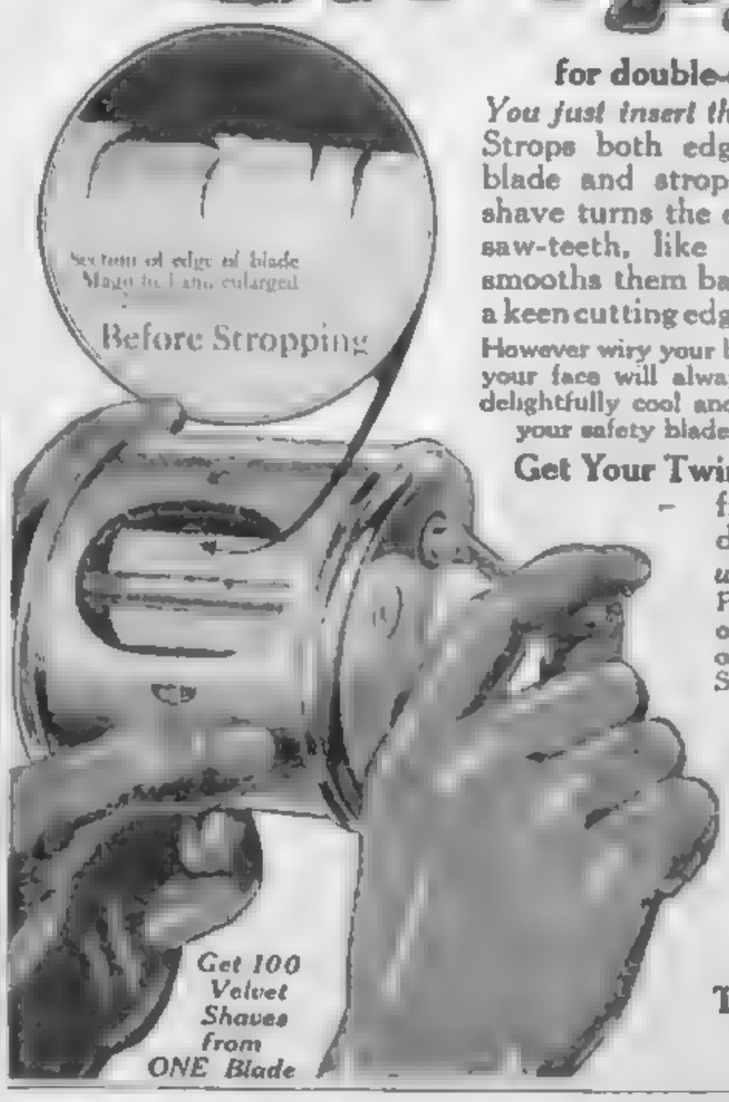
Peter Sisson nodded emphatically.

Enjoy *velvet* shaves–

Get this *Stropper*
for your safety blades

Have a smooth, cool, comfortable face—after *every* shave. *Always* shave quick and easy. By *stropping* your safety blade you give it a *real* shaving edge—and *keep* it keen.

Twinplex Stropper



for double-edged safety blades

You just insert the blade and turn the crank. Strops both edges at once, reverses the blade and strops the other side. Every shave turns the edge of your blade to tiny saw-teeth, like this /\/\/\/\/\ Stropping smooths them back, like this /‾‾‾‾‾\, into a keen cutting edge that glides over your face.

However wiry your beard, however tender your skin your face will always be shaved clean and close, delightfully cool and comfortable, when you strop your safety blades with Twinplex Stropper.

Get Your Twinplex On 30 Days' Trial

from any cutlery, hardware, drug or department store—*with 10-year service guarantee.* Price $5—in satin-lined, nickel or leather case. Also a variety of outfits, including Twinplex Stropper and Shaving Sets.

More than half a million men now use Twinplex Stropper. It is indispensable to *delightful* shaving with double-edged safety blades. Make *your* trial of Twinplex *now* full 30 days' use in your own home, without obligation.

Write for Free Booklet.

Twinplex Sales Company
1649 Locust Street, St. Louis,
231 Fulton Street, New York
591 St. Catherine Street, Montreal

Saves 35c

Every Morning in a Family of Five

Quaker Oats forms the best breakfast anyone can get. As a vim-food and a body-builder it is the food of foods.

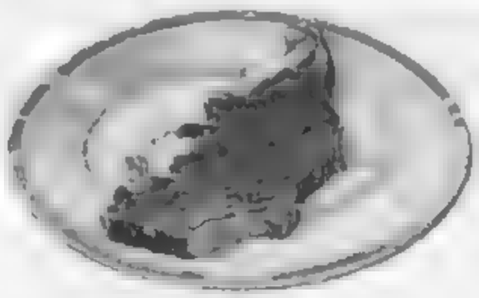
Quaker Oats 5c

Five cents for two big dishes of these delicious flakes.

Yet you can serve big dishes to five people for five cents. It would cost you 40c to 50c at this writing to serve them meat or eggs or fish as shown below.

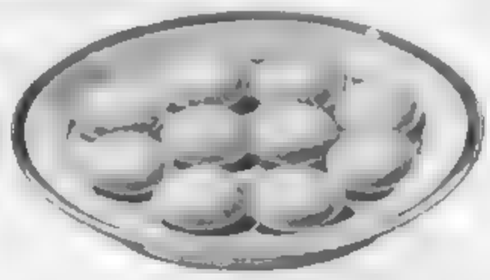
So you can serve five people with this luscious dish of the greatest food that grows. And you'll save 35c on the breakfast as compared with average meat foods.

In a year that saving amounts to $127.75.



Meat About 40c

Enough meat to serve five costs about 40 cents.



Ten Eggs 50c

To serve five people two eggs each costs 50 cents.

Figure by Calories

But quantity is not the proper measure. Food is measured by calories, the energy unit of food value. A man must have 3,000 calories daily.

Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound. Round steak yields 890. Potatoes yield 295. At this writing, this is what some necessary foods cost per thousand calories:

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5½c	Hen's Eggs	70c
Average Meats	45c	Vegetables	11c to 75c
Average Fish	50c	Broilers	$1.66

On that basis these meat foods average nine times Quaker Oats cost.

Quaker Oats means a delicious breakfast. It means right nutrition and great savings. Serve the costly foods for variety later in the day.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

Make this breakfast dish delightful by serving Quaker Oats. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet all this extra flavor costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3261

"Let her down easy," he said. "It isn't her fault that she's pretty. If she has to go she has to go, but we must do something to place her first."

Nares acquiesced.

"I have thought of that," he said, "and I think I have found just the position for her. If she takes it none of you will need to have her dismissal on your conscience."

"Good!" said Padrig Nolan. "And I want to say right now that I think I have your general idea about the company's nervous system. You spoke of office boys, stenographers, mail clerks and so on a while ago. What you say seems to me to explain a lot of things."

He turned to the others.

"Remember when we were in our last glooms over conditions three months ago? If I'm not mistaken every one of us had some hard-luck story to report. Bestwick had just lost the business of Cardigan & Reese because of delayed shipments or a lost special-delivery letter or something. Probably the mailing-room boys forgot to put the special stamp on our letter. Samuelson & Co. had quit after their first order because of our failure to fill a telephone request. That's the switchboard operator probably. Sam Bridger was moaning because Sisson's stenographer hadn't given him a memorandum about girls for the factory sewing machines and Drake was full of grief because his stencil boys were always spilling the beans. I hadn't thought of it before, but now it seems to me that every one of those troubles could be traced to our bad nervous system, as Nares calls it."

Nares interrupted.

"Absolutely could!" he declared. "I heard of those incidents among a lot of others when I first came. And I think my start on the problem came from getting a new angle on the stencil room."

He turned to Drake, head of the shipping department.

"How much do you pay those boys, Mr. Drake?"

"Eight dollars a week. They haven't much to do. They don't require any special ability or training."

Nares and young Nolan laughed aloud.

"Nares is right!" Sisson exclaimed. "They don't need any special training or ability or sense or education or anything else—and we pay them thirty a month! Then when they lose us a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year customer we wonder what's wrong."

Drake, who had been slow to take the point, smiled ruefully at last.

"But I don't see, Mr. Nares, how we can afford to put a good man on that job when it would only keep him busy two or three hours a day."

"We can't," Nares retorted. "But couldn't we find something else for him to do besides? If he was good enough to trust with the important job ——"

"We not only can but we are going to," Jim Nolan interrupted. "That much is settled, Drake. I'll attend to the details."

Sisson, the president, had been fidgeting.

"That's all right," he said, "but I'm anxious to find out what Nares has up his sleeve in regard to stenographers. If I'm not mistaken it is my girl who is under fire. She is the one who bungled Sam Bridger's message about the factory women. What's my sentence, Mr. Nares?"

"I don't know how far to go with my theory about stenographers," Nares replied cautiously. "Here I think the women are reliable and satisfactory—as stenographers. But how many of them are more than that? Yours, for instance, Mr. Sisson—is she in any sense a private secretary?"

"She is not. She is paid to make pothooks and transcribe them legibly. She almost does that much."

"Perhaps that is all you need, but I doubt it. I have always thought that if I were in business I would not be content with a stenographer—that I would have a fast clever typist with brains. For the bulk of business letters that are almost forms it seems to me you should be able to say to your girl, 'Tell Jones & Co. that we can't use their goods, but let them down easy'; or, 'Inform the Standard Pipe and Fitting Company that we want estimates on a carload of such-and-such pipe.' It seems to me that making pothooks, as you call it, is too mechanical to be efficient—I mean that a human being ought to be of such caliber that mere letter writing would only be an incident in her work. My idea may be impracticable, but I would certainly rather pay three times as much for brains as I would for a human slate to write on. In my opinion the average business stenographer is more ornamental than useful."

"But," Sisson objected, "a private secretary would cost me at least two hundred a month—and they are rare at that. She would have to be unusual. She would have to know this business almost as well as I do. She would ——"

"Of course she would," Nares exclaimed. "But if she is going to be part of the nervous system of your business and an agency for coördinating your plans and projects with the capacities of the people who are to carry out those plans and projects she ought to know as much about the business as possible, oughtn't she?"

"Um-m-m! Perhaps you are right," Sisson said thoughtfully—"in the abstract. But in this concrete case—what about my stenographer?"

"I've seen her stop in the middle of a busy morning's work to manicure her nails," Nares said.

"So have I," said Sisson slowly. "I hadn't thought of it before. Your idea is that her mind isn't on the job?"

"It is not—and that is not her fault. It is yours. You have made a sort of sub-clerk of her. The girl has brains. You have never given her a chance to use them. You haven't encouraged her to take an active interest in her job with you. Very few stenographers are encouraged to do that."

Nares paused, turning to the whole group.

"Who is the best stenographer working here?" he asked.

Two or three answered at once—"Mrs. Adams!"

The others nodded agreement.

"I think so myself," Nares continued. "I notice that all of you want to give dictation to her. I've watched her. She is always busy. When she isn't at her notes or her machine she is looking up your price books or studying your catalogue or getting other employees to talk to her about their jobs. She wrote several letters for me and I saw that she knew Sisson Brothers pretty thoroughly. Mistakes I made she corrected. She volunteered information when I needed it. She is a good stenographer—plus!"

"Think she would make a private secretary?" Peter Sisson inquired abruptly.

"Not only would but is going to," Nares replied unexpectedly. "On the first of the month she leaves this firm to take a place with Morganstern & Weil."

"The devil she does!" Sisson barked. "What's the matter with Sisson Brothers?"

"No appreciation," Nares said boldly. "Morganstern & Weil are offering her twice what she gets here; but, what is more important to her, they propose to give her real responsibility—a real chance. Mrs. Adams will be somebody one of these days."

"I move we adjourn!" Jim Nolan exclaimed. "If Nares fires any more soft-nosed bullets into me I'm going to become a casualty."

"Just a minute," his brother interrupted. "I suggest that we ask Nares to write us a report on our whole nervous system and prescribe remedies. He seems to be even more of a neurologist or neuropath or whatever it is than I had expected. And I'm like Jim—a few more jolts and I will have to take a nerve cure myself."

Peter Sisson closed the conference.

"We don't want any reports," he growled. "What we want is action. Nares, can you give me to-morrow morning? Can, eh? All right—we'll neuropath Sisson Brothers to a fare ye well. How does eight-thirty suit you?"

The members of the firm learned presently that Nares' analogy between the company and the human body could be carried a step farther—the nervous system in neither case responds instantly to treatment. In fact Nares himself had foreseen this. He opposed Peter Sisson in the latter's impetuous plan of turning the whole place upside down overnight. He counseled study, education, gradual change. There was some argument on the point, because Sisson felt that anything worth doing was worth doing promptly and vigorously. Nares insisted that revolution would operate simply to set the establishment by the ears, and in the end he won.

His study of the situation had been superficial at best, he pointed out, and he was loath to do anyone an injustice as much as he was to overreach the mark and hurt the company. The only immediate

(Continued on Page 181)

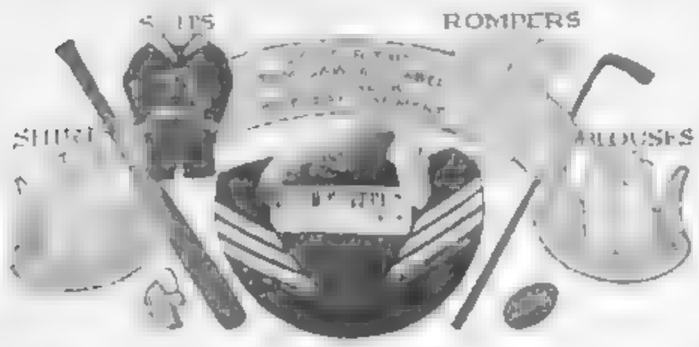
Tom, a chance

TO MAKE ITS COLORS BOTH RICH and enduring, the threads of the Tom Sawyer fabric are dyed before they are woven.

Then the special looms of a great mill make them into a fabric having all the firmness and strength that boy-play and frequent washing demand.

The suits made of it are so evidently superior that not only their fabric, but also the stout seams, sturdy waistbands and thoroughly worked pockets and buttonholes often give the impression that Tom Sawyers must be very expensive.

Yet they cost no more than you usually pay, for your dealer buys them direct from the maker.



SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck.
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years.
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10.
RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8.
JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9.
ROMPERS—3 to 8.
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders unhampered. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away.

Elder Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo.
New York Chicago Kansas City Dallas Los Angeles

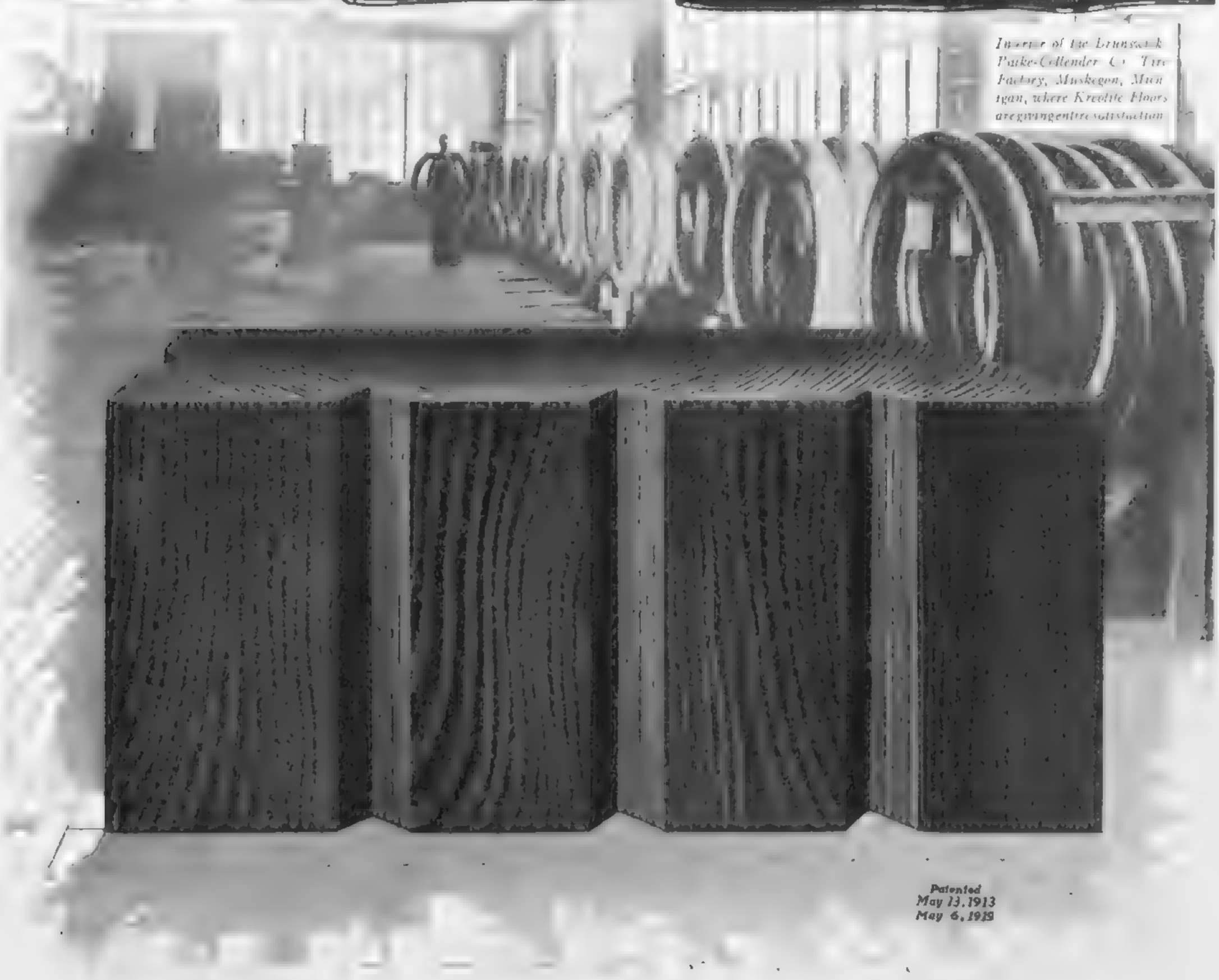
Tom SAWYER

CUT OUT FOR A LONG CAREER

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Outlast the Factory



Interior of the Brunswick Balke-Collender Co. Tire Factory, Muskegon, Michigan, where Kreolite Floors are giving entire satisfaction

Patented
May 13, 1913
May 6, 1919

The "Sixth Side" of Production

FIVE sides of your factory serve mainly for protection. They are the four walls and ceiling.

The sixth side is the most vital to *production*. It is your factory floor.

For this reason manufacturers are demanding Kreolite Floors because they have proved their ability to meet varied industrial conditions.

The natural resiliency of the wood blocks, facilitates production. Rolling loads glide smoothly and quietly over their surface and footfalls are softened.

Kreolite Floors combine the *walking* qualities of springy turf with the *wearing* qualities of enduring granite.

Openings at regular intervals between the *patented grooves* allow the Kreolite Filler to penetrate to the base of the blocks.

The Filler cements each block to others and to the Kreolite Pitch which forms the floor-bed.

This method of laying permits adequate expansion and contraction between the wear-proof joints and forms a unit construction which keys the floor solidly together.

An initial order for Kreolite Floors from the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Muskegon, Michigan, proved so satisfactory that additional installations totaling many thousand square feet of Kreolite Floors are being used by this concern.

The expert aid of our factory Floor Engineers is fully at your disposal in solving floor problems.

Write for their services or let us send you our book on Kreolite Floors without obligation. Address communications to Toledo office.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities
British Distributors—Anglo American Agency, Royal Liver Bldg., Liverpool, Eng

(Continued from Page 178)

change was at the switchboard of the telephone. Miss Richards was asked to resign. At first she expressed surprise and some indignation, but Nares was sent to talk to her and after that she was very sweet about it and even thanked Padrig Nolan. When she had left Nolan scratched his head.

"What the devil did she do that for?"

But everyone was relieved.

Cooper, the telephone-company man, supplied her successor. She was a large rawboned girl ornamented with spectacles and freckles, and certainly the executives decided that she would never be accused of being too pretty for her place. At the end of a few hours the switchboard began to talk for her. She was a wizard. The most amazing thing about her was her voice. One expected a strident hoarse roar from a woman so large grained; instead she purred into the transmitter like a sleepy cat. There was something soothing about her voice. Her movements were like a cat's, too—but not a sleepy cat's. She was chain lightning. In a week she was lessening the burdens of every person in the house

In a month she knew by name and occupation every employee, and she acquired an uncanny knowledge of departments, stocks, price lists and so on that enabled her to answer from the board a good many of the questions that had aforetime been passed on to others. She seldom said "Hold the phone while I find out." She never said "I don't know," and it was a rare thing for her to refer an irascible and distracted telephone caller to the wrong department.

Finally, she seemed to have an infinite capacity for telephone numbers. When a dealer, jobber, wholesaler, railroad, factory, steamship office or freight bureau was wanted it was only necessary to say, "Miss Dunn, get me Hilton, of the Oregon and Eastern," and if Hilton was to be found he was on the phone in another half minute. Sisson and the two Nolans watched her more closely than she knew and it was not long before they saw that she was all Nares and Cooper had promised—actually a business getter and a friend maker for the house.

The office-boy problem looked hard, but it was really quite simple. Nares sidestepped it, sending for the best Y. M. C. A. junior boys' director in the city and putting the job up to him for a fee.

"We want boys here, McDonald, who can take a personal interest in the business instead of just office boys. In the latter capacity they are worth considerably less than the very small amounts they are paid, but if we could get initiative, intelligence and pride we would recognize it in the pay envelope. I don't want to discharge anyone, but they've got to show results. Will you work it out for me?"

McDonald's eyes glistened.

"Lead me to them!" he exclaimed.

Nares gave this expert on Boy a free rein. McDonald began in rather a surprising way. He gave the eight lads a rigid physical and moral examination. Two he recommended for immediate dismissal.

"They have bad habits," he explained. "I have told them that they cannot get anywhere until they make an entirely new start and they have promised to come to my gym classes. Their parents are backing me. I may be able to return them to you in a few months, but they can't stay now."

"Were they pulling the other boys down?" Nares asked.

"They weren't doing any particular good. Bad apples in a box, you know."

"Then I'll have to see about having two new boys hired."

"Wait a bit, Mr. Nares. I think that we can get more work done with six than you have had done by eight. Give me a chance."

Nares always said that it was McDonald who created something entirely new and unheard of in office boys. The latter were probably not aware of the change in themselves. But in the few weeks the executives were rubbing their eyes wonderingly. Instead of being underfoot when not wanted and anywhere else when something was to be done, the office boys began to appear by magic when called and to disappear immediately thereafter. Routine service was performed with a new snap and intelligence. A zeal for knowledge of the business began to stir them and two of them started to night school to take commercial courses. McDonald borrowed a corner of one of the yards where there was a dead wall convenient and there he marked out a handball court. During the noon hour the boys worked off their surplus energies in fierce contest and there was no more romping and roughing it during the business day. Without saying anything, they systematized their own work to avoid duplication of territory and waste of effort, and Nares watching them closely saw to it that each upward step was rewarded by a freer opportunity, more pay or a better chance to get ahead.

Peter Sisson stopped Nares one day.

"I'm afraid you've overreached yourself with those office boys," he said abruptly.

"What's wrong?"

"That freckle-faced Frank in the executive rooms has been pawing over my letters lately. Without his knowing it I caught him at it. So I began to keep an eye on him. And you'll never guess why he was doing it."

"It would be a smart man who could guess what a boy will do, Mr. Sisson. Looking for tips on the stock market perhaps."

Sisson snorted.

"He confessed to me this morning that he is working out a system with colored sheets or tabs or something so that he can segregate my mail and bring on top the things that are of importance. I never thought of it before, but it's going to save me time and annoyance, especially on rush days. I'll say it's clever. If he can polish off the details I intend to make him correspondence clerk and let him receive all

NOTASEME
HOSIERY

EXTRA wear! Get it on top of *good looks*—by getting *Notaseme*. The exclusive Notaseme process gives you *both*.

Notice the wear-resisting 4-ply heels and toes—the lustrous *uniform* weave—the smooth, snug fit over ankle and instep.

You'll be *proud* of your shrewdness—and of your feet—when you wear Notaseme.

Made for Men, Women, and Children—
in Lisle, Mercerized, and Silk

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

1061
To Make Holes Fit
Another use for a bit-brace is with a reamer to make holes in metal fit. You can't make the holes larger with a drill but with a reamer you can make them as much larger as you need.
MILLERS FALLS BIT BRACE No. 732 $4.00
(In Canada $6.00)
The Carpenter's Favorite
Our No. 732 Brace is the handy tool around the house that will help you do dozens of jobs you used to think you couldn't do yourself.
Chuck holds with vise-like grip. Ratchet is protected. Ball-bearing head gives full power to your boring. Cocobolo handles with nickel-plated metal parts. Lasts a life-time, for there is nothing about it to get out of order.
Use Millers Falls Auger Bits with our bit braces. They bore faster and better with or against the grain in all kinds of wood.
All the better hardware stores have these Millers Falls tools or will get them for you.
Millers Falls Co.
"Toolmaker to the Master Mechanic"
100 River St.
Millers Falls
Mass.
Send 10c for our Mechanic's Handbook
60 pages of mechanical information—valuable formulas and helpful hints. How to figure paint, shingles, board measure, brickwork and stonework and 50 other useful subjects. Pocket catalog of all Millers Falls tools on request. The Millers Falls line also includes hand drills, breast drills, hack saws, mitre boxes and other boring and cutting tools
Millers Falls Handbook for Mechanics
MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

incoming mail and distribute it. I figure roughly that such a plan ought to add half an hour to the working day of every department head in the company."

Nares chuckled.

"Our nervous system seems to be improving," he observed.

"You've said it! I thought at first that you and Paddy had a brain storm, but I've quit that. And, by the way, I may add that I'm personally grateful to you for keeping Mrs. Adams here. She already knows more about raw-material markets and current prices than I do and my conscience doesn't hurt any more when I take a Saturday afternoon off for golf. If I wasn't afraid of losing you I'd suggest that you hang out a sign—Business Neuropath."

"I'm still busy here," Nares said. "And, of course, there's my job as tax agent."

"Tax agent your grandmother!" Sisson snorted. "That came from Paddy Nolan's belonging to the Transportation Club and getting theories. But if you aren't careful between now and the first of the year, young fellow, you are going to have a real title—something like assistant to the president."

It would be incorrect to convey the impression that Nares did anything for Sisson Brothers that was either epochal or revolutionary. As a matter of fact the nervous troubles of the concern had been more irritating than seriously crippling. But the difference between new conditions and old, as Paddy Nolan observed, was the difference between going to work in the morning with a clear head and going to work in the morning after a night before. His changes had made things easier for everyone. Rough places were ironed out. Leaks were stopped. There were fewer errors committed; fewer aggravating delays occasioned. There was less and less of the drag and downpull of slovenly methods and people in an organism where the majority were highly efficient and very impatient of those lacking in that quality. Generally speaking, Sisson Brothers was as before, but in highly important but usually neglected details there was a distinct, noticeable and entirely satisfactory improvement.

Everyone agreed that Nares' diagnosis had been scientifically accurate. It had been exactly the nervous system that was out of kilter. In time that system was functioning normally and smoothly. A new spirit pervaded the plant. Everyone felt better because all their working conditions had been improved. The telephone service was not only mechanically perfect, but it was humanly helpful and useful. A new telegraph clerk handled all dispatches out and in and checked them so that they accomplished their purpose of saving time and money instead of being nothing but a life line when procrastination had made the mail too slow. In the shipping department the new stencil clerk had also been given the work of making out waybills and checking them against order slips. He was not infallible, but the system gradually was made fool-proof. The office boys became live and interested factors. The company's only difficulty finally became that of holding them in their places as office boys when the temptation was to promote them to larger spheres of activity. Nares became a fixture. He had had his big chance and had taken it.

The only man with a lingering feeling of concern was Paddy Nolan, who could not forget the case of that telephone operator who had been too pretty. His hints to Nares for information brought him no results—all he could get was the statement that she seemed to be satisfied where she was. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Look here, Nares," he said one day with some embarrassment, "I'd like to be told something definite about that Miss Richards—the girl who used to be on our switchboard."

"Oh, Miss Richards?" Nares repeated guilelessly. "What was it you wanted to ask about her?"

"Are you sure she is in a good position? As you may remember, I got her the place here. She seemed a helpless sort of little thing—I was really sorry to see her go. And if she isn't well placed and I could do anything to help her get something better ——"

Nares smiled.

"I'm sure she would appreciate your interest, Mr. Nolan," he said guardedly. "But I don't believe you need to worry about her. From all I can gather her present occupation is satisfactory, though I confess that I don't see what she likes so particularly well about it. But if she is happy ——"

"Oh, dog-gone you," Nolan broke in, "are you going to tell me where she is and what she is doing, or am I going to have to hire a detective to find out?"

"Well, if you put it that way," Nares said, coloring, "I might as well come through. She isn't too pretty for her present job, Nolan—I can tell you that much. She's engaged to me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly

Table of Contents

February 7, 1920

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Pioneer and Pattenbury—*Henry Payson Dowst*	3
The Black Ram of Sunlight—*Hal G. Evarts*	5
The Bachelor—*Lowell Otus Reese*	6
K W Y W—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	8
Business Neurology—*Wilbur Hall*	11
Number 1100—*John Fleming Wilson*	12
Wellington Gay—*Herschel S. Hall*	20

SERIALS

The Possibilist—*George Kibbe Turner*	16
The Counsel of the Ungodly—*Charles Brackett*	24
The Drums of Jeopardy—*Harold MacGrath*	26

ARTICLES

No Statement, No Credit—*J. R. Sprague*	10
Under Noah's Rainbow—*Eleanor Franklin Egan*	14
Our Railroads To-morrow—*Edward Hungerford*	18
Con—*W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith*	22

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials—*By the Editor*	28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	30

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is fully protected by copyright. Nothing that appears in it should be reprinted without special permission. The use of our articles or of quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

The Story of KRYPTOK Glasses — Chapter Two

"I'm tired of scowling over my reading glasses." "And I'm tired of fussing with two pairs of glasses." "Yes, and I wish I didn't have to wear these glasses with this ugly seam that makes me look older. Surely there must be better glasses for near and far vision"

As a man who has been all through the three eyeglass conditions which these people are now experiencing, I can appreciate the annoyance and inconvenience which their present glasses cause them—the more so because I have at last found KRYPTOKS (pronounced "Crip-tocks") the perfect glasses for near and far vision.

I know, for instance, exactly how annoying reading glasses can become. You are constantly putting them on for reading and taking them off for looking at a distance. They have an uncanny knack of always being *off* at the wrong time and *on* at the wrong time. You get so that when you look up quickly from "close" work, you scowl over them with an exceedingly comical expression.

Fussing with two pairs of glasses is even worse. Because when you want to change from near to far vision, you not only have to take *off* your reading glasses, but you also have to put *on* your distance glasses. And there is always the possibility that in the meantime you have misplaced the pair you wished to change to, which causes still more annoyance and confusion. I have done that very thing many a time before I had KRYPTOKS.

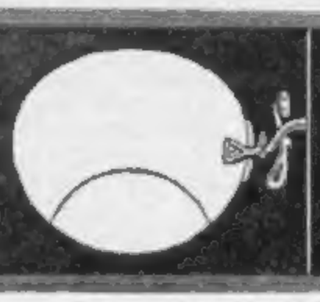
Ordinary bifocals relieved some of my difficulty, but they added new troubles of their own. As soon as my friends noticed them (and ordinary bifocals are always perfectly obvious) they began to tell me that I was growing old. And I had to admit to myself that the awkward seam across the lenses of those conspicuous bifocals did make me look old and odd.

But now, all my eyeglass troubles are a thing of the past. I wear KRYPTOKS, the invisible bifocals. With their aid I can read perfectly and yet I never have to remove or peer over them when I want to see at a distance. I can see near and far with equal clearness. I never have to change from one pair of glasses to another. Reading and distance powers are invisibly combined in KRYPTOKS so that no one ever suspects that I wear bifocals. Unlike the conspicuous bifocals, they haven't the slightest trace of a line or seam.

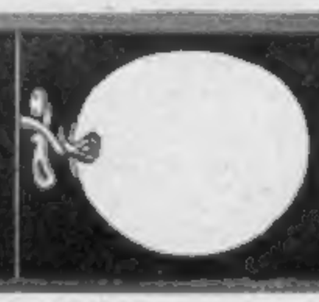
For any person whose eyes need glasses for both near and far vision, there is nothing in the world so convenient and so good-looking as KRYPTOK Glasses.

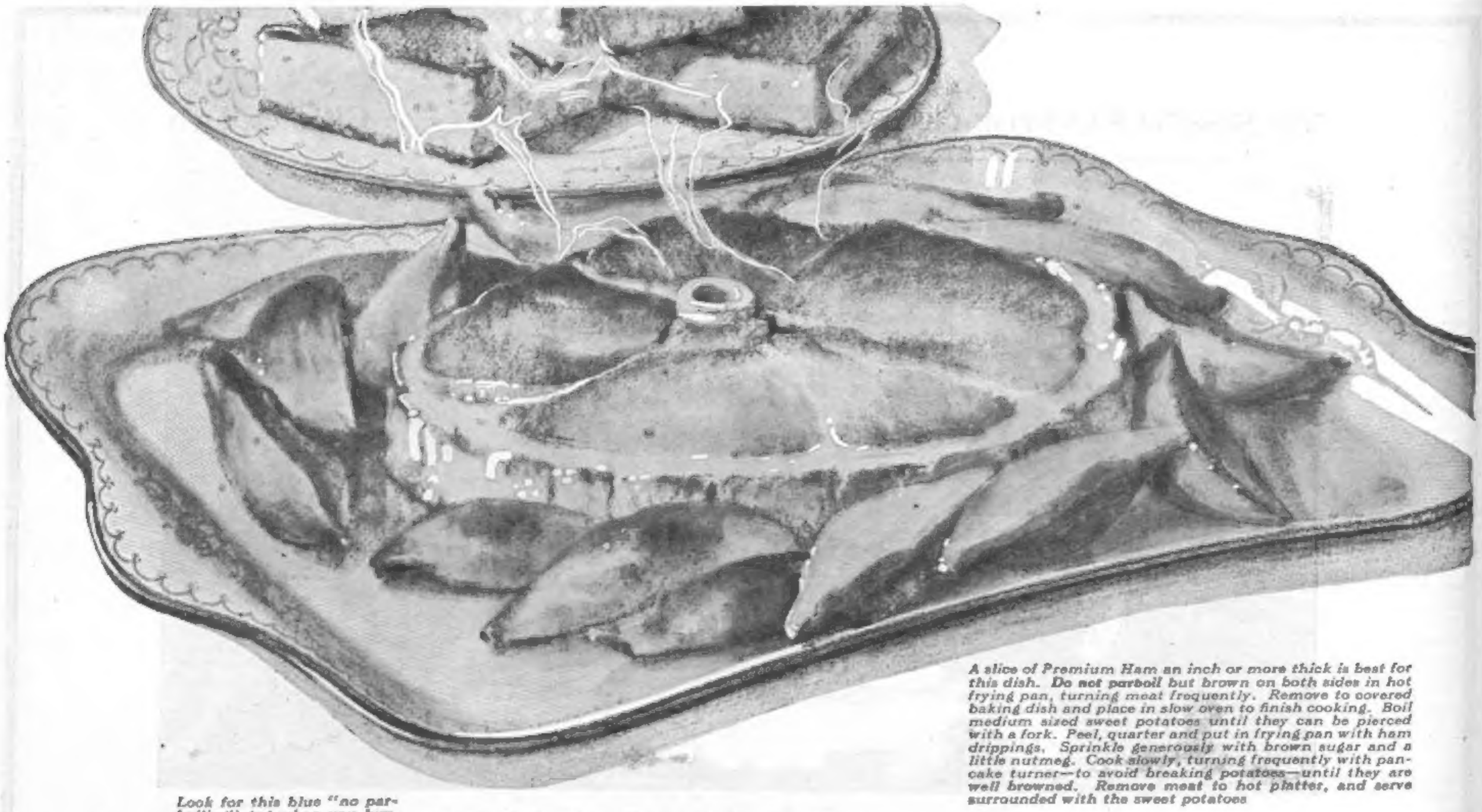
* * * *

Ask your optical specialist about KRYPTOK Glasses. They are, of course, sold only upon the advice or prescription of the oculist, optometrist or optician. Write for descriptive booklet. Please give the name of your optical specialist. KRYPTOK Company, Inc., 1017 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.



KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS





*A slice of Premium Ham an inch or more thick is best for this dish. **Do not parboil** but brown on both sides in hot frying pan, turning meat frequently. Remove to covered baking dish and place in slow oven to finish cooking. Boil medium sized sweet potatoes until they can be pierced with a fork. Peel, quarter and put in frying pan with ham drippings. Sprinkle generously with brown sugar and a little nutmeg. Cook slowly, turning frequently with pancake turner—to avoid breaking potatoes—until they are well browned. Remove meat to hot platter, and serve surrounded with the sweet potatoes*

Look for this blue "no parboiling" tag when you buy. You know when you see it that you're getting the ham with the finer cure, perfect in flavor when you buy it

Fried ham and sweet potatoes
The popular Southern dish

The old South, the land of hospitality and good cooks, has many claims to fame, but none better than that delectable combination, "ham an' sweet taters."

Prepare this dish by the recipe above and be sure to get the ham that doesn't have to be parboiled—Swift's Premium.

Parboiling to remove excessive salt means loss of flavor every time. The fine, rich, full flavor of the carefully cured Swift's Premium Ham *stays in*. That's why this ham tastes so different and so good.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

It is the meat in the walnut, not the shell, you want—

Most walnuts look good on the *outside*, but you want only nuts that are perfect *inside*, as well.

That is the only kind we mean to sell you, and for years we sought for a method that would enable us to look inside each walnut, as it were, and sort out the good nuts from the bad. Finally we invented (and patented) the VACUUM SORTER, which does this very thing. It works like your vacuum cleaner. As the walnuts pass under the machine on an endless belt, a strong draft of air sucks up and lifts out all the walnuts with withered or light-weight meats, thus leaving only the good, full-meated walnuts for our Diamond Brand.

This is only one of the methods of grading, sorting and testing by which we insure the quality of Diamond Brand Walnuts. It is one of the reasons why Diamond Brand Walnuts are cheaper than ordinary walnuts, even though they may cost a few cents more per pound. You get a maximum of meats —a minimum of shells.

Eat walnuts today as you did at Christmas time —they are as healthful as they are good, and add much to the attractiveness of desserts, cakes and many every-day dishes.

Say Diamond Brand to your dealer! Two kinds—"Soft Shells" and "Budded" Walnuts,—both of the tested Diamond Brand quality. The "Budded" cost a few cents per pound more than the "Soft Shells" because they have extra-plump kernels, extra-thin shells, and therefore a greater proportion of meats to the pound.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of 3000 growers

And now you can get Diamond Brand quality in walnut meats also—shelled and vacuum-packed to retain their original freshness—ready for use blanched or in salads, desserts, confections, etc. Ask your dealer.

DIAMOND BRAND CALIFORNIA WALNUTS

This new recipe book by Miss Alice Bradley, Principal, Boston Cooking School, and one of the country's most famous culinary experts, will be sent free upon request. Address Department K, California Walnut Growers Association, Los Angeles, California.

Eventually

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now ?

THIS BREAD

was made from

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Eat the same, kind friends